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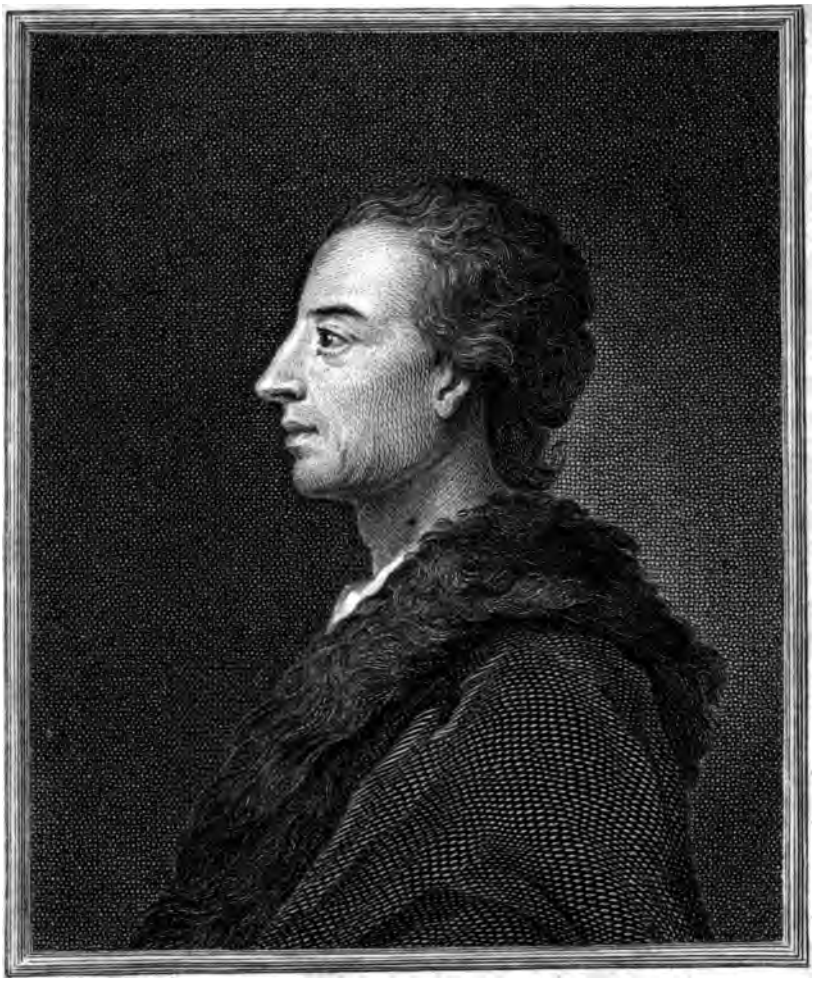

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Engraved by J. Holloway, from a Picture painted by J. Richardson, in the possession of Benj.n Way Esq.r

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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

CONTAINING

THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF

DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:

ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,

By JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,

WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND

CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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SAPPHO

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

"OVID ſeems to have had the merit," Dr. Warton obſerves, "of inventing this beautiful ſpecies of writing Epiſtles under feigned names, although Propertius has one compoſition of the ſame ſort, an Epiſtle of Arethuſa to Lycotas." In fact, Ovid's Heroic Epiſtles were prior to that of Propertius, as it evidently appears from the notes in the quarto edition of Propertius; where it is ſaid expreſsly—Epiſtola, &c. ſcripta ad *imitationem* Heroidum Ovidianarum, ut recte obſervavit Nic. Heinſius, neque enim dubitari poteſt quin incidat in idem tempus, quo Naſo artes ſuas elucubrabat, teſte hoc loco, Ex. L. 1.

Ecce parat Cæſar domito quod deficit orbi,
Addere, nunc oriens ultime noſter eris.

Tunc vero jam evulgatæ erant et libri Amorum, et Heroidum Epiſtolæ, ſic enim ipſe, lib. 3. art. Aman.

Deve tribus libris titulus quos fignat amorum,
Elige, quod docili molliter ore legas,
Vel tibi compoſitâ cantetur epiſtola voce,
Ignotum hoc alias ille novavit opus!

The merit of the invention, therefore, of this ſpecies of writing, appears ſolely to belong to Ovid—it is, as Warton obſerves, a high improvement on the Greek Elegy, on account of its dramatic form. He adds, "The judgment of the writer muſt appear, by opening the complaint of the perſon introduced, juſt at ſuch a period of time as will give occaſion for the moſt tender ſentiments, and the moſt violent and ſudden turns of paſſion to be diſplayed." How beautifully is this diſplayed in Pope's Epiſtle to Abelard! a poem that has another moſt intereſting circumſtance, which Ovid appears, as well as our Drayton, to have neglected; I mean the introduction of appropriate and deſcriptive imagery, which relieves and recreates the fancy by the pictures and by the landſcapes which accompany the characters. Ovid, in this Epiſtle, ſeems not inſenſible to the effect of the introduction of ſuch ſcenes—and "the Leucadian Rock," the "Antra, nemuſque," "the aquatic Lotus," the "ſacred pellucid Fountain," and particularly

cularly the Genius of the Place, "the Naiad," addreſſing the deſpairing Sappho, (which circumſtance Pope has beautifully imitated and improved in Eloiſe,) are in the genuine ſpirit of poetical taſte. Drayton, though praiſed by Warton, has hardly ever attended to this ſpecies of beauty—and his Epiſtles are in general vapid and tame. There are, however, here and there interſperſed, ſome traits of poetic feeling; and I inſert as a ſpecimen, a deſcription which has great merit both in painting and verſification:

As in September, when our year reſigns
The *glorious Sun* to the *cold* watery ſigns,
(Which thro' the clouds, looks on the Earth in ſcorn)
The little Bird, yet to ſalute the Morn,
Upon the naked branches *ſets her foot*,
The leaves then lying on the moſſy root,
And there a ſilly chiripping doth keep,
As tho' ſhe *fain would* ſing, yet *fain would* weep,
Praiſing fair Summer, *that too ſoon is gone*,
Or ſad for Winter, *too faſt coming on*.

Lord Hervey's Epiſtles are ſcarcely worth mentioning. The Italians have a Writer of Heroical Epiſtles, according to Warton, Antonio Bruni. I have not ſeen them—they were printed at Venice 1636, with prints from deſigns of Guido and Dominichino.

SAPPHO PHAONI.

ECQUID, ut inſpecta eſt ſtudioſæ littera dextræ,
  Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
  Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras
  Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeïa flebile carmen;
  Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
  Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoïdos Ætnæ,
  Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quae jungam carmina nervis,
  Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellæ,
  Nec me Leſbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
  Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;

NOTES.

VER. 2.] The force of Protinus is loſt in the tranſlation.

VER. 9. *Uror,*] The repetition of "I burn, I burn," and the whole tone of the lines in Pope, are evidently copied from Sir Carr. Scrope's tranſlation of this Epiſtle:

"I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,
  When by the *driving winds* the *flames* are *born*."

Atque

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds;
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;

NOTES.

VER. 17. *No more*] Groſs as theſe alluſions are, the images of the original are ſoftened in the tranſlation.

Atque aliæ centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, conſors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eſt mihi; menſuram nominis ipſa fero.
Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cephœa Perſeo
Andromede, patriæ fuſca colore ſuæ:

All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurprize,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Tho' great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inſpire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a gen'rous flame;

NOTES.

Ver. 26. *Not Bacchus' ſelf*] Theſe lines were evidently copied in the famous epigram of Lumine Acon dextro, &c. made on Louis de Maguiron, the favourite of Henry the Third of France, and the beautiful Princeſs of Eboli, who was deprived of the ſight of one of her eyes:

Blande pure, lumen quod habes, concede ſorori
Sic tu cæcus Amor, ſic erit illa Venus.

WARTON.

Et variis albæ junguntur ſæpe columbæ,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, niſi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt,
At me cum legeres, etiam formoſa videbar;
Unam jurabas uſque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oſcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa voluptas,
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova præda puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Leſbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum,
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ:
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva tuæ.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Cantabam,*] Sir Carr. Scrope's tranſlation of this paſſage is nearer the original, and more natural, as well as elegant:

"*For they who truly love, remember all.*"

An

Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou can'ſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love?
My muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Leſbian dame?
But ah! beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *No time, &c.*] This is very inferior to the conciſeneſs and ſimplicity of the original, *memini (meminerunt* omnia amantes).

And

An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cœrula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quærit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quæ me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis:
Non agitur vento noſtra carina ſuo.
Ecce, jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abeſt.
Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis;
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere ſorores,
Nec data ſunt vitæ fila ſevera meæ;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, arteſque magiſtræ,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primæ lanuginis ætas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?

Hunc

And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas! what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſordered with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?

For

Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat quæ conſpicit omnia, Phœbe;
Juſſus erit ſomnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexiſſet eburno;
Sed videt et Marti poſſe placere ſuo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis ætas!
O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus, formoſe, relabere noſtros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes: Leſbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tuliſti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.

NOTES.

VER. 107. *Scribimus,*] Scrope's tranſlation in this paſſage again excels Pope's:

"My conſtant falling tears the paper ſtain,
And my weak hand, &c."

Non

For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you,)
Farewell, my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, O Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.

NOTES.

VER. 110. *The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.*] Ruſſhead obſerves, that this line is ſuperior to the original,

Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco;

which he thinks flat and languid: but the ſimplicity of the appeal to the blot on her paper is admirable, and ſhould be only mentioned *as a fact*. The imitator has deſtroyed the whole beauty of the line, by a quaint antitheſis, and a laboured arrangement of words, which are not natural in affliction.

No

Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe diſcedat; Amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Cum mihi neſcio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui;
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato;
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Poſtquam ſe dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit ſciſſis exululare comis.
Non aliter quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, et e noſtro creſcit mœrore Charaxus
Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
Quid dolet hæc: certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die.

NOTES.

VER. 120. *eſſe mei.*] Trapp, in his Prelections, ſeverely cenſures Ovid for his lazineſs and careleſſneſs in ending ſo many of his pentameter verſes with the words, *mei*, *tui*, and *ſui*; a fault which Tibullus and Propertius have avoided. But I cannot be of Trapp's opinion, that it is improper to end pentameter verſes with words of three or more ſyllables; which certainly gives a variety to the numbers, and is frequently done in ſome of the beſt Greek epigrams. WARTON.

Illic

No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!

NOTES.

VER. 125. *Like ſome ſad ſtatue,*] This image is not in the original, but it is very pleaſingly introduced.

VER. 139. *Stung with my love,*] The ten next verſes are much ſuperior to the original. WARTON.

'Tis

Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.
Sæpe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
Sæpe tuæ videor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.
Blandior interdum, veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Oſcula cognoſco; quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque conſueras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, et ſine te non libet eſſe mihi.
At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, et omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque proſint.
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi ſcabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris inſtar erunt.
Invenio ſylvam, quæ ſæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma.

NOTES.

VER. 160. *Antra nemuſque*] Better rendered by Scrope:
"Soon as I riſe I haunt the *caves and groves*."

'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreath I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give, and take:
Then fiercer joys, I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet, while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the ſilent grove,
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone,
I find

NOTES.

VER. 159. *Through lonely plains,*] *Antra nemuſque* are not well rendered by "through lonely plains, &c." Ovid is conciſe and ſpecific, Pope *general.*

At non invenio dominum ſylvæque, meumque.
Vile ſolum locus eſt: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preſſas noti mihi ceſpitis herbas:
De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte ſilent.
Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem ſupra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero ceſpite terra viret.
Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Conſtitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus æquis
" Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.

" Phœbus

I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below:
A flow'ry Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan Genius of the place:
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main;
"There

NOTES.

VER. 188. *Leucadian main;*] Addiſon, with his uſual exquiſite humour, has given, in the 233d Spectator, an account of the perſons, male and female, who leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian ſea, in order to cure themſelves of the paſſion of love. Their various characters, and effects of this leap, are deſcribed with infinite pleaſantry. One hundred and twenty-four males, and one hundred and twenty-ſix females, took the leap in the 250th Olympiad; out of them one hundred and twenty were

" Phœbus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit æquor:
" Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
" Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhæ ſuccenſus amore
" Miſit, et illæſo corpore preſſit aquas.
" Nec mora: verſus Amor tetigit lentiſſima Pyrrhæ
" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
" Leucadia; nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida ſurgo:
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.
Ibimus, o Nymphæ, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
Sit procul inſano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti:
Ne ſim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.

Inde

NOTES.

perfectly cured. Sappho, arrayed like a Spartan virgin, and her harp in her hand, threw herſelf from the rock with ſuch intrepidity, as was never before obſerved in any who had attempted that very dangerous leap; from whence ſhe never roſe again, but was ſaid to be changed into a ſwan as ſhe fell, and was ſeen hovering in the air in that ſhape. Alcæus arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap on her account; but hearing that her body could not be found, he very generouſly lamented her fall, and is ſaid to have written his 125th ode on that occaſion. WARTON.

" There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
" Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
" There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
" Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
" Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd:
" But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
" Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
" Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a Lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!

On

NOTES.

VER. 207. *Ye gentle gales,*] Theſe two lines have been quoted as the moſt ſmooth and melliſluous in our language; and they are ſuppoſed to derive their ſweetneſs and harmony from the mixture of ſo many Iambics Pope himſelf preferred the following line to all he had written, with reſpect to harmony:

Lo, where Mæotis ſleeps, and hardly flows—— WARTON.

Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus et alter erunt.
" Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, o ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc ſunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare ſolebas;
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.

Non

NOTES.

Ver. 223.] The tranſlation by Philips of Sappho's beautiful relic does not, though eloquent, breathe the ſpirit of the original.

Ver. 227.] Little can be added to the character that Addiſon has ſo elegantly drawn of Sappho in the 223d and 229th numbers of the Spectator; in which are inſerted the tranſlations which Philips, under Addiſon's eye, gave of the two only remaining of her exquiſite odes; one preſerved by Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus, and the other by Longinus. To the remarks that Pearce has made on the latter, I cannot forbear ſubjoining a remark of Tanaquil Faber on a ſecret and almoſt unobſerved beauty of this ode: that in the eight laſt lines, the article Ἡ, in the original, is repeated ſeven times, to repreſent the ſhort breathings of a perſon in the act of fainting away, and pronouncing every ſyllable with difficulty. Two beautiful fragments are preſerved; the firſt conſiſting only of four lines in Fulvius Urſinus, which Horace has imi-

tated

On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below,
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant Seas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a God to me,
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
Oh far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſt?
This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas!

NOTES.

tated in the twelfth ode of the third book, Tibi qualum, &c.; and the other the beginning of an ode addreſſed to Evening, by Demetrius Phalareus, in the Oxford edition, by Gale, p. 104.

In one of Akenſide's odes to lyric poetry, which have been too much depreciated, are two fine ſtanzas: one in the character of Alcæus, and the other on the character of Sappho;

—— Spirat adhuc Amor
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ!

WARTON.

VER. 226. *This breaſt, &c*] " *Lik'd*" ſeems a very unſuitable expreſſion in the preſent day; it was a word, however, among our early writers, of greater force and ſignificance:

" What! I that lov'd, and you that *lik'd*,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no; my heart is fix'd,
And cannot diſentangle." *Old Ballad.*

Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires.
  Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra eſt.
Leſbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
  Leſbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;
Leſbides, infamem quæ me feciſtis amatæ;
  Deſinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abſtulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
  (Me miſeram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit.
  Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ego precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
  An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
  Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
  Munera; quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare præſtet eunti.
  Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.

Ipſe

Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre.
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath the weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian Virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Or when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails!
If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O launch the bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.

O launch

NOTES.

VER. 236. *My Phaon*] Fenton tranſlated this epiſtle, but with a manifeſt inferiority to Pope. He added an original poem of his own, an epiſtle of Phaon to Sappho; which appears to be one of the feebleſt in the collection of his poems, among which ſome are truly excellent. WARTON.

Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu,
Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
[O ſaltem miſeræ, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]

O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live or ceaſe to love!

NOTES.

VER. 253. *Cupid for thee*] This image is very inferior to the original, as it is more vague and general: the picture in the original is ſtrikingly beautiful. The circumſtances which make it ſo, are omitted by Pope:

"*Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido,*
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu."

This would form a beautiful ſubject for Mr. Flaxman, who has made ſuch correct, elegant, and claſſical drawings for Homer.

THIS Epiſtle is tranſlated by Pope with elegance, and much excels any Dryden tranſlated in the volume he publiſhed; ſeveral of which were done by ſome "of the mob of gentlemen that wrote with eaſe;" that is, Sir C. Scroop, Caryl, Pooly, Wright, Tate, Buckingham, Cooper, and other careleſs rhymers. Lord Somers tranſlated Dido to Æneas, and Ariadne to Theſeus. A good tranſlation of theſe epiſtles is as much wanted as one of Juvenal; for out of ſixteen ſatires of that poet, Dryden himſelf tranſlated but ſix. We can now boaſt of happy tranſlations in verſe of almoſt all the great poets of antiquity, whilſt the French have been poorly contented with only proſe tranſlations of Homer and Horace; which, ſays Cervantes, can no more reſemble the original than the wrong ſide of tapeſtry can repreſent the right. The inability of the French tongue to expreſs many Greek or Roman ideas with facility and grace is here viſible; but the Italians have Horace tranſlated by Pallavacini, Theocritus by Ricolotti and Salvini, Ovid by Anguillara, the Æneid, admirably well, in blank verſe, by Annibal Caro, and the Georgics, in blank verſe alſo, by Daniello, and Lucretius by Marchetti.

One of the moſt learned commentaries on any claſſic is that of Mezeriac on the epiſtles of Ovid. It ſeems ſtrange he ſhould have employed ſo much labour on ſuch a writer. The very beſt life of Æſop is alſo by Mezeriac; a book ſo ſcarce, that neither Bentley nor Bayle had ſeen it when they firſt wrote on Æſop. It was reprinted in the Memoires de Literature of M. de Sallengre 1717, tom. i. p. 87. This is the author whom Malherbe, with his uſual bluntneſs, aſked, when he publiſhed his edition of Diophantus, "If it would leſſen the price of bread?"

There was a very early tranſlation of the epiſtles of Ovid aſcribed to Shakeſpear, which error, like many others, has been rectified by that able and accurate enquirer, Dr. Farmer, who has ſhewn that they were tranſlated by Thomas Heywood, and inſerted in his Britaine's Troy, 1609.

One of the beſt imitations of Ovid is a Latin epiſtle of the Count Balthaſar Caſtiglione, author of the celebrated Courtier, addreſſed to his abſent wife. WARTON.

Dr.

Dr. Warton obſerves, that this Tranſlation is ſuperior to any of Dryden's. If, indeed, we compare Pope's Tranſlations with thoſe of any other writer, their ſuperiority muſt be ſtrikingly apparent. There is a *finiſh* in them, a correctneſs, a *natural* flow, and a tone of originality, added to a wonderful propriety and beauty of expreſſion and language. The literary world has of late been gratified by ſome excellent Tranſlations from the Claſſicks—of the Georgics, by Sotheby—Horace, by Boſcawen—Juvenal, by Gifford—and Anacreon, by Moore; whoſe verſion, though not always quite faithful, is truly ſpirited and elegant.

If Pope ever fails, it is where he *generaliſes* too much This is particularly objectionable, where in the original there is any *marked, diſtinct*, and beautiful *Picture*: ſo, as it has been obſerved, Pope only ſays,

"Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſail;"

whereas in Ovid, Cupid appears before us in the very act of guiding, the veſſel ſeated as the pilot, and with his *tender* HAND, (*tenerâ manu*) contracting, or letting flow, the ſail. I need not point out another beauty in the original, the repetition of the word "*Ipſe.*"

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

O Abelard, ill-fated youth!
Thy tale ſhall juſtify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong,
Adorns a nobler Poet's ſong:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs. PRIOR.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion. POPE.

A Traveller who viſited the Convent about the year 1768 (ſee *Annual Regiſter*) ſays, that its ſituation and proſpects by no means reſemble Pope's beautiful and romantic deſcription of it. Father St. Romain, the officiating Prieſt, walked with him round the whole demeſne. The Abbeſs, who was in her eighty-ſecond year, deſired to ſee our Traveller, for ſhe ſaid ſhe was his countrywoman, and allied to the extinct families of Lifford and Stafford. She was aunt to the then Duke de Rochfaulcault; and being fifth in ſucceſſion, as Abbeſs of that Convent, hoped it would become a kind of patrimony. We know, alas! what has ſince happened both to her Family and her Convent! The community ſeemed to know but little of the afflicting ſtory of their Founder. Little remains of the original building but a few pointed arches. In examining the tombs of theſe unfortunate lovers, he obſerved that Eloiſa appeared much taller than Abelard. WARTON.

ELOISA TO ABELARD*.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!

In

NOTES.

* However happy and judicious the ſubject of this Epiſtle may be thought to be, as diſplaying the various conflicts and tumults between duty and pleaſure, between penitence and paſſion, that agitated the mind of Eloiſa; yet, we muſt candidly own, that the principal circumſtance of diſtreſs is of ſo indelicate a nature, that it is with difficulty diſguiſed by the exquiſite art and addreſs of the poet. The capital and unrivalled beauties of the poem ariſe from the ſtriking images and deſcriptions of the Convent, and from the ſentiments drawn from the myſtical books of devotion, particularly Madame Guion and the Archbiſhop of Cambray. WARTON.

In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25.] " Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he"—was the former reading.

NOTES.

VER. 24. *Forgot myſelf to ſtone.*] This is an expreſſion of Milton; as is alſo, *caverns ſhagged* with *horrid thorn*, and the epithets, *pale-ey'd*, *twilight*, *low thoughted care*, and others, are firſt uſed in the ſmaller poems of Milton, which Pope ſeems to have been juſt reading.

Some of theſe circumſtances, in the ſcenery view of the monaſtery, have perhaps a little impropriety when introduced into a place ſo lately founded as was the Paraclete; but are ſo well imagined, and ſo highly painted, that they demand excuſe.

WARTON

IMITATIONS.

VER. 24.] " Forgot myſelf to marble." MILTON.

Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then

NOTES.

VER. 40. *Love and Fame.*] Fame for ambition.

VER. 41. *Yet write,*] This is taken from the Latin letters that paſſed betwixt Eloiſa and Abelard, and which had been a few years before publiſhed in London by Rawlinſon, and which our poet has copied and tranſlated in many other paſſages: Per ipſum Chriſtum obſecramus, quatenus ancillulas ipſius & tuas, crebris literis de his, in quibus adhuc fluctuas, naufragiis certificare digneris, ut nos ſaltem quæ tibi ſoli remanſimus, doloris vel gaudii participes habeas. Epiſt. Heloiſſæ, p. 46. From the ſame alſo, the uſe of letters, ver. 51, is taken and amplified; and it is a little remarkable that this uſe of letters is in the fourth book of Diodorus Siculus.

Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.

Guiltleſs

NOTES.

VER. 59. *Thou know'ſt*, &c.] This is the moſt exquiſite deſcription of the firſt commencement of paſſion, that our language, or perhaps any other, affords.

VER. 63. *Thoſe ſmiling eyes*,] Abelard was reputed the moſt handſome, as well as the moſt learned man of his time, according to the kind of learning then in vogue. An old chronicle, quoted by Andrew du Cheſne, informs us, that ſcholars flocked to his lectures from all quarters of the Latin world; and his cotemporary, St. Bernard, relates, that he numbered many principal eccleſiaſtics and cardinals at the court of Rome.—Abelard himſelf boaſts, that when he retired into the country, he was followed by ſuch immenſe crouds of ſcholars, that they could get neither lodgings nor proviſions ſufficient for them: "Ut nec locus hoſpitiis, nec terra ſufficeret alimentis." (Abelardi Opera, p. 19.) He met with

Guiltleſs I gaz'd, heav'n liſten'd while you ſung; 65
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

From

NOTES.

with the fate of many learned men, to be embroiled in controverſy and accuſed of hereſy; for St. Bernard, whoſe influence and authority was very great, got his opinion of the Trinity condemned, at a council held at Sens 1140. But the talents of Abelard were not confined to theology, juriſprudence, philoſophy, and the thorny paths of ſcholaſticiſm; he gave proofs of a lively genius by many poetical performances, inſomuch that he was reputed to be the author of the famous Romance of the Roſe; which, however, was indiſputably written by John of Meun, a little city on the banks of the Loire, about four leagues from Orleans; which gave occaſion to Marot to exclaim, De Jean de Meun s'enfle le cours de Loire. It was he who continued and finiſhed the Romance of the Roſe, which William de Loris had left imperfect forty years before. If chronology did not abſolutely contradict the notion of Abelard's being the author of this very celebrated piece, yet are there internal arguments ſufficient to confute it. The miſtake ſeems to have flowed from his having given Eloiſa the name of Roſe, in one of the many ſonnets he addreſſed to her. In this romance there are many ſevere and ſatirical ſtrokes on the character of Eloiſa, which the pen of Abelard never would have given. In one paſſage ſhe is introduced ſpeaking with indecency and obſcenity; in another, all the vices and bad qualities of women are repreſented as aſſembled together in her alone:

Qui les mœurs féminins ſavoit,
Car tres-tous en ſoi les avoit.

In a very old Epiſtle-dedicatory, addreſſed to Philip the Fourth of France, by this ſame John of Meun, and prefixed to a French tranſlation of Boetius, a very popular book at that time, it appears, that he alſo tranſlated the Epiſtles of Abelard to Heloiſa, which were in high vogue at the court. He mentions alſo, that he had tranſlated Vagetius on the Art Military, and a book called the Wonders of Ireland. Theſe works ſhew us the taſte of the age. His words are: "T'envoye ores Boece de Conſolation, que j'ai tranſlaté en François, jaçoit que bien entendes le Latin."

From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back through the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.
How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love,

NOTES.

It is to be regretted that we have no exact picture of the perſon and beauty of Eloiſa. Abelard himſelf ſays that ſhe was "Facie non infima." Her extraordinary learning many circumſtances concur to confirm; particularly one, which is, that the Nuns of the Paraclete are wont to have the office of Whitſunday read to them in Greek, to perpetuate the memory of her underſtanding that language. The curious may not be diſpleaſed to be informed, that the Paraclete was built in the pariſh of Quincey, upon the little river of Arduzon, near Nogent, upon the Seine. A lady, learned as was Eloiſa in that age, who indiſputably underſtood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, was a kind of prodigy. Her literature, ſays Abelard, "in toto regno nominatiſſimam fecerat;" and, we may be ſure, more thoroughly attached him to her. Buſſy Rabutin ſpeaks in high terms of commendation of the purity of Eloiſa's Latinity; a judgment worthy a French Count! There is a force, but not an elegance, in her ſtyle, which is blemiſhed, as might be expected, by many phraſes unknown to the pure ages of the Roman language, and by many Hebraiſms, borrowed from the tranſlation of the Bible. WARTON.

VER. 66. *And truths divine*, &c.] He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity. WARBURTON.

VER. 73. *How oft*,] Theſe extraordinary ſentiments are plainly from the Letters: Nihil unquam, Deus ſcit, in te, niſi te requiſivi; te

IMITATIONS.

VER. 74. "And own no laws but thoſe which love ordains." DRYDEN, Cinyras *and* Myrrha.

Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all;
Nor Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:

Ev'n

NOTES.

te purè, non tua concupiſcens. Non matrimonii fœdera, non dotes aliquas expectavi. Et ſi uxoris nomen ſanctius videtur, dulcius mihi ſemper extitit amicæ vocabulum, aut, ſi non indigneris, concubinæ vel ſcorti. Pope has added an injudicious thought about Cupid; mythology is here much out of its place. WARTON.

VER. 88. *Make me miſtreſs*] From her letters.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 75. "Love will not be confin'd by Maiſterie:
"When Maiſterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
"Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone."
CHAUCER.

Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand!
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet

NOTES.

VER. 100. *A naked Lover*] One cannot forbear wiſhing, that, notwithſtanding all the dexterity and management our poet has exerted on the occaſion, theſe ſix lines had been omitted. WARTON.

VER. 108. *Yon altar's*] The altar of Paraclete, ſays Mr. Berrington, did not then exiſt; they were not profeſſed at the ſame time or place; one was at Argenteuil, the other at St. Denys. WARTON.

VER. 111. *As with cold lips*] This deſcription of the ſolemnity of her taking the veil, the prognoſtics that attended it, her paſſion intruding itſelf in the midſt of her devotion, VER. 115; the ſudden check to her paſſion, VER. 125; need not be pointed out to any reader of ſenſibility, and lover of true poetry. WARTON.

Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r,
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:

But

NOTES.

VER. 133. *You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls;*] He founded the Monaſtery. POPE.

VER. 136. *Our ſhrines irradiate,*] Non magis auro fulgentia atque ebore, ſimulacra, quàm lucos, & in iis ſilentia ipſa adoramus, ſays Pliny very finely of places of worſhip. WARTON.

But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhade a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)

But

NOTES.

VER. 141. *In theſe lone*] All the images drawn from the Convent, from this line down to line 170, and particularly the perſonification of Melancholy, expanding her dreadful wings over its whole circuit, cannot be ſufficiently applauded. The fine epithet, *browner horror*, is from Dryden. It is amuſing to read with this paſſage Mr. Gray's excellent Account of his Viſit to the Grande Chartreuſe. Works, 4to. p. 67.

Theſe exquiſite lines will be highly reliſhed by all thoſe,

——— Who never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antic pillars maſſy-proof;
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow
In the full-voic'd quire below;
In ſervice high and anthem clear,
As may with ſweetneſs through mine ear
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

Il Penſeroſo, v. 155.

But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend?
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter, move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:

Her

NOTES.

VER. 152. *Come thou,* &c.] The mellifluence and ſolemn cadence of the verſe, the dramatic tranſitions, the judicious contraſts, the language of genuine paſſion, uttered in the ſweeteſt flow of muſic, and the pervading ſolemnity and grandeur of the poetical and picturеſque ſcenery, give this Poem a wonderful charm, and exemplify Pope's obſervation in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, "there is a *happineſs* as well as care."

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 166. *A death-like ſilence,*]

Caligine mixtus
Horrorem ingeminat——
Terribilis requies, et vaſta ſilentia cingant.

Verſes by Charles Bainbrigg, on the death of Edward King,

STEVENS.

Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.

Of

NOTES.

VER. 177. *Ah wretch!*] From the Letters; as alſo v. 133; and alſo v. 251; from the Letters. Epiſt. ii. p. 67. WARTON.

VER 182. *An altar for forbidden fires,*] Dr. Warton aſks whether we ought to neglect the pathetic Tale of Rouſſeau's Eloiſe, becauſe many of his other writings are ſo objectionable? Is not that "Pathetic Tale," highly *objectionable?* yes, for the very reaſon that, like this poem, it is intereſting and pathetic, and conveys the moſt fallacious and dangerous ſentiments in the moſt captivating language.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget?
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,—do all things but forget.
But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;

Labour

NOTES.

VER. 201. *But let heav'n ſeize it,*] Here is the true doctrine of the Myſtics. There are many ſuch ſtrains in Craſhaw, particularly in a poem called The Flaming Heart, and in the Seraphical Saint Tereſa in Craſhaw. WARTON.

But how beautiful an uſe has Pope here made of this doctrine, at the ſame time nothing is introduced that here offends our ſerious ideas.

Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
" Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.

For

NOTES.

VER 212. *Obedient ſlumbers*, &c.] Taken from Craſhaw. POPE.

Milton alſo honoured Craſhaw by borrowing ſome lines from his tranſlation of Marino's Slaughter of the Innocents. See Craſhaw in the Letters, vol. vii. WARTON.

VER. 215. *Grace ſhines around her*] Here follow ſome of the maxims and reflections of Fenelon:—" God, in the beginning, diſengages our hearts from impure pleaſures by the taſte he gives us of a heavenly delectation. Animated by the tender ſentiments of a new-born love, we exerciſe ourſelves with a noble and maſculine vigour in all the labours of an active virtue. The ſoul, raviſhed with the divine amiableneſs, is no longer to be touched with the ſeducing charms of a profane ſenſuality.

" God then proceeds to another operation in us, in order to deſtroy the miſtaken love of ourſelves; and this not by pleaſures, but by ſufferings. After having weaned us from earthly objects, he ſhuts us up within the ſolitary priſon of our own being, to the end that we may experience the darkneſs, the weakneſs, and the emptineſs of it. He ſets before our eyes all the ſecret abominations of our ſelf-love, the impurity of thoſe virtues that flow from it, and its uſurpations upon the rights of the Divinity. What a ſource of torments muſt this be to a creature idolatrous of itſelf and of its own virtue! The ſoul finds nothing in itſelf that is worthy of its love; and being no longer able to endure its own ſociety, flies away and forſakes itſelf, to plunge and be ſwallowed up in the love of that object who alone is lovely.

" Then it is that the importunate noiſe of the ſenſes and the imagination becomes huſhed, the tumultuous hurry of our thoughts and paſſions ceaſes, and the whole ſoul being brought into a profound ſilence, adores him in ſpirit and in truth, whoſe perfections

 are

For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymeneals ſing,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:

When

NOTES.

are beyond all expreſſion, and above all conception. But this ſilence is ſuch as excludes only uſeleſs reflections, ſuperfluous reaſonings, and barren ſpeculations, which interrupt the action of the heart. In loving God purely, we believe every thing he teaches, we obſerve every thing he commands, we hope for every thing he promiſes. For this predominant charity produces, animates, and perfects in us all the virtues, human and divine."—For ſuch opinions as theſe was the mild and amiable Fenelon condemned, at the inſtigation and by the intrigues of Boſſuet, a violent and artful high-churchman, by the court of Rome; and, with an unexampled tone of modeſty and ſubmiſſion, publickly confeſſed his errors in his own Cathedral Church. Read ſome delicate ſtrokes of ſatire on the Myſtics and Quietiſts in the 12th Epiſtle of Boileau Sur l'Amour de Dieu, and in his 10th Satire. WARTON.

VER. 218. *Wings of Seraphs*] A late poet, (T. Warton,) ſpeaking of a Hermit at his evening prayers, ſays beautifully:

Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant ere I ſleep my meaſur'd hymn;
And, at the cloſe, the gleams behold,
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

WARTON.

VER. 219. *For her*] Copied exactly from the opinions and ideas of the Myſtics and Quietiſts. There were but ſix Veſtal Virgins at Rome; and it was with great difficulty the number was kept up, from the dread of the puniſhment for violating the vow, which was to be interred alive. WARTON.

When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
Oh curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Demons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me every ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe;
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where

NOTES.

VER. 241. *Methinks we wand'ring*] I have been ſometimes inclined to think, that ſome viſion more appropriated, and drawn from her peculiar diſtreſs, would have been more ſtriking. Virgil adds to Dido's dream a circumſtance beautifully drawn from her own ſtory:

And ſeeks her Tyrians o'er the waſte in vain.

WARTON.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 237. *I call aloud;*] So Sandys:

He was gone———
In vain I ſought my ſoul's belov'd,
I call'd him, O too far remov'd.

STEVENS.

Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloiſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames; like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.

I waſte

NOTES.

Ver. 261. *Ah hopeleſs, &c.*] The ſame image uſed in Verſes to the memory of an unfortunate Lady.

I waſte the Matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart:
Come,

NOTES.

VER. 274. *Prieſts, tapers, temples,*] Equal to any part of Sappho's Ode, ſo celebrated by Longinus for an aſſemblage of ſtriking circumſtances. WARTON.

VER. 275 *In ſeas of flame, &c.*] How finely does this glowing imagery introduce the tranſition,

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops, &c.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 274. *Prieſts, tapers, &c.*]

"Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwam before my ſight,
Altars, and victims ——"

Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
Oh Grace ſerene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me, in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.

In

NOTES.

VER. 298. *Low-thoughted care!*] An epithet from Milton's Comus. WARTON.

VER. 303. *See in her cell*] It certainly ſhould be *near*, not *in* her cell. The doors of all cells open into the common cloiſter, where are often many tombs. *Deſcription of Paraclete.*

VER. 304. *Propt on ſome tomb,*] The image here, though beautiful, is not correct. "The cell of a Nun," which is extremely

In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
" Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away;
" Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
" Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
" But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
" Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,

Preſent

NOTES.

tremely narrow, could not poſſibly admit of any tomb to lean upon; and though the door might have opened into the cloiſter, Paraclete had been too recently founded for monuments of the dead to be expected there. STEVENS.

VER. 308. *a hollow ſound.*] Though Virgil evidently gave the hint: (Hinc exaudiri voces & verba vocantis viſa viri, l. 4. p. 460.;) yet this call of ſome ſiſter, that had been involved in a ſimilar diſtreſs, appears more ſolemn and intereſting. WARTON.

Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!

Then,

NOTES.

VER. 330] Theſe circumſtances are conformable to the notions of myſtic devotion. The death of St Jerome is finely and forcibly painted by Dominichino, with ſuch attendant particulars. WARTON.

VER. 342. *May one kind grave*] This wiſh was fulfilled The body of Abelard, who died twenty years before Eloiſa, was ſent to Eloiſa, who interred it in the monaſtery of the Paraclete; and it was accompanied with a very extraordinary form of abſolution, from the famous Peter de Clugny: "Ego Petrus Cluniacenſis abbas, qui Petrum Abelardum in monachum Cluniacenſem recepi, & corpus ejus furtim delatum Heloiſſæ Abbatiſſæ & monialibus Paracleti conceſſi, auctoritate omnipotentis Dei, & omnium ſanctorum, abſolvo eum, pro officio, ab omnibus peccatis ſuis." (Epiſt.

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er

NOTES.

Abæl. & Heloiſſ. p. 238.) "Eloiſa herſelf, ſays Vigneul Marville, (Melanges, t. ii. p. 55.) ſolicited for this abſolution; and Peter de Clugny willingly granted it. On what it could be founded, I leave to our learned theologiſts to determine. In certain ages, opinions have prevailed for which no ſolid reaſon can be given." When Eloiſa died in 1163, ſhe was interred by the ſide of her beloved huſband. I muſt not forget to mention, for the ſake of thoſe who are fond of modern miracles, that when ſhe was put into the grave, Abelard ſtretched out his arms to receive her, and cloſely embraced her.

Madam de Rochefoucault, the late abbeſs of Paraclete, requeſted an inſcription from the Pariſian Academy of Belles Lettres in the year 1766 for the tomb of theſe celebrated lovers, which has been ſince put up by Madam de Roucy, her ſucceſſor:

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monaſterii
Conditor Petrus Abelardus
Et Abbatiſſa prima Heloiſſa.
Olim ſtudiis, amore, infauſtis nuptiis,
Et penitentia;
Nunc æternâ, ut ſperamus, felicitate conjuncti.
Petrus Abelardus ob. 21 Aprilis
Anno 1142.
Heloiſſa 17 Maiæ 1163.
Curis Carolæ de Rouci
Paracleti Abbatiſſæ
1779.

WARTON.

VER. 347.] I cannot help mentioning how excellently theſe lines from "*If ever, &c.*" to "*One human tear,*" are adapted to muſical expreſſion, and what effect might be given to them by ſome able compoſer.

O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd

NOTES.

VER. 358. *and be forgiv'n.*] With this line it appears, at firſt ſight, that the poem ſhould have ended; for the eight additional verſes, concerning ſome poet that might ariſe to ſing their misfortune, are rather languid and flat, and might ſtand, it ſhould ſeem, for the concluſion of almoſt any ſtory, were we not informed, as I have credibly been, that they were added by the poet in alluſion to his own caſe, and the ſtate of his own mind. For what determined him in the choice of the ſubject of this epiſtle, was the retreat of that lady into a nunnery, whoſe death he had ſo pathetically lamented in the foregoing elegy.

Dr. Johnſon's aſſertion does not ſeem to be true, that Eloiſa and Abelard found quiet and conſolation in retirement and piety.

I will juſt add, that many lines in this epiſtle are taken from various parts of Dryden, particularly the following:

"A day for ever ſad, for ever dear—"
"Now warm in love, now withering in the grave—"
"And own no laws but thoſe which love ordains—"
"And Paradiſe was open'd in his face—"
"His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace—"

Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

NOTES.

" She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence—"
" I come without delay; I come—"

And the two fine verſes, 323 and 324, are certainly taken from Oldham on the death of Adonis:

Kiſs, while I watch thy ſwimming eye-balls roll,
Watch thy laſt gaſp, and catch thy ſpringing ſoul!

WARTON.

NO one that has a heart to feel, but muſt acknowledge the ſingular beauties of this finiſhed compoſition. The inherent indelicacy of the ſubject is one objection to it, and who but muſt lament its immoral effect; for of its beauty there can be but one ſentiment. It may be ſaid of it with truth, in the language of its author:

" It lives, it breathes, it ſpeaks what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires!"

and, as long as the Engliſh language remains, it will

" Call down tears thro' every age."

Pope, I have no doubt, wrote the Epiſtle of Sappho, and this of Eloiſa, under the impreſſion of ſtrong perſonal feelings. It is ſuppoſed the ſubject was ſuggeſted by the unfortunate young lady going into a convent, whoſe untimely death occaſioned the beautiful Elegy,

" What beck'ning ghoſt--"

This circumſtance might have contributed to fix the mind of Pope on cloiſtered and melancholy ſcenes; but I cannot help

thinking the real circumſtance that occaſioned theſe touching effuſions was his early attachment to Lady Mary W. Montague. The concluding lines allude to her, as I think is evident from his letter. Speaking of a volume he had ſent her when abroad, he adds, " Among the reſt, you have all I am worth, that is my works: there are few things in them but what you have already ſeen, except the Epiſtle of Eloiſa to Abelard, in which you will *find one perſonage, that I cannot tell whether to wiſh you ſhould underſtand or not.*"

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of *Exerciſes*, while he was improving himſelf in the Languages, and carried by his early bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verſe than Proſe. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from *Chaucer*. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of Engliſh Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having alſo got into Miſcellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume. POPE.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *Houſe of Fame*. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the paſſage itſelf is ſet down in the marginal notes.

POPE.

The following note was prefixed to the firſt edition of this poem:

"Some modern critics, from a pretended refinement of taſte, have declared themſelves unable to reliſh allegorical poems. It is not eaſy to penetrate into the meaning of this criticiſm; for if fable be allowed one of the chief beauties, or, as Ariſtotle calls it, the very ſoul of poetry, it is hard to comprehend how that fable ſhould be the leſs valuable for having a moral. The ancients conſtantly made uſe of allegories. My Lord Bacon has compoſed an expreſs treatiſe in proof of this, entitled, The Wiſdom of the Ancients; where the reader may ſee ſeveral particular fictions exemplified and explained with great clearneſs, judgment, and learning. The incidents, indeed, by which the allegory is conveyed, muſt be varied according to the different genius or manners of different times; and they ſhould never be ſpun too long, or too much clogged with trivial circumſtances, or little particularities. We find an uncommon charm in truth, when it is conveyed by this ſideway to our underſtanding: and it is obſervable, that even in the moſt ignorant ages this way of writing has found reception. Almoſt all the poems in the old Provençal had this turn; and from theſe it was that Petrarch took the idea of his poetry. We have his Trionfi in this kind; and Boccace purſued in the ſame track.

Soon after Chaucer introduced it here, whoſe Romaunt of the Roſe, Court of Love, Flower and the Leaf, Houſe of Fame, and ſome others of his writings are maſter-pieces of this ſort. In epic poetry, it is true, too nice and exact a purſuit of the allegory is juſtly eſteemed a fault; and Chaucer had the diſcernment to avoid it in his Knight's Tale, which was an attempt towards an epic poem. Arioſto, with leſs judgment, gave entirely into it in his Orlando; which, though carried to an exceſs, had yet ſo much reputation in Italy, that Taſſo (who reduced heroic poetry to the juſter ſtandard of the ancients) was forced to prefix to his work a ſcrupulous explanation of the allegory of it, to which the fable itſelf could ſcarce have directed his readers. Our countryman, Spenſer, followed, whoſe poem is almoſt entirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of Arioſto rather than that of Taſſo. Upon the whole, one may obſerve this ſort of writing (however diſcontinued of late) was in all times ſo far from being rejected by the beſt poets, that ſome of them have rather erred by inſiſting on it too cloſely, and carrying it too far; and that to infer from thence that the allegory itſelf is vicious, is a preſumptuous contradiction to the judgment and practice of the greateſt geniuſes, both ancient and modern."

THE TEMPLE OF FAME*.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;

As

NOTES.

* It was to the Italians we owed any thing that could be called poetry; from whom Chaucer, imitated by Pope in this viſion, copied largely, as they are ſaid to have done from the bards of Provence, and to which Italians he is perpetually owning his obligations, particularly to Boccace and Petrarch. But Petrarch had greater advantages, which Chaucer wanted, not only in the friendſhip and advices of Boccace, but ſtill more in having found ſuch a predeceſſor as Dante. In the year 1359, Boccace ſent to Petrarch, who, it ſeems, was jealous of Dante, and in the anſwer ſpeaks coldly of his merits. This circumſtance, unobſerved by the generality of writers, and even by Fontanini, Creſcembini, and Muratori, is brought forward, and related at large in the third volume (p. 507.) of the very entertaining Memoirs of the Life of Petrarch. In the year 1363, Boccace, driven from Florence by the plague, viſited Petrarch at Venice, and carried with him Leontius Pilatus, of Theſſalonica, a man of genius, but of haughty, rough, and brutal manners. From this ſingular man, who periſhed in a voyage from Conſtantinople to Venice 1365, Petrarch received a Latin tranſlation of the Iliad and Odyſſey. Muratori, in his firſt book, Della Perfetta Poeſia, p. 18. relates, that a very few years after the death of Dante, 1321, a moſt curious work on the Italian poetry was written by a M.A. di Tempo, of which he had ſeen a manuſcript in the great library at Milan, of the year 1332, and of which this is the title: Incipit Summa Artis Ritmici vulgaris dictaminis. The chapters are thus divided: Ritmorum vulgarium Septem ſunt genera; 1. Eſt Sonetus; 2. Ballata; 3. Cantio

 extenſa;

As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train

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extenſa; 4. Rotundellus; 5. Mandrialis; 6. Serventeſius; 7. Molus Confectus. But whatever Chaucer might copy from the Italians, yet the artful and entertaining plan of his Canterbury Tales was purely original and his own. This admirable piece, even excluſive of its poetry, is highly valuable, as it preſerves to us the livelieſt and exacteſt picture of the manners, cuſtoms, characters, and habits, of our forefathers, whom he has brought before our eyes acting as on a ſtage, ſuitably to their different orders and employments. With theſe portraits the drieſt antiquary muſt be delighted. By this plan, he has more judiciouſly connected theſe ſtories which the gueſts relate, than Boccace has done his novels: whom he has imitated, if not excelled, in the variety of the ſubjects of his tales. It is a common miſtake, that Chaucer's excellence lay in his manner of treating light and ridiculous ſubjects; for whoever will attentively conſider the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, will be convinced that he equally excels in the pathetic and the ſublime. It has been but lately proved, that the Palamon and Arcite of Chaucer, is taken from the Teſeide of Boccace, a poem which has been, till within a few years paſt, ſtrangely neglected and unknown, and of which Mr. Tyrwhitt has given a curious and exact ſummary, in his Diſſertation on the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 135. I cannot forbear expreſſing my ſurprize, that the circumſtance of Chaucer's borrowing this tale, ſhould have remained ſo long unobſerved, when it is ſo plainly and poſitively mentioned in a book ſo very common as the Memoirs of Niceron; who ſays, t. 33. p. 44. after giving an abſtract of the ſtory of Palamon and Arcite, G. Chaucer, l'Homere de ſon pays, a mis l'ouvrage de Boccace en vers Anglois. This book was publiſhed by Niceron 1736. He alſo mentions a French tranſlation of the Teſeide, publiſhed at Paris, M.D.CC. 1597, in 12mo. The late Mr. Hans Stanley, who was as accurately ſkilled in modern as in ancient Greek, for a long time was of opinion, that this poem, in modern political Greek verſes, was the original; in which opinion he

A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:

In

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he was confirmed by the Abbé Barthelmy, at Paris, whoſe learned correſpondence with Mr. Stanley on this ſubject I have read. At laſt Mr. Stanley gave up this opinion, and was convinced that Boccace invented the tale. Creſcembini and Muratori have mentioned the Teſeide more than once. That very laborious and learned antiquary Apoſtolo Zeno, ſpeaks thus of it in his notes to the Bibliotheca of Fontanini, p. 450. t. i. Queſta opera paſtorale (that is, the Ameto) che prende il nome dal paſtore Ameto, ha data l'origine all egloga Italiana, non ſenza lode del Boccacio, a cui pure la noſtra lingua deve il ritrovamento della ottava rima (which was firſt uſed in the Teſeide), e del poema eroico. Gravina does not mention this poem. Creſcembini gives this opinion of it, p. 118. t. i. Nel medeſimo ſecolo del Petrarca, il Boccacio diede principio all' Epica, colla ſua Teſeide, e col Filoſtrato; ma nello ſtile non accede la mediocrita, anzi ſovente cadde nell' umile. The faſhion that has lately obtained, in all the nations of Europe, of republiſhing and illuſtrating their old Poets, does honour to the good taſte and liberal curioſity of the preſent age. It is always pleaſing, and indeed uſeful, to look back to the rude beginnings of any art brought to a greater degree of elegance and grace.

Aurea nunc, olim ſylveſtribus horrida dumis. Virg.

WARTON.

VER. 1. *In that ſoft ſeaſon, &c.*] This poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal Poets, whoſe works were for the moſt part Viſions, or pieces of imagination, and conſtantly deſcriptive. From theſe, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The Author of this thereof choſe the ſame ſort of exordium. POPE.

VER. 11. *I ſtood,*] This poem was elegantly tranſlated into French by Madame du Boccage, who alſo wrote three poems of the epic kind: The Paradiſe, from Milton; the Death of Abel, from Geſner; and the Exploits of Columbus, in ten cantos.

In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green;
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees, and intermingled temples riſe:
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays,
O'er the wide Proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;

The

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VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice*] Milton, in his poem on the Fifth of November (Works, vol. ii. p. 506. v 170.), has introduced a deſcription of the Temple or Tower of Fame, copied from the 12th book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis, v. 59. and from this viſion of Chaucer, with the addition of many circumſtances and images.

WARTON.

It is ſingular that Pope has made the time of his viſion *in Spring*. In Chaucer it is in December, and the rock of ice is introduced with more propriety than in Spring.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 11. &c.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

" Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
" Now hills, and now mountains,

" Now

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;
Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:

Their

IMITATIONS.

" Now valeis, and now foreſtes,
" And now unneth great beſtes,
" Now rivers, now citees,
" Now towns, now great trees,
" Now ſhippes ſayling in the ſees." POPE.

VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, &c.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame.*

" It ſtood upon ſo high a rock,
" Higher ſtandeth none in Spayne—
" What manner ſtone this rock was,
" For it was like a lymed glaſs,
" But that it ſhone full more clere;
" But of what congeled matere
" It was, I niſte redily;
" But at the laſt eſpied I,
" And found that it was every dele,
" A rock of iſe and not of ſtele." POPE.

VER. 31. *Inſcriptions here, &c.*]

" Tho' ſaw I all the hill y-grave
" With famous folkes names fele,
" That had been in much wele
" And her fames wide y-blow;
" But well unneth might I know
" Any letters for to rede
" Their names by, for out of drede

Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:

The

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd*] Does not this uſe of the heat of the ſun appear to be puerile and far-fetched conceit? What connection is there betwixt the two ſorts of exceſſes here men-

IMITATIONS.

" They weren almoſt off-thawen ſo,
" That of the letters one or two
" Were molte away of every name,
" So unfamous was woxe her fame;
" But men ſaid what may ever laſt." POPE.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, &c.*]
" Tho' gan I in myne harte caſt,
" That they were molte away for heate,
" And not away with ſtormes beate." POPE.

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, &c.*]
" For on that other ſide I ſey
" Of that hill which northward ley,
" How it was written full of names
" Of folke, that had afore great fames,
" Of old time, and yet they were
" As freſh as men had written hem there
" The ſelf day, or that houre
" That I on hem gan to poure:
" But well I wiſte what it made;
" It was conſerved with the ſhade
" (All the writing that I ſye)
" Of the caſtle that ſtoode on high,
" And ſtood in ſo cold a place,
" That heate might it not deface." POPE.

The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four

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mentioned? My purpoſe in animadverting ſo frequently as I have done on this ſpecies of falſe thoughts, is to guard the reader, eſpecially of the younger ſort, from being betrayed by the authority of ſo correct a writer as Pope into ſuch ſpecious and falſe refinements of ſtyle. For the ſame reaſon the oppoſition of ideas, in the three laſt words of the following line, may be condemned:

"And legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone."

WARTON.

VER. 53. *So Zembla's rocks*] A real lover of painting will not be contented with a ſingle view and examination of this beautiful winter-piece; but will retutn to it again and again with freſh delight. The images are diſtinct, and the epithets lively and appropriated, eſpecially the words, *pale*, *unfelt*, *impaſſive*, *incumbent*, *gather'd*. The reader may conſult Thomſon's Winter, v. 905.

WARTON.

Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace.
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil.

Here

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VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, &c.*] The Temple is deſcribed to be ſquare, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The weſtern front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly ſacred to Heroes and Worthies. Thoſe whoſe ſtatues are after mentioned, were the firſt names of old Greece in arms and arts. POPE.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, &c.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the poſition of the famous ſtatue of Farneſe. POPE.

It were to be wiſhed, that our author, whoſe knowledge and taſte of the fine arts were unqueſtionable, had taken more pains in deſcribing ſo famous a ſtatue as that of the Farneſian Hercules, to which

Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud-creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cithæron's

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which he plainly refers, for he has omitted the characteriſtical excellencies of this famous piece of Grecian workmanſhip; namely, the uncommon breadth of the ſhoulders, the knottineſs and ſpaciouſneſs of the cheſt*, the firmneſs and protuberance of the muſcles in each limb, particularly the legs, and the majeſtic vaſtneſs of the whole figure, undoubtedly deſigned by the artiſt to give a full idea of ſtrength, as the Venus de Medicis of beauty. Theſe were the "invicti membra Glyconis," which, it is probable, Horace proverbially alluded to in his firſt epiſtle, v. 30. The name of Glycon is to this day preſerved on the baſe of the figure as the maker of it; and as the virtuoſi, cuſtomarily in ſpeaking of a picture or ſtatue, call it their Raphael or Bernini, why ſhould not Horace, in common ſpeech, uſe the name of the workman inſtead of the work? To mention the Heſperian apples, which the artiſt flung backwards, and almoſt concealed as an inconſiderable object, and which therefore ſcarcely appear in the ſtatue, was below the notice of Pope. WARTON.

VER. 85. *Amphion there the loud*] It may be imagined that theſe expreſſions are too bold; and a phlegmatic critic might aſk, how it was poſſible to ſee, in ſculpture, arches bending, and towers growing? But the beſt writers, in ſpeaking of pieces of painting and ſculpture, uſe the preſent or imperfect tenſe, and talk of the things as really doing, to give a force to the deſcription.

Thus Virgil:

——— "Gallos in limine adeſſe canebat."
—— "Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis, habitu tam veſtis et armis."

As

* Luxuriatque toris animoſum pectus.—
VIRG. Georg. lib. iii. v. 81.

Cithæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:

There

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As Pliny ſays that Cleſilochus painted "Jovem muliebriter ingemiſcentem." And Homer, in his beautiful and lively deſcription of the ſhield,

——— εν δ' αρα τοισιν
Αυλοι, φορμιγγες τε βοην εχον.

And again,

Μυκηθμω δ' απο κοπρȣ επισσευοντο νομον δε,
Παρ ποταμον κελαδοντα.—

In another place,

—— Λινον υπο καλον αειδε.

Upon which Clarke has made an obſervation that ſurpriſes me: "Sed quomodo in ſcuto Depingi potuit, quem caneret citharista?"

This paſſage muſt not be parted with, till we have obſerved the artful reſt upon the firſt ſyllable of the ſecond verſe:

"Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes."

There are many inſtances of ſuch judicious pauſes in Homer:

Αυταρ επειτ' αυτοισι βελος εχεπευκες εφιεις
Βαλλ'.

And in Milton,

"As over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook."

—— "Others on the graſs
Couch'd."

And of his blindneſs,

—— "But not to me returns
Day."

In the ſpirited ſpeech of Satan,

—— "All good to me becomes
Bane."

Theſe monoſyllables have much force and energy; the Latin language does not admit of ſuch. Virgil therefore, who ſo well underſtood and copied all the ſecret arts and charms of Homer's verſi-

There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, and wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand,

The

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verſification, has afforded us no examples; yet, ſome of his pauſes on words of more ſyllables in the beginning of lines are emphatical:

"Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita ſilentes,
Ingens."

—— "Hærent infixi pectore vultus
Verbaque." WARTON.

VER. 88. *Mountain rolls*] Dennis idly objected to theſe lines, becauſe motion cannot be repreſented in ſculpture. But Virgil in his ſhield repreſents motion; in one inſtance, perhaps, he carries the idea too far:

——— Mulcere alternos.

Motion may be repreſented, but not change of motion.

WARTON.

Had Warton forgot the deſcription of the woman repreſented on the bowl of Theocritus?

VER. 91. *like exhalations riſe,*] From Milton:

"Roſe, like an exhalation."

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Perſian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Perſian, as Ninus was of the Aſſyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaſter) employed their ſtudies upon magic and aſtrology, which was in a manner almoſt all the learning of the ancient Aſian people. We have ſcarce any account of a moral philoſopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chineſe, who lived about two thouſand years ago. POPE.

The ſage Chaldæns rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made

NOTES.

Ver. 101. *Theſe ſtop'd the moon,*] Theſe ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt are highly ſtriking to the imagination. Since the time that poetry has been forced to aſſume a more ſober, and perhaps a more rational air, it ſcarcely ventures to enter the fairy regions. There are ſome, however, who think it has ſuffered by deſerting theſe fields of fancy. and by totally laying aſide the deſcriptions of magic and enchantment. What an exquiſite picture has Thomſon given us in his delightful Caſtle of Indolence?

"As when a ſhepherd of the Hebrid iſles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand, embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wond'rous ſhow."

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, Stan. xxx. b. 1.

I cannot at preſent recollect any ſolitude ſo romantic, or peopled with beings ſo proper to the place and the ſpectator. The mind naturally loves to loſe itſelf in one of theſe wilderneſſes, and to forget the hurry, the noiſe, and ſplendor of more poliſhed life; as in the following beautiful ſtanza of The Minſtrel:

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obſcene, and griſly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-ſtream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry ſpirits yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous ſpell,
Nor ſinks convulſive in prophetic ſwoon,
Nor bids the noiſe of drums and trumpets ſwell,
To eaſe of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chaſe the ſhade that blots the blazing orb of noon."

MINSTREL.

WARTON.

Made viſionary fabricks round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's Prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues Obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of

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VER. 107. *Confucius ſtood.*] Congfutzee, for that was his name, flouriſhed about two thouſand three hundred years ago, juſt before Pythagoras. He taught juſtice, obedience to parents, humility, and univerſal benevolence; and he practiſed theſe virtues when he was a firſt miniſter, and when he was reduced to poverty and exile. His family ſtill exiſts in China, and is highly honoured and reſpected. WARTON.

VER. 110. *Egypt's Prieſts, &c.*] The learning of the old Egyptian Prieſts conſiſted for the moſt part in geometry and aſtronomy: they alſo preſerved the hiſtory of their nation. Their greateſt hero upon record is Seſoſtris, whoſe actions and conqueſts may be ſeen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is ſaid to have cauſed the kings he vanquiſhed to draw him in his chariot. The poſture of his ſtatue, in theſe verſes, is correſpondent to the deſcription which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. POPE.

VER. 118. *And the learn'd walls, &c.*] Two flatter lines upon ſuch a ſubject cannot be well imagined.

Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride:
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.

There

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VER. 119. *Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obſcure than that of the reſt; Zamolxis was the diſciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the ſoul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legiſlator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being ſubject to fits, he perſuaded his followers, that during thoſe trances he received inſpirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is ſaid to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. POPE.

This rude nation had great ideas. When Alaric their king was buried in Calabria, 410, they turned the courſe of the river Vaſento where it was moſt rapid; and having dug a very deep grave in this river's bed, there interred their revered prince, with many rich ſuits of armour, and much gold and precious ſtones. They then turned the river back into its uſual courſe, and killed on the ſpot all that had aſſiſted at this work, that the place of his interment might never be diſcovered. WARTON.

VER. 122. *Runic characters*] The Gothic mythology, by being more nobly wild, is more affecting to the imagination than the claſſical. The magicians of Arioſto, Taſſo, and Spenſer, have more powerful ſpells than thoſe of Apollonius, Seneca, and Lucan. The inchanted foreſt of Iſmeno is more poetical than even the grove which Cæſar in Lucan orders to be cut down, b. iii. v. 400. What a group of dreadful images do we meet with in the Edda? Hence are drawn thoſe thrilling numbers which Gray has given us in his Deſcent of Odin. WARTON.

I cannot admit that the Gothic mythology is in general ſo *nobly* wild, as Dr. Warton repreſents it. That it is gloomy, terrific, and in parts highly poetical, is very true; but there is a ludicrouſneſs in many of its images, and a littleneſs inſtead of that grandeur which is eſſential to the higher ſpecies of poetry. The ſtory of Thor and the Cat, and many other of his extraordinary

There ſat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.

The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd

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uary feats, are far from being "*nobly wild.*" I muſt, however, except the ſublime deſcription in the Edda, of the "Twilight of the Gods, and Surtur the Black Angel." Such a mixture of wild ideas is common in the ſuperſtitions of all rude nations. The Northern ſuperſtitions can be traced, I believe, clearly to the Eaſt.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, &c.*] Theſe were the prieſts and poets of thoſe people, ſo celebrated for their ſavage virtue. Thoſe heroic barbarians accounted it a diſhonour to die in their beds, and ruſhed on to certain death in the proſpect of an after-life, and for the glory of a ſong from their bards in praiſe of their actions.

POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 132. *The wall in luſtre, &c.*]

"It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
"And made well more than it was,
"As kind of thing Fame is."

Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright, tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd,

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VER. 152. *The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;*] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Aſian Princes: his deſire to be thought the ſon of Jupiter Ammon, cauſed him to wear the horns of that God, and to repreſent the ſame upon his coins; which was continued by ſeveral of his ſucceſſors. POPE.

VER. 154. *bely'd the Libyan God.*] "Bely'd the God," are expreſſions from Dryden:

A dragon's fiery form "bely'd the God."
St. Cecilia's Ode.

The heroic characters here, though juſtly, are not very POETICALLY deſignated.

VER. 155. The greateſt panegyric that ever Alexander and Cæſar met with, is from Lord Bacon, in the Advancement of Learning, b. i. p. 75. firſt edition. WARTON.

Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold

NOTES.

VER. 158. *And ſcarce deteſted*] A conciſe and maſterly ſtroke, which at once ſets before us the mixture of character, which appears in that extraordinary man, Julius Cæſar. Nothing can be more pleaſing than Cicero's account of his viſit to him at his villa. We forget the *hero*, and are delighted with the *man*; we ſee him as it were in his private hours.

Cicero gives Atticus the following account of the entertainment:

"O this gueſt," ſays he, "whom I ſo much dreaded! yet I had no reaſon to repent of him. He eat and drank freely, and was very cheerful.

"But our diſcourſe at table, as we eat,
For taſte and reaſoning ſtill excell'd our meat.

"We had not a word on buſineſs, but many on points of literature. In ſhort, he was delighted with the entertainment, and paſſed the day agreeably." *Middleton's tranſlation.*

VER. 161. *Epaminondas ſtood;*] Warton quotes Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv. "In other illuſtrious men you will obſerve that each poſſeſſed ſome one ſhining quality, which was the foundation of his fame: in Epaminondas all the virtues are found united; force of body, eloquence of expreſſion, vigour of mind, contempt of riches, gentleneſs of diſpoſition, and, what is chiefly to be regarded, courage and conduct in war."

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;*] Timoleon had ſaved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. POPE.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious*] Mr. Harte told me, our author had once intended to write an epic poem on the ſtory of Timoleon;

Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell:
Here

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and it is remarkable that Dr. Akenſide had the ſame deſign; he hints at it himſelf in the laſt ſtanza of the thirteenth ode, b. i. on lyric poetry:

"But when from envy and from death to claim,
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command;
Nor Theban voice, nor Leſbian lyre,
From thee, O muſe! do I require;
While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd."

He told me himſelf that the laſt line alluded to the Leonidas of Glover. WARTON.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, &c.*] Ariſtides, who for his great integrity was diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *the Juſt*. When his countrymen would have baniſhed him by the Oſtraciſm, where it was the cuſtom for every man to ſign the name of the perſon he voted to exile in an Oyſter-ſhell; a peaſant, who could not write, came to Ariſtides to do it for him, who readily ſigned his own name. POPE.

Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choirs,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around

NOTES.

VER. 174. *Martyr'd Phocion*] Who, when he was about to drink the hemlock, charged his ſon to forgive his enemies, and not to revenge his death on thoſe Athenians who had decreed it. WARTON.

VER. 175. *Agis,*] Very unpoetically deſignated. Agis might as well have been left out, if all that could be ſaid of him was, that he was "not the laſt of Spartan names."

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, &c.*] In the midſt of the Temple, neareſt the throne of Fame, are placed the greateſt names in learning of all antiquity. Theſe are deſcribed in ſuch attitudes as expreſs their different characters: the columns on which they are raiſed are adorned with ſculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking ſubjects of their works; which ſculpture bears a reſemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings. POPE.

VER. 178. *But in the centre*] The ſix perſons Pope thought proper to ſelect as worthy to be placed on theſe pillars as the higheſt ſeats

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, &c.*]

"From the dees many a pillere,
"Of metal that ſhone not full clere, &c.
"Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
"That was of lede and iron fine,
"Him of the Sect Saturnine,
"The Ebraicke Joſephus the old, &c.
"Upon an iron piller ſtrong,
"That painted was all endlong,
"With tigers' blood in every place,
"The Tholoſan that hight Stace,
"That bare of Thebes up the name," &c. POPE.

Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;

Father

NOTES.

ſeats of honour, are Homer, Virgil, Pindar, Horace, Ariſtotle, and Tully. It is obſervable that our author has omitted the great dramatic poets of Greece. Sophocles and Euripides deſerved certainly an honourable niche in the Temple of Fame, as much as Pindar and Horace. But the truth is, it was not faſhionable in Pope's time, nor among his acquaintance, attentively to ſtudy theſe poets. By a ſtrange fatality they have not in this kingdom obtained the rank they deſerve amongſt claſſic writers. We have numberleſs treatiſes on Horace and Virgil, for inſtance, who in their different kinds do not ſurpaſs the authors in queſtion, whilſt hardly a critic among us has profeſſedly pointed out their excellencies.

I own I have ſome particular reaſons for thinking that our author was not very converſant in this ſort of compoſition, having no inclination to the drama. In a note on the third book of his Homer, where Helen points out to Priam the names and characters of the Grecian leaders from the walls of Troy, he obſerves, that ſeveral great poets have been engaged by the beauty of this paſſage to an imitation of it. But who are the poets he enumerates on this occaſion? Only Statius and Taſſo; the former of whom, in his ſeventh book, and the latter in his third, ſhews the forces and the commanders that inveſted the cities of Thebes and Jeruſalem. Not a ſyllable is mentioned of that capital ſcene in the Phœniſſæ of Euripides, from the hundred and twentieth to the two hundredth line, where the old man, ſtanding with Antigone on the walls of Thebes, marks out to her the various figures, habits, armour, and qualifications of each different warrior, in the moſt lively and picturesque manner, as they appear in the camp beneath them. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182.]
" Full wonder hye on a pillere
" Of iron, he the great Omer,
" And with him Dares and Titus," &c. POPE.

Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the Pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here

NOTES.

VER. 188. *The wars of Troy*] The poems of Homer afford a marvellous variety of ſubjects proper for hiſtory-painting. A very ingenious French nobleman, the Count de Caylus, has lately printed a valuable treatiſe, entitled, "Tableaux tirés de l'Illiade, et de l'Odyſſe d'Homere;" in which he has exhibited the whole ſeries of events contained in theſe poems, arranged in their proper order; has deſigned each piece, and diſpoſed each figure, with much taſte and judgment. He ſeems juſtly to wonder, that artiſts have ſo ſeldom had recourſe to this great ſtore-houſe of beautiful and noble images, ſo proper for the employment of the pencil, and delivered with ſo much force and diſtinctneſs, that the painter has nothing to do but to ſubſtitute his colours for the words of Homer. He complains that a Raphael, and a Julio Romano, ſhould copy the crude and unnatural conceptions of Ovid's Metamorphoſes and Apuleius's Aſs; and that ſome of their ſacred ſubjects were ill-choſen. Among the few who borrowed their ſubjects from Homer, he mentions Bouchardon with the honour he deſerves, and relates the following anecdote: "This great artiſt having lately read Homer in an old and deteſtable French tranſlation, came one day to me, his eyes ſparkling with fire, and ſaid, "Since I have read this book, men ſeem to be fifteen feet high, and all nature is enlarged in my ſight."

Pope has ſelected from Homer only three ſubjects as the moſt intereſting: Diomed wounding Venus, Hector ſlaying Patroclus, and the ſame Hector dragged along at the wheels of Achilles's chariot. Are theſe the moſt affecting and ſtriking incidents of the Iliad? But it is highly worth remarking, that this very incident of dragging the body of Hector thrice round the walls of Troy, is abſolutely not mentioned by Homer. Bayle has remarked this;

Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd

NOTES.

and Heyne acknowledges the truth of the remark, and thinks that Virgil, for he firſt mentioned it,

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora mūros.
B. i. v. 483.

adopted the circumſtance from ſome Greek tragedy on the ſubject. A following line in Virgil, which is indeed taken from Homer, furniſhes a noble ſubject for ſculpture:

Tendentemque manus Priamum conſpexit inermes.
WARTON.

Mr. Flaxman has executed deſigns from the Iliad and Odyſſey, ſuperior to any thing yet ſeen, for taſte, correctneſs, and claſſical beauty.

VER. 194. *A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,*
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.]

Longinus obſerves, "Notwithſtanding which trivial blemiſhes, I muſt ever remain in the opinion, that the greater excellencies, theſe bolder and nobler flights, though perhaps not carried on every where with an equality of perfection, yet merit the prize and preference, by the ſole merit of their intrinſic magnificence and grandeur."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 196, &c.]
"There ſaw I ſtand on a pillere
"That was of tinned iron cleere,

"The

Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his looks ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here,

IMITATIONS.

" The Latin Poet Virgyle,
" That hath bore up of a great while
" The fame of pious Æneas.
" And next him on a pillere was
" Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,
" That hath ſowen wondrous wide
" The great God of Love's fame—
" Tho ſaw I on a pillere by
" Of iron wrought full ſternly,
" The great Poet Dan Lucan,
" That on his ſhoulders bore up then
" As hye as that I might ſee,
" The fame of Julius and Pompee.
" And next him on a pillere ſtode
" Of ſulphur, like as he were wode,
" Dan Claudian, ſothe for to tell,
" That bare up all the fame of hell," &c. POPE.

Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er the chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here

NOTES.

VER. 210. *Four ſwans ſuſtain, &c.*] Pindar being ſeated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The ſwans are emblems of Poetry, their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune preſided over the Iſthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.
WARBURTON.

The character of Pindar, as commonly given, ſeems not to be well underſtood. We are perpetually told of the boldneſs and the violence of his tranſitions; whereas, on a cloſer inſpection, they appear eaſy and unforced, are cloſely connected with, and ariſe appoſitely from his ſubject. Even his ſtyle has been repreſented as too ſwelling and bombaſt; but, carefully examined, it will appear not to abound with thoſe violent and harſh metaphors, and that profuſion of florid epithets, which ſome of his imitators, who appear not to have read and ſtudied the original, affect to uſe. One of Pindar's arts, which Lord Bacon has obſerved, and in which his copiers fail, is the introduction of many moral reflections. "Animos hominum, inopinato (ſays Bacon) ſententiolâ aliquâ mirabili, veluti virgulâ divinâ percutit." Gray has moſt cloſely ſtudied, and moſt happily imitated, the manner of Pindar of all our writers. WARTON.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here

NOTES.

VER. 230. *The Doves*] Surely he might have ſelected, for the baſſo relievos about the ſtatue of Horace, ornaments more manly and characteriſtical of his genius. Among the various views in which the very numerous commentators have conſidered his odes, they ſeem to have neglected to remark the dramatic turn he has given to many of them. Witneſs the prophecy of Nereus, the animated ſpeech of Juno, the ſpeeches of Regulus, and of Europa and her father, and of one of the daughters of Danaus; as alſo of the boy ſeized by the witches, and of Canidia herſelf, in the fifth epode. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe*
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.]

This expreſſes the mixed character of the odes of Horace: the ſecond of theſe verſes alludes to that line of his,

" Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ."

As another which follows, to

" Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

The action of the Doves hints at a paſſage in the fourth ode of his third book:

" Me fabuloſæ Vulture in Appulo
" Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
" Ludo fatigatumque ſomno,
" Fronde nova puerum palumbes
" Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus—

" Ut

Here in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full

NOTES.

Ver. 238. *With equal rays immortal*] This beautiful attitude is copied from a ſtatue in that valuable collection which Lady Pomfret had the generoſity lately to preſent to the Univerſity of Oxford. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

" Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
" Dormirem et urſis; ut premerer ſacra
" Lauroque collataque myrto,
" Non ſine Diis animoſus infans."

Which may be thus Engliſh'd:

" While yet a child, I chanc'd to ſtray,
" And in a deſart ſleeping lay;
" The ſavage race withdrew, nor dar'd
" To touch the Muſes' future bard;
" But Cytherea's gentle dove
" Myrtles and Bays around me ſpread,
" And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
" Sacred to Muſic and to Love." POPE.

Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne,
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Viſtas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iſles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thou-

NOTES.

VER. 264. *The roofs aſcend,*] Extenſion is certainly a cauſe of the ſublime. The reader feels a pleaſure in having his eye carried through a vaſt length of building, almoſt to an immenſity. Of this kind is a very noble image in one of Milton's Latin poems little

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature, &c.*]

" Methought that ſhe was ſo lite,
" That the length of a cubite
" Was longer than ſhe ſeemed be;
" But thus ſoon in a while ſhe,
" Herſelf tho wonderly ſtraight,
" That with her feet ſhe the earth reight,
" And with her head ſhe touchyd heav'n."— POPE.

A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
With time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, through the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the Temple ſhook,

And

NOTES.

little attended to; where, with a great reach of fancy, he ſays, that the original Archetype of Man may be a huge giant, ſtalking in ſome remote unknown region of the earth, and lifting his head ſo high as to be dreaded by the gods:

" Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens Hominis Archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput."
Sylvarum, l. p. 517. Poems of MILTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, &c.*]
" I heard about her throne y-ſung
" That all the palays walls rung
" So ſung the mighty Muſe, ſhe
" That cleped is Calliope,
" And her ſeven ſiſters eke."— POPE.

VER. 276. *Around theſe wonders, &c.*]
" I heard a noiſe approchen blive,
" That far'd as bees done in a hive,
" Againſt her time of out flying;
" Right ſuch a manere murmuring,
" For all the world it ſeemed me.
" Tho gan I look about and ſee
" That there came entring into th' hall,
" A right great company withal;
" And that of ſundry regions,
" Of all kind of conditions," &c.— POPE.

And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.
Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;

But

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 294. *Some ſhe diſgrac'd, &c.*]

" And ſome of them ſhe granted ſone,
" And ſome ſhe warned well and fair,
" And ſome ſhe granted the contrair—
" Right as her ſiſter dame Fortune
" Is wont to ſerve in commune." Pope.

But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.

The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.

Since

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 318. *The good and juſt, &c.*]

" Tho came the third companye,
" And gan up to the dees to hye,
" And down on knees they fell anone,
" And ſaiden: We been everichone
" Folke that han full truely
" Deſerved Fame right fully,
" And prayen you it might be knowe
" Right as it is, and forth blowe.
" I grant, quoth ſhe, for now we lift
" That your good works ſhall be wiſt.
" And yet ye ſhall have better loos,
" Right in deſpite of all your foos,

" Than

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame,) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.

But

IMITATIONS.

" Than worthy is, and that anone.
" Let now (quoth ſhe) thy trump gone—
" And certes all the breath that went
" Out of his trump's mouth ſmel'd
" As men a pot of baume held
" Among a baſket full of roſes——" POPE.

VER. 328. 338. *behold another croud, &c.—From the black trumpet's ruſty, &c.*]

" Therewithal there came anone
" Another huge companye,
" Of good folke—
" What did this Eolus, but he
" Tooke out his trump of braſs,
" That fouler than the devil was:
" And gan this trump for to blowe,
" As all the world ſhould overthrowe.
" Throughout every regione
" Went this foul trumpet's ſoune,
" Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
" When fire is in the powder runne.
" And ſuch a ſmoke gan out wende,
" Out of the foul trumpet's ende"—&c. POPE.

But ſtraight the direful Trump of ſlander ſounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee, (they cry'd,) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire through the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

Then

NOTES.

VER. 342. *A troop came next, &c.*] There is an apparent incongruity in theſe images: "The troop firſt *ſail* down the *ſtream* of life," then "fill whole nations with flames and blood," then *ſwim* to empire. Such metaphors may perhaps be allowed, as coming in *ſucceſſion*.

Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.

And

IMITATIONS.

VER. 356. *Then came the ſmalleſt, &c.*]

" I ſaw anone the fifth route,
" That to this lady gan loute,
" And down on knees anone to fall,
" And to her they beſoughten all,
" To hiden their good works eke.
" And ſaid, they yeve not a leke.
" For no fame ne ſuch renowne;
" For they for contemplacyoune,
" And Goddes love had it wrought,
" Ne of fame would they ought.
" What, quoth ſhe, and be ye wood?
" And wecn ye for to do good,
" And for to have it of no fame?
" Have ye deſpite to have my name?
" Nay ye ſhall lien everichone:
" Blowe thy trump, and that anone
" (Quoth ſhe) thou Eolus, I hote,
" And ring theſe folks works by rote.
" That all the world may of it heare;
" And he gan blow their loos ſo cleare,
" In his golden clarioune,
" Through the World went the ſoune,
" All ſo kindly, and eke ſo ſoft,
" That their fame was blown aloft." POPE.

And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes:
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd;
Hither,

NOTES.

VER. 366. *And live there men, &c.*] How dignified is Milton on this ſubject!

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
"Nor in the gliſtering foil
"Set off to th' world; nor in broad rumour lies,
"But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
"And perfect witneſs of all-judging Jove;
"As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
"Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed!"

LYCIDAS.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 378. *Next theſe a youthful train, &c.*] The reader might compare theſe twenty-eight lines following, which contain the ſame matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

"Tho came the ſixth companye,
"And gan faſte to Fame cry," &c.

being too prolix to be here inſerted. POPE.

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What! you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the croud.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.

This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne,

Before

IMITATIONS.

VER. 406. *Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty, &c.*]

" Tho came another companye
" That had y-done the treachery," &c. POPE.

VER. 418. *This having heard and ſeen, &c.*] The ſcene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow:

" Tho ſaw I ſtonde in a valey,
" Under the caſtle faſt by
" A houſe, that Domus Dedali
" That Labyrinthus cleped is,
" Nas made ſo wonderly, I wis,
" Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought;
" And evermo as ſwift as thought,
" This queint houſe about went,
" That never more it ſtill ſtent —
" And eke this houſe hath of entrees
" As many as leaves are on trees
" In ſummer, when they ben grene;
" And in the roof yet men may ſene

" A thouſand

Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;

The

IMITATIONS.

" A thouſand hoels and well mo,
" To letten the ſoune out go;
" And by day in every tide
" Ben all the doors open wide,
" And by night each one unſhet;
" No porter is there one to let,
" No manner tydings in to pace:
" Ne never reſt is in that place." POPE.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature, &c.*] This thought is tranſferr'd hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no leſs than one hundred and twenty verſes, beginning thus:

" Geffray, thou wotteſt well this," &c. POPE.

The trembling ſurface by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The fall of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of

IMITATIONS.

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, &c.*]
" Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
" Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
" Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
" Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
" Of loſs, of lore, and of winnings,
" Of hele, of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
" Of divers tranſmutations
" Of eſtates and eke of regions,
" Of truſt, of drede, of jealouſy,
" Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
" Of good, or bad government,
" Of fire, and of divers accident." POPE.

Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;

And

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 458. *Above, below, without, within, &c.*]

" But ſuch a grete congregation
" Of folke as I ſaw roam about,
" Some within, and ſome without,
" Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft—
" And every wight that I ſaw there
" Rowned everich in others ear
" A new tyding privily,
" Or elſe he told it openly
" Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
" That is betide to night now?
" No, quoth he, tell me what?
" And then he told him this and that, &c.
" ——— Thus north and ſouth
" Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
" And that encreaſing evermo,
" As fire is wont to quicken and go
" From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
" Till all the citee brent up is." Pope.

And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd through the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey,
A lie and truth contending for the way;

And

IMITATIONS.

VER. 489. *There, at one paſſage, &c.*]

" And ſometime I ſaw there at once,
" A leſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
" That gonnen at adventure draw
" Out of a window forth to pace—
" And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
" Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe," &c.

POPE.

And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue through the narrow vent;
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lie;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear;
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All

NOTES.

VER. 497. *While thus I ſtood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a paſſage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the concluſion, with the addition of a moral to the whole. In Chaucer, he only anſwers, "he came to ſee the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being ſurprized at the ſight of a Man of great Authority, and awaking in a fright. POPE.

Pope ſeems unwilling to confeſs *all* he owes to Chaucer. What is moſt *poetical* in the whole compoſition belongs to Chaucer; but from the account here given of the mere "hint," and the tame ending in Chaucer, one might be led to conclude that the chief merit of the arrangement and *imagination* belonged to Pope.

All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh! grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

"THIS poem contains great ſtrokes of Gothic imagination, yet bordering often on the moſt ideal and capricious extravagance. The poet, in a viſion, ſees a temple of glaſs:

"In which were more images
Of gold ſtondinge in ſundrie ſtages,
Sette in more riche tabernacles,
And with perre more pinnacles,
And more curious pourtraiturie
And quaint manir of figuris
Of golde work than I ſawe evir."

"On the walls of this temple were engraved ſtories from Virgil's Eneid and Ovid's Epiſtles.

"Leaving this temple, he ſees an eagle with golden wings ſoaring near the ſun:

"—— Faſte by the ſonne on hie
As kennyng myght I with mine eie,
Methought I ſawe an egle ſore;
But that it ſemid mochil more,
Then I had any egle ſeen.

It

It was of gold, and ſhone ſo bright,
That nevir man ſawe ſuche a ſight," &c.

" The eagle deſcends, ſeizes the poet in his talons, and, mounting again, conveys him to the houſe of Fame; which is ſituated, like that of Ovid, between earth and ſea. In their paſſage thither, they fly above the ſtars; which our author leaves, with clouds, tempeſts, hail, and ſnow, far beneath him. This aërial journey is partly copied from Ovid's Phaeton in the chariot of the ſun. But the poet apologiſes for this extravagant fiction, and explains his meaning, by alleging the authority of Boethius; who ſays, that contemplation may ſoar on the wings of philoſophy above every element. He likewiſe recollects, in the midſt of his courſe, the deſcription of the heavens, given by Marcianus Capella, in his book De Nuptiis Philologiæ et Mercurii, and Alanus in his Anticlaudian. At his arrival in the confines of the houſe of Fame, he is alarmed with confuſed murmurs iſſuing from thence, like diſtant thunders or billows This circumſtance is alſo borrowed from Ovid's Temple. He is left by the eagle near the houſe, which is built of materials bright as poliſhed glaſs, and ſtands on a rock of ice of exceſſive height, and almoſt inacceſſible. All the Southern ſide of this rock was covered with engravings of the names of famous men, which were perpetually melting away by the heat of the ſun The Northern ſide of the rock was alike covered with names; but being here ſhaded from the warmth of the ſun, the characters remained unmelted and uneffaced. The ſtructure of the houſe is thus imagined:

——" Methoughtin by Sainct Gile,
That all was of ſtone of berille,
Both of the caſtle and the toure,
And eke the hall and everie boure:
Without pecis or joynynges,
And many ſubtill compaſſyngs,
As barbicans and pinnacles,
Imageries and tabernacles,
I ſawe, and full eke of windowis
As flakis fallin in great ſnowis."

" In theſe lines, and in ſome others which occur hereafter, the poet perhaps alludes to the many new decorations in architecture, which began to prevail about his time, and gave riſe to the florid Gothic ſtyle. There are inſtances of this in his other poems. In his Dreame, printed 1597:

" And

" And of a ſute were al the touris,
Subtily carven aftir flouris,—
With many a ſmal turret hie."

" And in the deſcription of the Palace of Pleaſaunt Regarde, in the Aſſemblie of Ladies:

" Fairir is none, though it were for a king
Deviſid wel, and that in every thing;
The towris hie, ful pleſante ſhal ye finde,
With fannis freſh, turning with everie winde.
The chambris, and the palirs of a ſorte,
With bay windows, goodlie as may be thought:
As for daunſing or other wiſe diſporte,
The galeries be al right wel ywrought."

" In Chaucer's life, by Anthony Hall, it is not mentioned that he was appointed clerk of the king's works in the palace of Weſtminſter, in the royal manors of Shene, Kenington, Byfleet, and Clapton, and in the mews at Charing.

" Again, in 1380, of the works of St. George's chapel at Windſor, then ruinous. But to return:

——— " All manir of minſtrelis,
And jeſtours that tellyn tales
Both of weping and eke of game."

" That is, thoſe who ſung or recited adventures, either tragic or comic, which excited either compaſſion or laughter. They were accompanied with the moſt renowned harpers; among which were Orpheus, Arion, Chiron, and the Briton Glaſkerion. Behind theſe were placed, " by many a thouſand time twelve," players on various inſtruments of muſic. Among the trumpeters are named Joab, Virgil's Miſenus, and Theodamus. About theſe pinnacles were alſo marſhalled the moſt famous magicians, juglers, witches, propheteſſes, ſorcereſſes, and profeſſors of natural magic, which ever exiſted in ancient or modern times; ſuch as Medea, Circe, Calliope, Hermes, Limotheus, and Simon Magus. At entering the hall he ſees an infinite multitude of heralds; on the ſurcoats of whom were richly embroidered the armorial enſigns of the moſt redoubted champions that ever tourneyed in Africa, Europe, or Aſia. The floor and roof of the hall were covered with thick plates of gold, ſtudded with the coſtlieſt gems. At the upper end, on a lofty ſhrine, made with carbuncle, ſate Fame; her figure is like thoſe in Virgil and Ovid. Above her, as if ſuſtained on her ſhoulders,

ſhoulders, ſate Hercules and Alexander. From the throne to the gates of the hall ran a range of pillars, with reſpective inſcriptions. On the firſt pillar, made of lead and iron, ſtood Joſephus, the Jewiſh hiſtorian ("that of the Jewis geſtis told"), with ſeven other writers on the ſame ſubject. On the ſecond pillar, made of iron, and painted all over with the blood of tygers, ſtood Statius. On another, higher than the reſt, ſtood Homer, Dares, Phrygius, Livy, Lollius, Guido of Columna, and Geoffry of Monmouth, writers of the Trojan ſtory. On a pillar of "tinnid iron clere," ſtood Virgil; and next to him, on a pillar of copper, appeared Ovid. The figure of Lucan was placed on a pillar of iron, "wroght full ſternly," accompanied with many Roman hiſtorians. On a pillar of ſulphur ſtood Claudian, ſo ſymboliſed, becauſe he wrote of Pluto and Proſerpine:

"That bare up all the fame of hell;
Of Pluto and of Proſerpine
That queen is of the darke pine."

"The hall was filled with the writers of ancient tales and romances, whoſe ſubjects and names were too numerous to be recounted. In the mean time crouds from every nation, and of every condition, filled the hall, and each preſented his claim to the queen. A meſſenger is diſpatched to ſummon Eolus from his cave in Thrace, who is ordered to bring his two clarions, called Slander and Praiſe, and his trumpeter Triton. The praiſes of each petitioner are then reſounded, according to the partial or capricious appointment of Fame; and equal merits obtain very different ſucceſs. There is much ſatire and humour in theſe requeſts and rewards, and in the diſgraces and honours which are indiſcriminately diſtributed by the queen, without diſcernment and by chance. The poet then enters the houſe or labyrinth of Rumour. It was built of ſallow twigs, like a cage, and therefore admitted every ſound. Its doors were alſo more numerous than leaves on the trees, and always ſtood open. Theſe are romantic exaggerations of Ovid's inventions on the ſame ſubject. It was, moreover, ſixty miles in length, and perpetually turning round. From this houſe (ſays the poet) iſſued tidings of every kind, like fountains and rivers from the ſea. Its inhabitants, who were eternally employed in hearing or telling news, together with the riſe of reports, and the formation of lies, are then humouroufly deſcribed. The company is chiefly compoſed of ſailors, pilgrims, and pardoners. At length our

our author is awakened at ſeeing a venerable perſonage of great authority; and thus the viſion abruptly concludes.

"Pope has imitated this piece with his uſual elegance of diction and harmony of verification; but, in the mean time, he has not only miſrepreſented the ſtory, but marred the character of the poem. He has endeavoured to correct its extravagancies by new refinements and additions of another caſt; but he did not conſider that extravagancies are eſſential to a poem of ſuch a ſtructure, and even conſtitute its beauties. An attempt to unite order and exactneſs of imagery with a ſubject formed on principles ſo profeſſedly romantic and anomalous, is like giving Corinthian pillars to a Gothic palace. When I read Pope's elegant imitation of this piece, I think I am walking among the modern monuments unſuitably placed in Weſtminſter Abbey."

HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY, vol. ii.
T. WARTON.

Little can be added to T. Warton's maſterly appreciation of the characteriſtic merit of this poem; may I be juſt allowed to mention, that there is leſs harmony of verification in this poem, than in moſt of the preceding; particularly the Rape of the Lock, Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady, and, above all, the Epiſtle of Eloiſa. The pauſe is too generally at the end of the line, and on the fourth and fifth ſyllable.

Pope has not quoted the ſimile taken from Chaucer's 2d book:

"——— if that thou
"Throw in a water, now a ſtone
"Well wot'ſt thou it will make anon
"A little roundel, &c."

Chaucer, with a bolder perſonification, ſends for Æolus, "that king of Thrace," from "his cave of ſtone," to ſound his "trumpe of golde." Pope bids

"———The MUSES raiſe
"The golden trumpet of eternal praiſe."

Theſe circumſtances may deſignate, in ſome meaſure, the character of either Poem. I muſt confeſs, I think there can be no compariſon between the *bold trumpe of Æolus*,

"Which he ſets to his mouth,
"And blows it, Eaſt, and North, and South,"

and the delicate, but leſs animated, tone of the *Muſes*, in Pope.

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR, THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THE ſtory of January and May now before us is of the comic kind; and the character of a fond old dotard betrayed into diſgrace by an unſuitable match is ſupported in a lively manner. Pope has endeavoured ſuitably to familiarize the ſtatelineſs of our heroic meaſure in this ludicrous narrative; but, after all his pains, this meaſure is not adapted to ſuch ſubjects ſo well as the lines of four feet, or the French numbers of Fontaine. Fontaine is, in truth, the capital and unrivalled writer of comic tales. He generally took his ſubjects from Boccace, Poggius, and Arioſto; but adorned them with ſo many natural ſtrokes, with ſuch quaintneſs in his reflections, and ſuch a dryneſs and archneſs of humour, as cannot fail to excite laughter.

Our Prior has happily caught his manner in many of his lighter tales, particularly in Hans Carvel; the invention of which, if its genealogy be worth tracing, is firſt due to Poggius. It is found in the hundred and thirty-third of his Facetiæ, where it is entitled, Viſio Franciſci Philelphi; from hence Rabelais inſerted it under another title, in his third book and twenty-eighth chapter. It was afterwards related in the book called the Hundred Novels. Arioſto finiſhes the fifth of his incomparable ſatires with it. Maleſpini alſo made uſe of it. Fontaine, who imagined Rabelais to be the inventor of it, was the ſixth author who delivered it, as our Prior was the laſt, and perhaps not the leaſt ſpirited. Of the tale before us, Mr. Tyrwhitt gives the following account: "The ſcene of the Merchant's Tale is laid in Italy; but none of the names, except Damian and Juſtin, ſeem to be Italian, but rather made at pleaſure; ſo that I doubt whether the ſtory be really of Italian growth. The adventure of the Pear-tree I find in a ſmall collection of Latin fables, written by one Adolphus, in elegiac verſes of his faſhion, in the year 1315. This fable has never been printed but once, and in a book not commonly to be met with.

"Whatever was the real original of this tale, the machinery of the Fairies, which Chaucer has uſed ſo happily, was probably added by himſelf; and indeed I cannot help thinking that his Pluto and Proſerpine were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania,

or rather that they themſelves have, once at leaſt, deſigned to reviſit our poetical ſyſtem under the latter names. "In the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. i. p. 421, this is ſaid to be an old Lombard ſtory." But many paſſages in it are evidently taken from the Polycraticon of John of Saliſbury. De moleſtiis et oneribus conjugiorum ſecundum Hieronymum et alios philoſophos. Et de pernicie libidinis. Et de mulieris Epheſinæ et ſimilium fide. And by the way, about forty verſes belonging to this argument are tranſlated from the ſame chapter of the Polycraticon, in the Wife of Bath's prologue. In the mean time it is not improbable that this tale might have originally been Oriental. A Perſian tale is juſt publiſhed which it extremely reſembles; and it has much of the allegory of an Eaſtern apologue."

The author adds, that the Miller's Tale, in Chaucer, excels all his other tales in true and exquiſite humour.

WARTON,

JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bleſt with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace.
Yet led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites:
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.

But

NOTES.

JANUARY AND MAY.] This tranſlation was done at ſixteen or ſeventeen years of age. POPE.

In conformity to our author's own practice, it has been thought proper to inſert a portion of the original of Chaucer, that the reader may form a judgment of Pope's alterations:

IMITATIONS.

" Whilom ther was dwelling in Lumbardie
" A worthy knight, that was born in Pavie,
" In which he lived in gret proſperitee;
" And ſixty yere a wifles man was he,
" And folwed ay his bodily delit
" On women, ther as was his appetit;
" As done thiſe fooles that been ſeculere.
" And whan that he was paſſed ſixty yere,

But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more;
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.

Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.

Then

IMITATIONS.

" Were it for holineſſe or for dotage,
" I cannot ſain, but ſwiche a gret corage
" Hadde this knight to ben a wedded man,
" That day and night he doth all that he can
" To eſpien, wher that he might wedded be;
" Praying our Lord to granten him, that he
" Mighte ones knowen of that bliſful lif,
" That is betwix an huſband and his wif;
" And for to live under that holy bond,
" With which God firſte man and woman bond.
" Non other lif (ſaid he) is worth a bene;
" For wedlock is ſo eſy and ſo clene,
" That in this world it is a paradiſe.
" Thus ſaith this olde knight, that was ſo wiſe.

" And

Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts, promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt:
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:

Tho'

IMITATIONS.

" And certainly, as ſoth as God is king,
" To take a wif, it is a glorious thing,
" And namely whan a man is old and hore,
" Than is a wif the fruit of his treſore;
" Than ſhuld he take a yong wif and a faire,
" On which he might engendren him an heire,
" And lede his lif in joye and in ſolas,
" Wheras thiſe bachelors ſingen alas,
" Whan that they finde any adverſitee
" In love, which n'is but childiſh vanitee.
" And trewely it ſit wel to be ſo,
" That bachelors have often peine and wo:
" On brotel ground they bilde, and brotelneſſe
" They finden, whan they wenen ſikerneſſe:

Tho' fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what ſo pure, which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom-ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night-invaſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wife theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:

This

IMITATIONS.

" They live but as a bird or as a beſte,
" In libertee and under non areſte;
" Ther as a wedded man in his eſtat
" Liveth a lif blisful and ordinat,
" Under the yoke of mariage ybound:
" Wel may his herte in joye and bliſſe abound.
" For who can be ſo buxom as a wif?
" Who is ſo trewe and eke ſo ententif
" To kepe him, ſike and hole, as is his make?
" For wele or wo ſhe n'ill him not forſake:
" She n'is not wery him to love and ſerve,
" Though that he lie bedrede til that he ſterve.
" And yet ſome clerkes ſain, it is not ſo,
" Of which he Theophraſt is on of tho:

" What

This bleſſing laſts, (if thoſe who try, ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
  Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſs'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade.
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
  A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife:

Heroic

IMITATIONS.

" What force though Theophraſt liſt for to lie?
" Ne take no wif, quod he, for huſbondrie,
" As for to ſpare in houſehold they diſpence:
" A trewe ſervant doth more diligence
" Thy good to kepe, than doth thin owen wif,
" For ſhe wol claimen half paſt al hiſe lif,
" And if that thou be ſike, ſo God me ſave,
" Thy veray frendes or a trewe knave
" Wol kepe thee bet than ſhe, that waiteth ay
" After thy good, and hath don many a day.
" This ſentence, and a hundred thinges werſe
" Writeth this man ther God his bones curſe.
" But take no kepe of al ſwiche vanitee,
" Defieth Theophraſt, and herkeneth me.
  " A wif is goddes yefte verily:
" All other maner yeftes hardely,

Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th' Aſſyrian foe:
At Heſter's ſuit, the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
  Theſe weighty motives, January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and ſober life,
Would try that chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice,
To paſs their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)
  My friends, he cry'd (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am haſt'ning to my end;
How

IMITATIONS.

" As londes, rentes, paſture, or commune,
" Or mebles, all ben yeſtes of fortune,
" That paſſen as a ſhadow on the wall;
" But drede thou not, if plainly ſpeke I ſhal,
" A wif wol laſt and in thin hous endure,
" Wel lenger than thee liſt paraventure.
" Mariage is a ful gret ſacrament;
" He which that hath no wif I hold him ſhent;
" He liveth helples, and all deſolat:
" (I ſpeke of folk in ſecular eſtat)
" And herkneth why, I ſay not this for nought,
" That woman is for mannes helpe ywrought.
" The highe God, whan he had Adam maked,
" And ſaw him al alone belly naked,
" God of his grete goodneſſe ſaide then,
" Let us now make an helpe unto this man
" Like

How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:

In

IMITATIONS.

" Like to himſelf, and than he made him Eve.
" Here may ye ſee, and hereby may ye preve,
" That a wif is mannes helpe and his comfort,
" His paradis terreſtre and his diſport:
" So buxom and ſo vertuous is ſhe,
" They moſten nedes live in unitee:
" O fleſh they ben, and O fleſh, as I geſſe,
" Hath but on herte in wele and in diſtreſſe.
" A wif? a! Seinte Marie, *benedicite*,
" How might a man have any adverſite
" That hath a wif? Certes I cannot ſeye.
" The bliſſe the which that is betwix hem tweye
" Ther may no tonge tell or herte thinke.
" If he be poure, ſhe helpeth him to ſwinke;
" She keepeth his good, and waſteth never a del;
" All that her huſbond doth, hire liketh wel;

" She

In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for batchelors to wed.
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.
  Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt, for which I wed;

To

IMITATIONS.

" She ſaith not ones nay, whan he ſaith ye;
" Do this, ſaith he; al redy, Sire, ſaith ſhe.
  " O bliſsful odre, O wedlock precious,
" Thou art ſo merry, and eke ſo vertuous,
" And ſo commended, and approved eke,
" That every man that holt him worth a leke,
" Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
" Thanken his God, that him hath ſent a wif,
" Or elles pray to God him for to ſend
" A wif, to laſt unto his lives end.
" For than his lif is ſet in ſikerneſſe,
" He may not be deceived, as I geſſe,
" So that he werche after his wives rede;
" Than may he boldly beren up his hede,
" They ben ſo trewe, and therewithal ſo wiſe.
" For which, if thou wilt werchen as the wife,

" Do

To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heav'n's conſent, and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm found at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue loſt, tho' time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below.
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.

Now,

IMITATIONS.

" Do alway ſo, as women wol thee rede.
" Lo how that Jacob, as thiſe clerkes rede,
" By good conſeil of his mother Rebekke
" Bound the kiddes ſkin about his nekke;
" For which his fadres beniſon he wan.
" Lo Judith, as the ſtorie eke tell can,
" By good conſeil ſhe Goddes peple kept,
" And ſlow him Holofernes while he ſlept.
" Lo Abigal, by good conſeil how ſhe
" Saved hire huſband Nabal, whan that he
" Shuld han be ſlain. And loke, Heſter alſo
" By good conſeil delivered out of wo
" The peple of God, and made him Mardoche
" Of Aſſuere enhaunſed for to be.
" Ther n'is no thing in gree ſuperlatif
" (As ſaith Senek) above an humble wif.

" Suffer

Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous poſitive, and wond'rous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.
Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice;

But,

IMITATIONS.

" Suffer thy wives tonge, as Caton bit,
" She ſhal command, and thou ſhalt ſuffren it,
" And yet ſhe wol obey of curteſie.
" A wif is keper of thin huſbondrie:
" Wel may the ſike man bewaile and wepe,
" I warne thee, if wiſely thou wilt werche
" Love wel thy wif, as Chriſt loveth his Cherche:
" If thou loveſt thyſelf, love thou thy wif.
" No man hateth his fleſh, but in his lif
" He foſtreth it, and therfore bid I thee
" Cheriſh thy wif, or thou ſhalt never the.
" Huſbond and wif, what ſo men jaſſe or play,
" Of worldly folk holden the ſiker way;
" They ben ſo knit, ther may non harm betide,
" And namely upon the wives ſide.

WARTON.

But, with the wiſe man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt,
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your honour's in the right."
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to Man;
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With rev'rend dullneſs and grave impotence.

Juſtin, who ſilent ſate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a Philoſophic frown, began:

A heathen author, of the firſt degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Senſe as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous principles, and juſt.

The

The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your Lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And ſpite of all his praiſes muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear:
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in Age:
But at theſe years to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all.

And

And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heath'niſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The Knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of Wedlock all his ſoul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
Whilſt fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome public Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs,
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This Lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;

That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue, bleſt:
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe;

And

NOTES.

Ver. 245. *But ev'ry charm, &c.*] Chaucer is more particular in his deſcription:

Her *mydle ſmall*, her *armes longe* and *ſlender*,
Her wyſe governaunce, and her gentylneſſe,
Her womanly bearyng, and her ſadneſſe!

And thank the pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft, I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.

This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your buſineſs to a hair;
Not ev'n in wiſh, your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!

Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy.
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The Old have int'reſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the Fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And plac'd in ſtate, the bridegroom and the bride.

The

Te breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day;
The joys are ſuch, as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſate ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian King:

Bright as the riſing ſun, in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride;
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry face.
  Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious Squire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſt,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
  The weary ſun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſat upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſs'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)

Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide,
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With ſecret vows to favour his deſign.
  Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay;
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
  Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſeleƈteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;

Receiv'd

Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your ſex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of human-kind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed Romance:
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light ſports purſue:

Their

Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.
Hither the noble Knight would oft repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this ſweet place in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and bus'neſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly May.
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden ſped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure,
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.

His

NOTES.

VER. 461. *Their pigmy king,*] Pope has here ſhewn his judgment in adopting the lighter "fairy race" of Shakeſpear, and Milton. Chaucer has "Kyng Pluto, and his queene, Proſerpina."

His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.
Full oft in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fixt; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain;
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could ſee as far as ſhips can ſail?
'Tis better, ſure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can ſee!
Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honeſt huſband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the caſe his own.
The dame at laſt, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impreſſion to the truſty Squire.
By means of this, ſome wonder ſhall appear,
Which, in due place and ſeaſon, you may hear.
Well ſung ſweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What ſlight is that, which love will not explore?

And

And Pyramus and Thiſbe plainly ſhow
The feats true lovers, when they liſt, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in ſpite of all,
They found the art of kiſſing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to ſtray;
It hap'd that once upon a ſummer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his ſpouſe ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he ſung.
Awake, my love, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes;
Ariſe, my wife, my beauteous lady, riſe!
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's paſt; the clouds and tempeſts fly;
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the ſky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe ev'ry charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleaſures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian ſtraight a ſign ſhe made,
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret and undeſcry'd he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:

So may my ſoul have joy, as thou my wife
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather would I chuſe, by Heav'n above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhewn,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindneſs, rob me of delight.
Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my lady and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light, by Heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, Spouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who that once poſſeſs'd thoſe heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment abſent from thy arms?

He

He ceas'd, and May with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd;)
Heav'n knows (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band:
Yet, after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:
Firſt may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy!
This chime ſtill rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.

Thus

NOTES.

VER. 588. *Sew'd in a ſack, &c.*] "Infidelity in women is a "ſubject of the ſevereſt crimination among the Turks. When any "of theſe miſerable girls are apprehended, for the firſt time they "are put to hard labour, &c. but for the ſecond, they are recom-"mitted, and many at a time *tied up in ſacks*, and taken in a boat "to the Seraglio-Point, where they are *thrown into the tide.*"
Dallaway's Conſtantinople.

Thus while ſhe ſpoke a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian kneeling, worſhip'd as ſhe paſt:
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.

'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It ſo befel, in that fair morning tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden ſide,
And in the midſt their Monarch and his Bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the green-ſward bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.

'Tis

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand Authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid: Of all mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhould'ſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind and old (a helpleſs caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act, reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.

And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age;
Art ſhall be theirs to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.

What tho' this ſtand'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiſer wits of later times declare,
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous women are:
Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has ſaid?

What tho' this King (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank letcher and idolater;
Whoſe reign indulgent God, ſays Holy Writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;
David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.
  Well, I'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heav'n, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt and will oppoſe.
  Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much injur'd Knight again ſhould ſee;
It muſt be done—I am a King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been—
  And ſo has mine (ſhe ſaid)—I am a Queen:
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make.
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
  We leave them here in this heroic ſtrain,
And to the Knight our ſtory turns again;

Who

Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckoo or the Jay:
This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love,
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing: Oh good Gods, ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide?
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen;
Help, deareſt lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that, his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.

Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there!
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd;
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of Magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight);

So Heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.
Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs it *ſeem'd* too plain—
By all thoſe pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they liſt, can cry).
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more;
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw,
By Heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.

Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day:
So juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before your ſight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her Lord's embrace
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE firſt dawnings of polite literature in Italy are found in tale-writing and fables.

To produce, and carry on with probability and decorum, a ſeries of events, is the moſt difficult work of invention; and if we were minutely to examine the popular ſtories of every nation, we ſhould be amazed to find how few circumſtances have been ever invented. Facts and events have been indeed varied and modified; but totally new facts have not been created. The writers of the old romances, from whom Arioſto and Spenſer have borrowed ſo largely, are ſuppoſed to have had copious imaginations; but may they not be indebted, for their invulnerable heroes, their monſters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleaſure, their winged ſteeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, and the Bellerophon, of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furniſh out the ideas of their giants, and Andromeda might give occaſion for ſtories of diſtreſſed damſels on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at ſuch a critical ſeaſon by their favourite Knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive during the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impoſſible but theſe have been the parents of the Genii in the Eaſtern and the Fairies in the Weſtern world. To ſay that Amadis and Sir Triſtan have a claſſical foundation, may, at firſt ſight, appear parodoxical; but if the ſubject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think, that the wildeſt chimeras in thoſe books of chivalry, with which Don Quixote's library was furniſhed, would be found to have a cloſe connection with ancient mythology.

We of this nation have been remarkably barren in our inventions of facts; we have been chiefly borrowers in this ſpecies of compoſition, as the plots of our moſt applauded tragedies and comedies may witneſs, which have generally been taken from the novels of the Italians and Spaniards. WARTON.

In the art of telling a ſtory in verſe, Pope is peculiarly happy; we almoſt forget the groſſneſs of the ſubject of this tale, while

we are ſtruck by the uncommon eaſe and readineſs of the verſe, the ſuitableneſs of the expreſſions, and the ſpirit and happineſs of the whole.

I think Dr. Warton injudiciouſly cenſures the verſe, which appears to me to be very ſuitably employed.

Pope has introduced triplets in many places, no doubt for greater effect, which they certainly have. There is generally two together, ended with an Alexandrine; this is common in Dryden's fables, on which Pope evidently formed his ſtyle in theſe narrative pieces.

When I ſay that Dr. Warton injudiciouſly objects to the verſe, it ſhould be remembered that there is a *mock-elevation* in the ſpeeches, deſcriptions, &c. of this ſtory, (and even Poetry in the fairy revels,) for which the verſification Pope has choſen is more proper, than it would be, for Prior's burleſque, and leſs poetical, ribaldry.

The mixture of claſſical and gothic imagery, ſuch as Chaucer uſes, in making Pluto and Proſerpine (inſtead of ſpirits, like Oberon and Titania) the king and queen of the 'yellow-ſkirted Fays," is very common in our early Poets, who derived the combination from the old romances, and Ovid. Jaſon and Hercules, in Lydgate, are received with all the honours of the old Knights of Chivalry, at the Caſtle of the King of Colchis:

——"This mighty man Jaſon
Aſſigned was by the King anon,
For to ſettle at his own borde,
And Hercules, that was ſo great a Lord,
Was ſette alſo by his ſide."——

But the moſt curious aſſemblage of diſſimilar imagery is, where the fairies are introduced in Milton to attend the *Perſonages* of Ariſtotle's *ten Categories:*

"Good luck befriend thee, Son, for at thy birth,
The *fairy ladies* danc'd upon the hearth."

See Warton's Milton, p. 312.

THE WIFE OF BATH

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THE Wife of Bath is the other piece of Chaucer which Pope ſelected to imitate. One cannot but wonder at his choice, which perhaps nothing but his youth could excuſe. Dryden, who is known not to be nicely ſcrupulous, informs us, that he would not verſify it on account of its indecency. Pope, however, has omitted or ſoftened the groſſer and more offenſive paſſages. Chaucer afforded him many ſubjects of a more ſublime and ſerious ſpecies; and it were to be wiſhed Pope had exerciſed his pencil on the pathetic ſtory of the patience of Griſilda, or Troilus and Creſſida, or the Complaint of the Black Knight; or, above all, on Cambuſcan and Canace. From the accidental circumſtance of Dryden and Pope's having copied the gay and ludicrous parts of Chaucer, the common notion ſeems to have ariſen, that Chaucer's vein of poetry was chiefly turned to the light and the ridiculous. But they who look into Chaucer will ſoon be convinced of this prevailing prejudice, and will find his comic vein, like that of Shakeſpear, to be only like one of mercury, imperceptibly mingled with a mine of gold.

Mr. Hughes withdrew his contributions to a volume of Miſcellaneous Poems, publiſhed by Steel, becauſe this prologue was to be inſerted in it.

"The want of a few lines," ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, "to introduce The Wife of Bath's Prologue, is perhaps one of thoſe defects which Chaucer would have ſupplied, if he had lived to finiſh his work. The extraordinary length of it, as well as the vein of pleaſantry that runs through it, is very ſuitable to the character of the ſpeaker. The greateſt part muſt have been of Chaucer's own invention, though one may plainly ſee that he had been reading the popular invectives againſt marriage and women in general; ſuch as the Roman de la Roſe, Valerius ad Rufinum de non ducendâ uxore, and particularly Hyeronymus contra Jovinianum. The holy Father, by way of recommending celibacy, has exerted all his learning and eloquence (and he certainly was not deficient in either) to collect together and aggravate whatever he could

could find to the prejudice of the female ſex. Among other things he has inſerted his own tranſlation (probably) of a long extract from what he calls, Liber aureolus Theophraſti de nuptiis. Next to him in order of time was the treatiſe, entitled, Epiſtola Valerii ad Rufinum de non ducendâ uxore, ms. Reg. 12. D. iii. It has been printed (for the ſimilarity of its ſentiments I ſuppoſe) among the works of St. Jerome, though it is evidently of a much later date. Tanner (from Wood's MSS. Collection) attributes it to Walter Map. (Bib. Brit. v. Map.) I ſhould not believe it to be older; as John of Saliſbury, who has treated of the ſame ſubject in his Polycrat. l. viii. c. xi., does not appear to have ſeen it. To theſe two books Jean de Meun has been obliged for ſome of the ſevereſt ſtrokes in his Roman de la Roſe; and Chaucer has tranſfuſed the quinteſſence of all the three works (upon the ſubject of matrimony) into his Wife of Bath's Prologue and Merchant's Tale." WARTON.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

FROM CHAUCER *.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think for once, a woman tells you true.

In

* I have a curious book, entitled, A Commentary upon the Two Tales of our ancient, renowned, and ever-living Poet,

Sir JEFFREY CHAUCER, Knight;

who, for his *rich fancy*, *pregnant invention*, and *preſent compoſure*, deſerved the countenance of a Prince, and of his laureat honours:

THE MILLER'S TALE;

AND

THE WIFE OF BATH.

Printed by William Godbid, and to be ſold by Peter Dring at the Sun, in the Poultry, near the Roſe tavern. 1665.

The Author in the Dedication ſigns himſelf R. B.; and in the advertiſement ſays,

"This comment was an aſſay whereto the author was importuned by *perſons of quality*, to compleat with *brief*, *pithy*, and *proper illuſtrations*, ſuitable to the ſubject!"

It appears from it, that the character of Chaucer was not well underſtood by the age in which this book was written; as it appears the Comment was undertaken to point out the humourous and truly comic talent of our ancient bard, which was not at the time appreciated. A ſhort ſpecimen will ſuffice:

"Of

In all theſe trials I have borne a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive huſbands from the church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the Scripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence

" Of five huſbands ſcolytige am I
Welcome the ſixth whenever he ſhall dy.

" The thought is taken: all fleſh is mortal; but of all fleſh ſhe " would have none *more mortal* than her huſband's. She would ever " have her aged huſband's look like Death's head; meantime her " ſage admonitions are never wanting to bid him *remember his end.* " Life is a trouble, but of all others ſhe is moſt troubled with *his* " life. Thus dictates ſhe of her huſband's pilgrimage; which by " how much the ſhorter, it is for her all the better," &c.

However trifling ſuch things may appear, I mention them, to ſhew the light in which Chaucer's character was held at the time; and I ſhall add a few words from the Appendix, to ſhew the Author's good ſenſe.

" Appendix to Comments.

" After ſuch time as the AUTOR, upon the inſtancy of ſundry " perſons of quality, had finiſhed his Comments upon theſe Two " TALES, the peruſal of them begot that influence over the " clear and weighty judgements of the ſtricteſt and rigideſt Cen- " ſors; as their high approvement of them induced their impor- " tunity to the AUTHOR to go on with the reſt, as he had ſuc- " ceſsfully done with theſe two firſt: ingeniouſly proteſting, " that they had not read any ſubject diſcourſing by way of IL- " LUSTRATION, and running DESCANT, on ſuch light, but " HARMLESS fancies, more handſomely couched, or modeſtly " ſhadowed. All which, though urgently preſſed, could make no " impreſſion on the AUTHOR, for his definite anſwer was this, " That his age, without any other appellant, might render his apo- " logy; and privilege him from COMMENTING on CONCEPTIONS, " being never ſo pregnant, being *interveined* with levity; ſaying,

" Of ſuch light toys hee'd ta'n a long adieu."

Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
"Encreaſe and multiply," was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myſelf full many a merry fit;
And truſt in Heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The ſame Apoſtle too has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.
I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am not ſo nice.

Heav'n

Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not every man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, ſo am not I.

Full many a Saint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid, in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley-bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul's a ſound divine.

Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more Pleaſure far than they had Eaſe.

Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.

If I but ſmil'd, a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye

Ye ſov'reign wives! give ear, and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie ſo boldly as we women can:
Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?
If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair;
Cry, Wives are falſe, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain,
Now gayly mad, now ſourly ſplenetic,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe's ſick.
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſin youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide:
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool-gallant procures,

Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo grey, but ſoon or late,
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake;
Then, not till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with, My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance, a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lies.
On Jenkin too you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice, ſhould you die to-morrow.

Why

Why are thy chefts all lock'd? on what defign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treafure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor fhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourfelf alone.
One you fhall quit, in fpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the fpies.
If you had wit, you'd fay, "Go where you will,
"Dear fpoufe, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily foever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, fufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juft and rational defire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeft that are gay:
The Cat, if you but finge her tabby fkin,
The chimney keeps, and fits content within;
But once grown fleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the fun;
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To fhow her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my defires
Thefe three right ancient venerable fires.
I told 'em, Thus you fay, and thus you do,
And told 'em falfe, but Jenkin fwore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curſes oft I mixt,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.

To

To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke,
" Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look?
" Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,
" Well ſhould you practiſe, who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.
" One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your Revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.

Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure as cold ingenders hail,
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms, good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid—as how? you'll ſay,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantick jealouſy.

His

His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd,
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul, I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.

He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one dame Aliſon,
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh Prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal,
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
  It ſo befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Maſquerade,
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At Sermons too I ſhone in ſcarlet gay,
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,

If

If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
I vow'd, I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him,
If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have ſhown:
All this I ſaid; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lye—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows—muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, to mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'ror once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my ſign.

As

As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance, and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once by Heav'n he ſtruck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any Lioneſs was I;
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo, in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He, againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And cloſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he ſay, who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.

All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And ſo do numbers more, I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft at ev'ning read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïſa's loves;
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where Learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,

How

How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid.
But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And huſband-bull—oh monſtrous! fie for ſhame!
He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day, he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the ſage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
" Rain follows thunder:" that was all he ſaid.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.
Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How

How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face;
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life:
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n, on all my huſbands gone, beſtow
Pleaſures above, for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave!

THE lines of Pope, in the piece before us, are ſpirited and eaſy, and have, properly enough, a free colloquial air. One paſſage I cannot forbear quoting, as it acquaints us with the writers who were popular in the time of Chaucer. The jocoſe old woman ſays, that her huſband frequently read to her out of a volume that contained

"Valerius, whole; and of Saint Jerome, part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïſa's loves;
With many more than ſure the Church approves."

VER. 359.

Pope has omitted a ſtroke of humour; for, in the original, ſhe naturally miſtakes the rank and age of St. Jerome; the lines muſt be tranſcribed,

"Yclepid Valerie and Theophraſt,
At which boke he lough alway full faſt;
And eke there was a clerk ſometime in Rome,
A cardinal, that hightin St. Jerome,
That made a boke againſt Jovinian,
In which boke there was eke Tertullian,
Chryſippus, Trotula, and Helowis,
That was an abbeſs not ferr fro Paris,
And eke the Parables of Solomon,
Ovid'is art, and bokis many a one."

In the library which Charles V. founded in France, about the year 1376, among many books of devotion, aſtrology, chemiſtry, and romance, there was not one copy of Tully to be found, and no Latin poet but Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius; ſome French tranſlations of Livy, Valerius Maximus, and St. Auſtin's City of God. He placed theſe in one of the towers, called The Tower of the Library. This was the foundation of the preſent magnificent royal library at Paris.

The tale, to which this is the prologue, has been verſified by Dryden, and is ſuppoſed to have been of Chaucer's own invention;

tion; as is the exquiſite Viſion of the Flower and the Leaf, which has received a thouſand new graces from the ſpirited and harmonious Dryden. It is to his Fables, (next to his Muſic Ode,) written when he was above ſeventy years old, that Dryden will chiefly owe his immortality; and among theſe, particularly to the well-conducted tale of Palamon and Arcite, the pathetic picture of Sigiſmunda, the wild and terrible graces of Theodore and Honoria, and the ſportive pleaſantry of Cymon and Iphigenia.

Theſe pieces of Chaucer were not the only ones that were verſified by Pope. Mr. Harte aſſured me, that he was convinced by ſome circumſtances which Fenton his friend communicated to him, that Pope wrote the characters that make the introduction to the Canterbury Tales, publiſhed under the name of Betterton.

WARTON.

Dr. Warton thinks "one cannot but wonder at Pope's choice from Chaucer of theſe ſtories, when ſo many more are to be found in him more poetical." His obſervation on Chaucer's poems is very juſt, but the fact is, Pope, by this very ſelection, ſhewed the bent of his mind—that it was rather turned to ſatire and ridicule, than to the more elevated ſtrains of poetry.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS's THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

IT was in his childhood only that he could make choice of ſo injudicious a writer as Statius to tranſlate. It were to be wiſhed that no youth of genius were ſuffered ever to look into Statius, Lucan, Claudian, or Seneca the tragedian; authors who, by their forced conceits, by their violent metaphors, by their ſwelling epithets, by their want of a juſt decorum, have a ſtrong tendency to dazzle, and to miſlead inexperienced minds, and taſtes unformed, from the true reliſh of poſſibility, propriety, ſimplicity, and nature. Statius had undoubtedly invention, ability, and ſpirit; but his images are gigantic and outrageous, and his ſentiments tortured and hyperbolical. It can hardly, I think, be doubted, but that Juvenal intended a ſevere ſatire on him in theſe well-known lines, which have been commonly interpreted as a panegyric:

"Curritur ad vocem *jucundam* et carmen amicæ
Thebaidos, lætam fecit cum Statius *urbem*,
Promiſitque diem; tanta *dulcedine captos*
Afficit ille animos, *tantaque libidine vulgi*
Auditur: ſed, cum *fregit ſubſellia* verſu,
Eſurit."

In theſe verſes are many expreſſions, here marked with Italics, which ſeem to hint obliquely that Statius was the favourite poet of the vulgar, who were eaſily captivated with a wild and inartificial tale, and with an empty magnificence of numbers; the noiſy roughneſs of which may be particularly alluded to in the expreſſion, *fregit ſubſellia verſu*. One cannot forbear reflecting on the ſhort duration of a true taſte in poetry among the Romans. From the time of Lucretius to that of Statius was no more than about one hundred and forty-ſeven years; and if I might venture to pronounce ſo rigorous a ſentence, I would ſay, that the Romans can boaſt of but eight poets who are unexceptionably excellent; namely, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Phædrus. Theſe only can be called legitimate models of juſt thinking and writing. Succeeding authors, as it happens in all countries, reſolving to be original and new, and to avoid the im-

 putation

putation of copying, become diſtorted and unnatural: by endeavouring to open an unbeaten path, they deſert ſimplicity and truth; weary of common and obvious beauties, they muſt needs hunt for remote and artificial decorations. Thus was it that the age of Demetrius Phalerëus ſucceeded that of Demoſthenes, and the falſe reliſh of Tiberius's court the chaſte one of Auguſtus.

WARTON.

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by miſtake ſlain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocaſta, put out his own eyes, and reſigned his realm to his ſons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tiſiphone, to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly, each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the Thebans, and Argives alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraſtus king of Argos. Juno oppoſes, but to no effect; and Mercury is ſent on a meſſage to the Shades, to the ghoſt of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adraſtus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters ſhould be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers, by whom the hides of thoſe beaſts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that God. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of Phœbus and Pſamathe, and the ſtory of Chorœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality: The ſacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Tranſlator hopes he need not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almoſt in his childhood. But finding the verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome correction a few years afterwards. POPE.

He was but fourteen years old. WARTON.

P. STATII THEBAIDOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, ſonteſque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? ſcrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longa retro ſeries, trepidum ſi Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia ſulcis
Expediam, penituſque ſequar quo carmine muris
Juſſerit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho,
Quod ſævæ Junonis opus; cui ſumpſerit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, ſocio caſura Palæmone mater.

Atque

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS's THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong; a ſacred Fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?
How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an Iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The fire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew.
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et proſpera Cadmi
Præteriiſſe ſinam: limes mihi carminis eſto
Œdipodæ confuſa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctoos auſim ſperare triumphos,
Biſque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Iſtrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defenſa prius vix pubeſcentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiæ decus addite famæ,
Quem nova maturi ſubeuntem exorſa parentis
Æternum ſibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat ſtellas, et te plaga lucida cœli
Pleïadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua

Parte

NOTES.

VER. 19. *But wave whate'er*] It is plain that Pope was not blind to the faults of Statius; many of which he points out with judgment and truth, in a letter to Mr. Cromwell, written 1708, vol. vii. p. 81.

The firſt attempt of Mr. Gray in Engliſh verſe was a tranſlation from Statius, ſent to Mr. Weſt 1736.

Juvenal was baniſhed for commending the Agave of Statius.

Both the exordium and the concluſion of the Thebais are too violent and pompous, particularly the latter, in which he promiſes himſelf immortality from this poem.

Statius was a favourite writer with the poets of the middle ages. His bloated magnificence of deſcription, gigantic images, and pompous diction, ſuited their taſte, and were ſomewhat of a piece with the romances they ſo much admired. They neglected the gentler

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Œdipus—from his diſaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæſar's conqu'ring eagles ſing;
How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove,
In youthful arms t' aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And thou, great Heir of all thy Father's fame,
Encreaſe of glory to the Latian name,
Oh! bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What tho' the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace,
And croud their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Tho' all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Tho'

NOTES.

gentler and genuine graces of Virgil, which they could not reliſh. His pictures were too correctly and chaſtely drawn to take their fancies; and truth of deſign, elegance of expreſſion, and the arts of compoſition, were not their object. WARTON.

Parte poli : maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et ſidera dones.
  Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior œſtro
Facta canam : nunc tendo chelyn. ſatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis poſt fata modum, flammaſque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumuliſque carentia regum
Funera, et egeſtas alternis mortibus urbes ;
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo ſanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes aſſuetum ſtringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Iſmenon acervo.
  Quem prius heroum Clio dabis ? immodicum iræ
Tydea ? laurigeri ſubitos an vatis hiatus ?
Urget ut hoſtilem propellens cædibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Impia

Tho' Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne and ſhare his heav'n with thee;
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
Mean while permit, that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wand'ring ghoſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of ſlain on ev'ry ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tide?
Or how the Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?

Then

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopæus. Pope.

Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumina dextra
Merſerat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Œdipodes, longaque animam ſub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos cælo, radiiſque penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, ſcelerumque in pectore Diræ.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
Supplicium, oſtentat cœlo, manibuſque cruentis
Pulſat inane ſolum, ſævaque ita voce precatur:
Dî fontes animas, anguſtaque Tartara pœnis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi conſueta vocari
Annue Tiſiphone, perverſaque vota ſecunda,
Si bene quid merui, ſi me de matre cadentem
Foviſti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmaſti; ſi ſtagna petî Cyrrhæa bicorni
Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo

Contentus

Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul,
The wretch then lifted up to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke.
Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, ſable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Through dreary coaſts, which I tho' blind behold:
Tiſiphone, that oft' haſt heard my pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if Œdipus deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come;

If

NOTES.

VER. 87. *from Jocaſta's womb,*] The great difference betwixt raiſing horror and terror is perceived and felt, from the reſerved manner in which Sophocles ſpeaks of the dreadful inceſt of Œdipus, and from the manner in which Statius has enlarged and dwelt upon it; in which he has been very unnaturally and injudiciouſly imitated by Dryden and Lee, who introduce this moſt unfortunate prince not only deſcribing, but arguing on the dreadful crime he had committed. WARTON.

Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis
Ora ſenis, dum quæro patrem: ſi Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonſtrante, reſolvi;
Si dulces Furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium gaviſus inî; noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi;
Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cædentibus ultro
Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui:
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quæque ipſe furenti
Subjiceres: orbum viſu regniſque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
(Pro dolor) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.
Hiſne etiam funeſtus ego? et videt iſta deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votiſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri

Quod

If leaving Polybus, I took my way,
To Cyrrha's temple on that fatal day,
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then ſelf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight;
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire.
My ſons their old, unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
Inſult my darkneſs, and my groans deride.
Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their children's children ſhall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curſes bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.

Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas, nec tarda ſequetur
Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora noſces.
  Talia jactanti crudelis Diva ſeveros
Advertit vultus; inamœnum forte ſedebat
Cocyton juxta, reſolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere ſulfureas permiſerat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapſiſque citatior aſtris
Triſtibus exiliit ripis, diſcedit inane
Vulgus et occurſus dominæ pavet; illa per umbras

Et

Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd, ſulphureous waters drink;
But at the ſummons roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air
The gliding light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.
Through crouds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:

To

NOTES.

VER. 130. *Through crouds of airy ſhades, &c.*] Pope has judiciouſly *tam'd* the bombaſt image, "*caligantes animarum examine campos*," "the plains darken'd with a ſwarm of ghoſts."—"*Lucentes equos*," he tranſlates, "fair beauties," *omitting* the image entirely. To mount Atlas, he has *added* an idea which makes the paſſage more ridiculous than ſublime: it is poorly expreſſed in the original, in the tranſlation it is ludicrous; "and ſhook the heav'ns *and gods he bore.*' There are many images, which, if *indiſtinctly* ſeen, are ſublime; if particulariſed, they become quite the contrary. However, the tranſlation is certainly wonderful, when the age of the author is conſidered. It ſhews his powers of metrical language, at ſo early a period of his poetical ſtudies, though it is very unfaithful in particular paſſages.

Et caligantes animarum examine campos,
Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
Senſit adeſſe dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice remiſit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle reſurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora cereſtæ,
Turba minor diri capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa ſitis, morbique, fameſque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo

Palla

To th' iron gates of Tenarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and ſick'ning at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blaſt of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe

NOTES.

VER. 132. *Swift as ſhe paſs'd*] Great is the force and the ſpirit of theſe lines down to verſe 183; and indeed they are a ſurpriſing effort in a writer ſo young as when he tranſlated them. See particularly lines 150 to 160. WARTON.

VER. 140. *Now from beneath Malea's*] Pope's acquaintance with Latin proſody, from his confined education, was probably very ſmall, or he would not have uſed Malēa, inſtead of Malĕa, with the line of Statius before him.

Palla et cœrulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut ſtetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron
Occurrit cœlo, fera ſibila crine virenti
Congeminat, ſignum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna reſultant.
Audiit et medius cœli Parnaſſus et aſper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Œten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmos.
Ipſa ſuum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona preſſit.
Atque ea Cadmeo præceps ubi limine primum
Conſtitit, aſſuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum ſub pectore motus,
Gentileſque animos ſubiit furor, ægraque lætis
Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Sævus amor: ruptæque vices, juriſque ſecundi
Ambitus impatiens, et ſummo dulcius unum
Stare

NOTES.

VER. 173.] *Gentiliſque animos ſubit furor*, ſeems a better reading than *Gentileſque*. POPE.

A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithæron's top ſalutes the ſky,
A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round:
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Œte, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their Furies wake within their breaſt.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears:
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;

And

NOTES.

VER. 17^. *ſpreads her wings,*] A great image, and highly improved from the original, *aſſuetâ nube*! WARTON.

Stare loco, ſociiſque comes diſcordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola impoſito ſociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quîs nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodoſos cervix deſcendit in armos,
In diverſa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
Haud ſecus indomitos præceps diſcordia fratres
Aſperat. alterni placuit ſub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. ſic jure maligno
Fortunam tranſire jubent, ut ſceptra tenentem
Fœdere præcipiti ſemper novus angeret hæres.
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat: hæc mora pugnæ
Sola, nec in regem perduratura ſecundum.
Et nondum craſſo laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria,

NOTES.

Ver. 201. *Montibus*] Inſtead of this violent word, *Montibus* Pope judiciouſly ſays, Columns only. WARTON.

And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſov'reign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided pow'r.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay:
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway:
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;

No

NOTES.

Ver. 188. *But rend the reins, and bound, &c.*] "Bound" is an improper verb, as applied to "ſteers;" beſides, the ſimile is not exactly underſtood. There is nothing about "reins," or "bounding," in the original. What is meant is, that the ſteers do not *draw even*. Pope confounded the image of the young bullocks with that of a horſe, and he therefore introduces "reins" and "bounding."

Atria, congeſtos ſatis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum ad vigilantia ſomnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri ſtatione gementes
Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis, ſed nuda poteſtas
Armavit fratres: pugna eſt de paupere regno.
Dumque uter anguſtæ ſquallentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii ſolio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, faſque, bonumque,
Et vitæ, mortiſque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miſeri? quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?
Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arceſque nefandæ
Suffecere odio, furtiſque immanibus emptum eſt
Œdipodæ ſediſſe loco. Jam ſorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos, quis tum tibi, ſæve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores
Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
Plebis

No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou could'ſt around ſurvey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;

Still

NOTES.

VER. 219. *proud Eteocles*] He has not borrowed ſo much from the Phæniſſæ of Euripides as might have been hoped and expected, and which would ſo much have improved his poem. Racine was early ſtruck with this ſtory. Les Freres Ennemis was his firſt tragedy; and he was a reader of Euripides, being an excellent Greek ſcholar. WARTON.

Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Diſſidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læſiſſe veneno
Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia ſubdere colla!
Partiti verſant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem. ſemperne viciſſim
Exulibus ſervire dabor? tibi, ſumme deorum,
Terrarumque ſator, ſociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio juſſus ſale quærere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros;
Fraternaſque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,

Augurium,

Still prone to change, tho' ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar ſpight
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign?
Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now controul a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more!—O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou ſire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When baniſh'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?

Augurium, ſeros dimiſit aduſque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva ſub fronte minetur
Sævior aſſurgens dempto conſorte poteſtas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia faſtu?
Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior æqui.
Quid mirum? non ſolus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus caſus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
Heu dubio ſuſpenſa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aſpera ſors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
At Jovis imperiis rapidi ſuper atria cœli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. ſpatiis hinc omnia juxta,
Primæque occiduæque domus, effuſa ſub omni

Terra

What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile, ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in ev'ry reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw:
Thus on each ſide, alas! our tott'ring ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate,
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:
Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.

Full

Terra atque unda die. mediis ſeſe arduus infert
Ipſe deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat ſolio. nec protinus auſi
Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipſe ſedendi
Tranquilla jubet eſſe manu. mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et ſummis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compreſſa metu ſervantes murmura Venti,
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culminà, et arcano florentes lumine poſtes.
Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, et vocem fata ſequuntur)
Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. quonam uſque nocentum
Exigar in pœnas? tædet ſævire coruſco
Fulmine;

NOTES.

VER. 281.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,* is the common reading; I believe it ſhould be *nutu,* with reference to the word *quatiens.* POPE.

Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry Throne,
The Majeſty of heav'n ſuperior ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an aweful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the God.
At Jove's aſſent the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bow'rs;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic Gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heav'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke,
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long ſhall man the wrath of heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!

This

NOTES.

VER. 303. *eluded rage of Jove!*] Ου τραγικα εστι ταυτα, αλλα παρατραγωδα.—Our author is perpetually graſping at the wonderful and the vaſt, but moſt frequently, εκ τȣ φοβερȣ κατ' ολιγον υπονοστει προς το ευκαταφρονητον (Longinus, ſect. iii. p. 14.), falls gradually from the terrible to the contemptible. They who aim at this falſe ſublime, ſhould read the ſenſible diſcourſe of S. Wedrenſels of Baſle, De Meteoris Orationis. WARTON.

Fulmine ; jampridem Cyclopum operoſa fatiſcunt
Brachia, et Æoliis deſunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falſo rectore ſolutos
Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontæa mundum ſquallere favilla.
Nil actum eſt : neque tu valida quod cuſpide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dediſti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs ſanguinis autor
Ipſe ego, deſcendo. Perſeos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impôſta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
Neſciat ? et toties excitam a ſedibus imis
Eumenidum bellâſſe aciem ? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroreſque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina ? vix lucis ſpatio, vix noctis abactæ
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius hæres
Patris, et immeritæ gremium inceſtare parentis
Appetiit, proprios monſtro revolutus in ortus.

Ille

This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his taſk retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhauſted of its fires.
For this, I ſuffer'd Phœbus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day;
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heav'n itſelf the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main:
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To puniſh theſe, ſee Jove himſelf deſcend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus thoſe of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane,
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And riſing gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of Laius ſhed)
The murd'ring ſon aſcend his parent's bed,

Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula ſolvit,
Projecitque diem : nec jam amplius æthere noſtro
Veſcitur : at nati (facinus ſine more !) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tuliſti,
Dire ſenex ; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem ſperare Jovem. nova fontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a ſtirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. belli mihi ſemina ſunto
Adraſtus ſocer, et ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis inceſſere gentem
Decretum : neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et ſævæ periit injuria menſæ.
  Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi faucia dictis,
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert : Mene, o juſtiſſime divûm,
Me bello certare jubes ? ſcis ſemper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibuſque juvem ; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem Phariæ, ſomno letoque juvencæ
Extinguas, ſeptis et turribus aureus intres.
Mentitis ignoſco toris : illam odimus urbem,

Quam

Through violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh Œdipus, juſt heav'n alarms,
And ſets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.
Adraſtus ſoon, with Gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.
He ſaid; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
(With ſudden Grief her lab'ring boſom burn'd)
Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Muſt I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold:
Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;

Quam vultu confeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ: cur hoſtes eligis Argos?
Quin age, ſi tanta eſt thalami diſcordia ſancti,
Et Samon, et veteres armis exſcinde Mycenas.
Verte ſolo Sparten. cur uſquam ſanguine feſto
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
Læta calet? melius votis Mareotica ſumat
Coptos, et æriſoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod ſi priſca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis ſera hæc ſententia curis;
Percenſere ævi ſenium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et ſecula retro
Emendare ſat eſt? jamdudum ab ſedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor eſt) delubra nefaſtis

Impoſuere

But Thebes, where ſhining in celeſtial charms
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deſerves, may prove—
Ah why ſhould Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter-queen controul,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,
Go, raſe my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rites transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.
But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove deſign'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where firſt Alpheus hides
His wand'ring ſtream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace thy mighty name;

Impoſuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Œnomai, Geticoque pecus ſtabulare ſub Ætno
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
Creta tuos. me Tantaleis conſiſtere tectis,
Quæ tandem invidia eſt? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miſereſce tui. ſunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos paſſura nocentes.
Finierat miſcens precibus convicia Juno,
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aſpera, motus
Reddidit hæc: Equidem haud rebar te mente ſecunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos
Conſulerem, neque me (detur ſi copia) fallit
Multa ſuper Thebis Bacchum, auſuramque Dionem
Dicere, ſed noſtri reverentia ponderis obſtat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris
Obteſtor, manſurum et non revocabile verum,

Nil

Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce Œnomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe; and can'ſt thou love
Preſumptuous Crete that boaſts the tomb of Jove?
And ſhall not Tantalus's kingdoms ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?
Reverſe, O Jove, thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe 'em with ſuch ſons as thoſe.
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen expreſs'd
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty ſoul would bear
The dire, tho' juſt, revenge which I prepare
Againſt a nation thy peculiar care:
No leſs Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus leſs his native town defend,
Yet theſe in ſilence ſee the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our Superior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I ſwear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis

NOTES.

VER. 399. *with ſuch ſons as thoſe.*] Eteocles and Polynices.

Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales
Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles:
Aëra per liquidum, regniſque illapſus opacis
Dic patruo, Superas ſenior ſe tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat hæc diro mea juſſa nepoti:
Germanum exilio fretum, Argoliciſque tumentem
Hoſpitiis, quod ſponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
Hinc cauſæ irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
  Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat aſtra galero.

Tum

'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, nó perſuaſion move.
Haſte then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the ſhades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt yet ſhiv'ring on Cocytus' ſand,
Expects its paſſage to the further ſtrand:
Let the pale ſire reviſit Thebes, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate:
The reſt, ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into Fate.
The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Thoſe golden wings that cut the yielding ſkies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head.

He

NOTES.

VER. 418. *give up*] Sophocles never thought of bringing the ghoſt of Laius on the ſtage, as Seneca, who ſo often overſteps the bounds of nature, has done in a paſſage of bombaſt imagery and ſentiment, and in which he has been followed by Dryden and Lee. The lines of incantation in the third act, which were written by Dryden, are exquiſitely ſolemn and harmonious:

"Chuſe the darkeſt part o' th' grove,
Such as ghoſts at noon-day love;
Dig a trench and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;"

and the next thirty lines. WARTON.

Tum dextræ virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, et exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.
  Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Œdipodionides furto deſerta pererrat
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum ſignis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies nocteſque recurſans
Cura virum, ſi quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et ſemet Thebis, opibuſque potitum,
Cerneret, hac ævum cupiat pro luce paciſci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ diſpendia: ſed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et ſediſſe ſuperbum
Dejecto ſe fratre putat. ſpes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo conſumit gaudia voto.
Tunc ſedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas,
Ferre iter impavidum. ſeu prævia ducit Erynnis,

Seu

He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or, in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coaſts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghoſts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers through air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.

Mean time the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th'Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily viſion and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.

The Hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt,)

Seu fors illa viæ, ſive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deſerit, et pingues Bacchæo ſanguine colles,
Inde plagam, qua molle ſedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, laſſumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit. hinc arcte ſcopuloſo in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæque rura
Purpureo regnata ſeni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.
Jamque per emeriti ſurgens confinia Phœbi
Titanis, late mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucreſque tacent; jam ſomnus avaris
Inſerpit curis, pronuſque per aëra nutat,
Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
Promiſere jubar, nec rareſcentibus umbris
Longa repercuſſo nituere crepuſcula Phœbo.

Denſior

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,
Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground.
Then ſees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew,
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beaſts lie huſh'd; ſleep ſteals away
The wild deſires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, deſcending through the ſilent air,
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promiſe the ſkies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the diſtant light
Streak with long gleams the ſcatt'ring ſhades of night:
From

NOTES.

VER. 465. *Pentheus'*] There is much poetical enthuſiaſm in Theocritus's deſcription of the death of Pentheus. Idyllium 26. WARTON.

VER. 474. *'Twas now*] We have ſcarcely in our language eight more beautiful lines than theſe, down to "human care," ver. 481. WARTON.

Denſior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam clauſtra rigentis
Æoliæ percuſſa ſonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems, venti tranſverſa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cœlum ſibi quiſque rapit. ſed plurimus Auſter
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebroſa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, ficco quos aſper hiatu
Perſolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiſcunt
Fulgura, et attritus ſubita face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas ſurgens Eraſinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, ſtagnoque refuſa eſt
Funditus, et veteri ſpumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
Brachia ſylvarum, nulliſque aſpecta per ævum
Solibus umbroſi patuere æſtiva Lycæi.
Ille tamen modo ſaxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes

Aure

From the damp earth impervious vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the darkneſs, and involve the ſkies.
At once the ruſhing winds with roaring ſound
Burſt from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the ſky:
But with a thicker night black Auſter ſhrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily ſhow'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken light'nings flaſh from ev'ry cloud.
Now ſmoaks with ſhow'rs the miſty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eraſinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds:
Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh through the mounds, and bear the damms away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:
The ſtorm the dark Lycæan groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,

And

NOTES.

VER. 490. *airy quarrel*] A very faulty expreſſion; as alſo below, verſe 501.—"rolls a deluge on." WARTON.

Aure pavens, paſſimque inſano turbine raptas
Paſtorum pecorumque domos. non ſegnius amens,
Incertuſque viæ, per nigra ſilentia, vaſtum
Haurit iter: pulſat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprenſus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico ſidere monſtrat
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut ſaxa malignis
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes ſcopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vaſto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens ſtabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat ſtimulos animo vis mœſta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in mœnia fundens
Lariſſæus apex. illò ſpe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celſæ Junonia templa Proſymnæ
Lævus habet, hinc Herculeo ſignata vapore
Lernæi ſtagna atra vadi. tandemque recluſis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Veſtibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis poſtibus aulæ
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia ſomnos.
Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In ſenium vergens populos Adraſtus habebat,

Dives

And views aſtoniſh'd, from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by ſtorms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.
Thus ſtrove the chief, on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's poiſ'nous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days,

Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de ſanguine ducens.
Hic ſexûs melioris inops, ſed prole virebat
Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phœbus generos (monſtrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque ſuem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non, ipſe pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde ſedens ægreſcit cura parentis.
  Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni ſanguinis illum
Conſcius horror agit) eadem ſub nocte ſopora
Luſtra terit, ſimileſque Notos dequeſtus et imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comaſque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.—
  Hic primum luſtrare oculis, cultuſque virorum
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem

Impexis

By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—"Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion and a briſtly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' ſkill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo hapleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,
And ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Through the thick deſerts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driv'n,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms, and hoſpitable court;
The king ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurprize.
A lion's yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;

Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem, quem per Theumeſia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonæi veſtitur prælia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. ſtupet omine tanto
Defixus ſenior, divina oracula Phœbi
Agnoſcens, monituſque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætuſque per artus
Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas:
Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quæſitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, diva, litabunt
Electa cervice greges, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte novo perfuſus edet Vulcanius ignis.
Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique receſſus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. ſic fatus; et ambos

Innectens

Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly ſhoulders overſpread.
Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accompliſh'd oracle ſurveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots through ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent Queen of night.
Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.
Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confeſs the Gods!

Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes
Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri
Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu
Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas;
Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas:
Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
Viscera cæsarum pecudum: his, cumulare canistris
Perdomitam saxo Cererem. lætatur Adrastus
Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis
Discumbunt: simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longævus Aceesten
(Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidissima custos
Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum portinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)
Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori

Visa

Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former ſacrifice.
The King once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light.
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around, at awful diſtance, wait the reſt.
And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd.
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,

Viſa virûm facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hauſere genas: oculique verentes
Ad ſanctum rediere patrem. Poſtquam ordine menſæ
Victa fames, ſignis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit,
Qua Danaus libare deis ſeniorque Phoroneus
Aſſueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras;
Aureus anguicomam præfecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita viſus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant mœſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cœlicolas; Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui feſta dies, largoque refecti
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.

Forſitan,

But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears,
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features reſt.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold,
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libations ſprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celeſtial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praiſe.

Forſitan, o juvenes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
Præcipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam cœrulei ſinuoſa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquamiſque annoſa terentem
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis,
Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, ſi Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phœbo ſociaſſet amorem.
Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plene cum fronte reſumeret orbes
Cynthia, ſidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
Edidit:

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal, or fond tradition riſe;
But ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſt,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Were filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the God was born,

The

NOTES.

VER. 664. *Python ſlain*] He has omitted ſome forcible expreſſions of the original: Septem—atris—terentem—nigro—centum per jugera. All of them picturesque epithets.

WARTON.

Edidit: ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum ſepta inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum.
Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clauſa arbutei ſub cortice libri
Membra tepent, ſuadetque leves cava fiſtula ſomnos,
Et pecori commune ſolum. ſed fata nec illum
Conceſſere larem: viridi nam ceſpite terræ
Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem
Dira canum rabies morſu depaſta cruento
Disjicit. hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulſi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus. ipſa ultro fævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confeſſa patri. nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
Sero memor thalami, mœſtæ ſolatia morti,
Phœbe, paras. monſtrum infandis Acheronte ſub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque,

The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy thoſe of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguiſh to her ſire ſhe flies:
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with ſorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.

Pectoraque, æternum ſtridens a vertice ſurgit
Et ferrugineam frontem diſcriminat anguis:
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno ſquallida paſſu
Illabi thalamis, animaſque a ſtirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morſuque cruento
Deveſci et multum patrio pingueſcere luctu.
Haud tulit armorum præſtans animique Chorœbus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam poſthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique ungues tenero ſub corde tepeſcunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virûm ſtipante corona,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens ſub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone coruſco

Scrutatus

The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.
Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide;
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.

Th'

NOTES.

VER. 705. *He ſends*] Much ſuperior to the original. I deſire to add in this place, that there are many excellent remarks on Statius in the two volumes, intitled Obſervations on Ancient and Modern Authors, publiſhed by Dr. Jortin. WARTON.

VER. 720. *Two bleeding babes*] This image has a near reſemblance to a very tremendous one in Gray's eighth Ode, The Fatal Siſters:

" See the griſly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head!" WARTON.

Scrutatus latebras, tandem ſua monſtra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et viſere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et craſſo ſquallentia pectora tabo,
Qua noſtræ cecidere animæ. ſtupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque poſt lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent,
Hi trabibus duris, ſolatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, aſproſque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere poteſtas.
Illam et nocturno circum ſtridore volantes
Impaſtæ fugiſtis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque ſicca ferunt trepidorum inhiaſſe luporum.
Sævior in miſeros fatis ultricis ademptæ
Delius inſurgit, ſummaque biverticis umbra
Parnaſſi reſidens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Peſtifera arma jacit, campoſque, et celſa Cyclopum
Tecta, ſuperjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors fila ſororum
Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

Quærenti

Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our children's blood.
The croud in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But

NOTES.

VER. 743.] Vida thus juſtly characterizes Ovid and Statius, which might have deterred our young author from imitating two writers of ſo bad a taſte:

"Hic namque ingenio confiſus, poſthabet artem:
Ille furit ſtrepitû, tenditque æquare tubarum
Voce ſonos, verſuſque tonat ſine more per omnes."

Vidæ Poetic. l. 1. v. 180.

WARTON.

VER. 745. *Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,*] Death cutting off the fatal thread with a ſcythe, is not a very ſublime or congruous image. Pope has blended modern ideas with claſſical:

Quærenti quæ cauſa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,
Idem autor Pæan rurſus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monſtro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in ſæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Conſtitit, et ſacras ita vocibus aſperat iras:
Non miſſus, Thymbræe, tuos ſupplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conſcia virtus
Has egere vias. ego ſum qui cæde ſubegi,
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et ſquallente die, nigra quem tabe ſiniſtri
Quæris, inique, poli. quod ſi monſtra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, et ſævo tanta inclementia cœlo eſt;
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, ſolum
Objeciſſe

But Phœbus aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſt be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus beſpoke:
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phœbus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?

On

NOTES.

claſſical: in the original it is "enſe metit;"—"*mows* with his *ſword*." Pope has introduced a "*ſcythe*," to preſerve more accurately the metaphor, but it has a bad effect.

Objeciſſe caput fatis præſtabit, an illud
Lene magis cordi, quod deſolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? ſed quid fando tua tela manuſque
Demoror? expectant matres, ſupremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. ſatis eſt: merui ne parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcuſque intende ſonoros,
Inſignemque animam leto demitte: ſed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui deſuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes
Reſpicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis
Latoïden, triſtemque viro ſummiſſus honorem
Largitur vitæ. noſtro mala nubila cœlo
Diffugiunt. at tu ſtupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. inde hæc ſtata ſacra quotannis
Solemnes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeiaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has forte inviſitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Œneus
Et Parthaoniæ (dudum ſi certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs; tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis ſermonibus hora eſt.
  Dejecit mœſtos extemplo Iſmenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læſum
Obliquare oculos, tum longa ſilentia movit:
Non ſuper hos divûm tibi ſum quærendus honores

Unde

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my Country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe;
Theſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phœbus pleaſe:
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his ancient wrath appeaſe.
But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt, (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?
The noble Tydeus ſtands confeſs'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,

Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter ſacra fateri.
Sed ſi præcipitant miſerum cognoſcere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,
Et genetrix Joçaſta mihi. tum motus Adraſtus
Hoſpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait; nec ſic averſum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculoſque pudentes
Novit, et Arctoïs ſi quis de ſolibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occaſibus intrat
Oceanum, et ſi quos incerto littore Syrtes
Deſtituunt, ne perge queri, caſuſque priorum
Annumerare tibi. noſtro quoque ſanguine multum
Erravit pietas. nec culpa nepotibus obſtat.
Tu modo diſſimilis rebus mereare ſecundis
Excuſare tuos. ſed jam temone ſupino
Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor urſæ.
Fundite vina focis, ſervatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Phœbe

Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breaſt
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to ſtray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And thoſe who tread the burning Lybian lands,
The faithleſs Syrtes and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents crimes deſcend,
What Prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy anceſtor's diſgrace,
And be thyſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great Apollo's praiſe.

Phœbe parens, ſeu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivoſis
Exercent dumeta jugis, ſeu rore pudico
Caſtaliæ flavos amor eſt tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris ſubiiſſe molares:
Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et aſſiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hoſtes
Arcus, et ætherii dono ceſſere parentes
Æternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum prænóſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
Et ſummo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ ſceptra cometæ.
Tu Phryga ſubmittis citharæ. tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megæra
Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem
Æterno

NOTES.

VER. 850. *torva Megæra*] This expreſſion, and *premit* and *inſtimulat*, are weakened in the tranſlation; but *miſta faſtidia* is a harſh expreſſion; as alſo is a line above, 842, *Tu Phryga ſubmittis citharæ.* WARTON.

Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coaſt
And ſnowy mountain, thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the ſhady ſhore;
Or chuſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring Gods;
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of ſecret fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors ſpread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T' excel the muſic of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boaſt.
In Phlegyas' doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies and eternal fears;

He

NOTES.

VER. 8.9.] Some of the moſt finiſhed lines he has ever written, down to verſe 854. WARTON.

VER. 841. *'Tis thine*] Far ſuperior to the original are theſe four lines; and how mean is the Tityus of Statius, compared with the tremendous picture in Virgil! WARTON.

Æterno premit accubitu, dapibuſque profanis
Inſtimulat: ſed miſta famem faſtidia vincunt.
Adſis o, memor hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; ſeu te roſeum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, ſeu præſtat Oſirin
Frugiferum, ſeu Perſei ſub rupibus antri
Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hoſpitable Argos ſhine,
Whether the ſtile of Titan pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Oſiris, who firſt taught the ſwain
In Pharian fields to ſow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whoſe beams the Perſian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

IN order to give young readers a juſt notion of chaſteneſs and ſimplicity of ſtyle, I have ſeen it of uſe to let them compare the mild majeſty of Virgil and the violent exuberance of Statius, by reading ten lines of each immediately after one another. The motto for the ſtyle of the age of Auguſtus may be the "Simplex Munditiis" of Horace; for the age of Domitian and the ſucceeding ages, the "Cultûque laborat Multiplici" of Lucan. After this cenſure of Statius's manner, it is but juſtice to add, that in The Thebais there are many ſtrokes of a ſtrong imagination; and indeed the picture of Amphiaraus, ſwallowed up ſuddenly by a chaſm that opened in the ground, is truly ſublime:

"Illum ingens haurit ſpecus, & tranſire parantes
Mergit equos; non arma manu non frena remiſit
Sicut erat, rectos defert in Tartara currus,
Reſpexitque cadens cœlum, campumque coire
Ingemuit!" B. vi. v. 817.—WARTON.

In this tranſlation there are ſome excellent paſſages, particularly thoſe pointed out by Dr. Warton—"Oh father Phœbus," and the exquiſite lines deſcriptive of Evening, "'Twas now the time," &c.; but ſome of the moſt ſtriking images are omitted, ſome added, and

and ſome miſunderſtood. Let us however confeſs, that the verſification is truly wonderful, conſidering the age of the author. It would be endleſs to point out more particularly occaſional errors and inaccuracies, in a compoſition which can be conſidered no otherwiſe than as an extraordinary ſpecimen of verſification, before the writer's judgment and taſte were matured.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ABOUT this time it became faſhionable among the wits at Button's, "*the mob of gentlemen that wrote with eaſe,*" to tranſlate Ovid. Their united performances were publiſhed in form by Garth, with a Preface written in a flowing and lively ſtyle, but full of ſtrange opinions. He declares that none of the claſſic poets had the talent of expreſſing himſelf with more force and perſpicuity than Ovid; that the Fiat of the Hebrew Lawgiver is not more ſublime than the "juſſit et extendi campos" of the Latin Poet; that he excels in the propriety of his ſimiles and epithets, the perſpicuity of his allegories, and the inſtructive excellence of his morals. Above all, he commends him for his unforced tranſitions, and for the eaſe with which he ſlides into ſome new circumſtances, without any violation of the unity of the ſtory; the texture, ſays he, is ſo artful, that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne, where the ſhade dies ſo gradually, and the light revives ſo imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceaſes and the other begins. But it is remarkable that Quintilian thought very differently on this ſubject of the tranſitions; and the admirers of Ovid would do well to conſider his opinion: "Illa vero frigida et pueriliſ eſt in ſcholis affectatio, et hujus velut præſtigiæ plauſum petat." Garth was a moſt amiable and benevolent man: It was ſaid of him, "that no phyſician knew his art more, nor his trade leſs." Pope told Mr. Richardſon, that there was hardly an alteration, of the innumerable corrections that were made throughout every edition of the Diſpenſary, that was not for the better. The vivacity of his converſation, the elegance of his manners, and the ſweetneſs of his temper, made Garth an univerſal favourite, both with Whigs and Tories when party-rage ran high.

The notes which Addiſon wrote on thoſe parts of Ovid which he tranſlated are full of good ſenſe, candour, and inſtruction. Great is the change in paſſing from Statius to Ovid; from force to facility of ſtyle, from thoughts and images too much ſtudied and unnatural, to ſuch as are obvious, careleſs, and familiar.

Voltaire has treated Auguſtus with pointed, but juſt ſeverity, for baniſhing Ovid to Pontus, and aſſigning for a reaſon his having written The Art of Love; a work even of decency compared with ſeveral parts of Horace, whom Auguſtus ſo much praiſed and patronized; and which contained not a line at all comparable to ſome of the groſs obſcenities of Auguſtus's own verſes. Laying many circumſtances together, he thinks the real cauſe of this baniſhment was, that Ovid had ſeen and detected Auguſtus in ſome very criminal amour, and, in ſhort, been witneſs to an act of inceſt. Ovid himſelf ſays,

"Cur aliquid vidi?"

And Minutianus Apuleius ſays, "Pulſum quoque in exitium quod Auguſti inceſtum vidiſſet." Voltaire adds, "That Ovid himſelf deſerves almoſt equal reproaches for having ſo laviſhly and nauſeouſly flattered both that emperor and his ſucceſſor Tiberius."

Vol. v. p. 297.

WARTON.

DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Dixit: et, admonitu veteris commota miniſtræ,
Ingemuit; quam ſic nurus eſt adfata dolentem:
Te tamen, o genitrix, alienæ ſanguine veſtro
Rapta movet facies. quid ſi tibi mira ſororis
Fata meæ referam? quamquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notiſſima forma
Œchalidum Dyrope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei paſſam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andræmon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Eſt lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam
Littoris efficiens: ſummum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum neſcia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque ſinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.

Haud

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

She ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair Conſort of her ſon replies.
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride.)
This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.

Not

NOTES.

Dryope.] Upon occaſion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who anſwers with a relation of thoſe of her own family, in particular the tranſformations of her ſiſter Dryope, which is the ſubject of the enſuing fable. Pope.

Haud procul a ſtagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In ſpem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpſerat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas
Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agreſtes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obſcœna Priapi,
Contulerat verſos, ſervato nomine, vultus.
Neſcierat ſoror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro
Ire, et adoratis vellet diſcedere Nymphis,
Hæſerunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat:
Nec quidquam, niſi ſumma, movet. ſuccreſcit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit, frondes caput omne tenebant.
At puer Amphiſſos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigeſcere ſentit
Ubera: nec ſequitur ducentem lacteus humor.

Spectatrix

Not diſtant far a watry Lotos grows,
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with bloſſoms promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of theſe ſhe crop'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done:
But lo! I ſaw, (as near her ſide I ſtood,)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight:
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd
And thoſe offended ſylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And, as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair the ſhooting leaves are ſeen,
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.

Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis: opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,
Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt;
Et quærunt Dryopen: Dryopen quærentibus illis
Ostendi loton, tepido dant oscula ligno;
Adfusique suæ radicibus arboris hærent.
Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Cara soror. lacrymæ verso de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque præstant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:
Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine pœnam.
Viximus

NOTES.

VER. 67. *If to the wretched*] This translation is faulty. To clear herself from the imputation of falling under this judgment of heaven, by any crime of her's, she bears witness to the behaviour of her husband and father, equally at least with her own; but why that introduction, "Si qua fides," believe me? And by what

The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er 'till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope enquire:
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind.
Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf diſtills a trickling tear,
And ſtrait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in ſighs complains.
If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,

No

NOTES.

figure is mutual innocence put for mutual harmony? Nothing is more common in verſe than to uſe the firſt plural for the ſingular: "Patior ſine crimine, & viximus innocuæ," is but one and the ſame perſon; a teſtimony of her own innocence, but not of the mutual concord between her relations. BOWYER.

Viximus innocuæ: ſi mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes; et cæſa ſecuribus urar.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; noſtraque ſub arbore ſæpe
Lac facitote bibat; noſtraque ſub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote ſalutet,
Et triſtis dicat, Latet hoc ſub ſtipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet eſſe Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
Quîs ſiqua eſt pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis;
A pecoris morſu frondes defendite noſtras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non eſt,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oſcula noſtra venite,
Dum tangi poſſunt, parvumque attollite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber ſerpit; ſummoque cacumine condor,

Ex

No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed;
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and ſay with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies;
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh! let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe, farewell!
If in your breaſts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing ſteel.
Farewell! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades;

Remove

Ex oculis removete manus. ſine munere veſtro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Deſierant ſimul ora loqui, ſimul eſſe: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

Remove your hands, the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

THOUGH we muſt regret the hours our Poet ſpent in tranſlating Statius and Ovid; yet it has given us an opportunity of admiring his good ſenſe and judgment, in not ſuffering his taſte and ſtyle, in his ſucceeding works, to be infected with the faults of theſe two writers. WARTON.

There is a moſt ſingular and ingenious work, juſt given to the public, called "Celtic Reſearches," in which the author deduces the druidical worſhip from the age of the Patriarchs. There is one chapter ſo ſtriking, relating to the "*ſymbolical reading of trees*," that I cannot avoid pointing it out. The following lines, tranſlated literally from the Welſh of Tallieſſen, will illuſtrate my meaning:

Or the points of the *counterfeited* trees,
What is it they *whiſper* ſo *forcibly?*
Or what *various breathings*
Are in their *trunks?*
Theſe are READ by the Sages. P. 266.

Compare Warburton's obſervations prefixed to the next Poem, and conſider whether there might not be ſome affinity between Ovid's *tranſformation* of human beings into *living trees*, and theſe *ſymbols* of the Druids. The "*counterfeited* trees," is an expreſſion that ſeems to me evidently to allude to ſome *tranſformation*; that is, that the *trees* are *not ſuch in reality*, but endued with perception and life; they are therefore called "counterfeited."

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA:

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

"THERE is not," ſays Dr. Warburton, (Divine Legation, b. iii. p. 337.) "a more extraordinary book than the Metamorphoſes of Ovid, whether we regard the matter or the form. The tales appear monſtrouſly extravagant, and the compoſition irregular and wild. Had it been the product of a dark age and a barbarous writer, we ſhould have been content to have ranked it in the claſs of our modern Oriental fables, as a matter of no conſequence: but when we conſider it was wrote when Rome was in its meridian of politeneſs and knowledge, and by an author who, as appears from his acquaintance with the Greek tragic writers, knew well what belonged to a work or compoſition, we cannot but be ſhocked at the groteſque aſſemblage of its parts. One would rather diſtruſt one's judgment, and conclude the deformity to be only in appearance, which perhaps, on examination, we ſhall find to be the caſe; though it muſt be owned, the common opinion ſeems to be ſupported by Quintilian, the moſt judicious critic of antiquity, who ſpeaks of our author and his work in theſe words: "Ut Ovidius laſcivire in Metamorphoſi ſolet, quem tamen excuſare neceſſitas poteſt, res diverſiſſimas in ſpeciem unius corporis colligentem." And again, p. 343.: "Ovid gathered his materials from the mythological writers, and formed them into a poem on the moſt grand and regular plan, a popular hiſtory of Providence, carried down from the creation to his own times, through the Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman hiſtories; and this in as methodical a manner as the graces of poetry would allow."

WARTON.

Theſe obſervations of Warburton are perhaps fanciful, but they by no means deſerve the contempt with which Dr. Warton treats them. See Note to the preceding Poem.

VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

REGE ſub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit ſolertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei ſtudioſior altera fœtûs:
Unde tenet nomen. non ſylvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis eſt, ſed adunca dextera falce:
Qua modo luxuriem premit, et ſpatiantia paſſim
Brachia compeſcit; fiſſa modo cortice virgam
Inſerit; et ſuccos alieno præſtat alumno.
Nec patitur ſentire ſitim; bibulæque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.

Hic

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

THE fair Pomona flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the ſylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flow'ry field,
The ſtreams and fountains no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook ſhe bore inſtead of Cynthia's ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year.
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.
Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

Theſe

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Now ſliding ſtreams*] "Sliding" is a very happy expreſſion. Let me obſerve in this place, that the watering meadows, which is conſidered as ſo great an improvement in modern agriculture, was practiſed by the ancients, as appears evidently from the line,

"*Claudite* jam *rivos*, Pueri, ſat *prata biberunt*." Virg. Geor.

The turning water into orchards, to nouriſh the roots of the trees, is pointed out by Horace:

"Tiburni lucus, et *uda*
Mobilibus pomaria *rivis*."

Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agreſtûm metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et acceſſus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quid non et Satyri, ſaltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua Panes,
Sylvanuſque ſuis ſemper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut poterentur ea? ſed enim ſuperabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habitu duri meſſoris ariſtas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit meſſoris imago!
Tempora ſæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
Defectum poterat gramen verſaſſe videri.
Sæpe manu ſtimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
Jurares feſſos modo disjunxiſſe juvencos.
Falce data frondator erat, vitiſque putator.
Induerat ſcalas, lecturum poma putares:
Miles erat gladio, piſcator arundine ſumta.
Denique per multas aditum ſibi ſæpe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet ſpectatæ gaudia formæ.

Ille

Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts, or frequent the lawns,
The God whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To paſs the fences, and ſurprize the fair?
Like theſe, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe, rejected by the ſcornful dame.
To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears;
And firſt a reaper from the field appears.
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked ſcythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſun-burnt temples ſhade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the ſweating ſteers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.

Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
Innitens baculo, poſitis ad tempora canis,
Adſimulavit anum: cultoſque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata eſt: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatæ dedit oſcula; qualia nunquam
Vera dediſſet anus: glebaque incurva reſedit,
Suſpiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
Ulmus erat contra, ſpatioſa tumentibus uvis:
Quam ſocia poſtquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At ſi ſtaret, ait, cœlebs, ſine palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubituſque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus eſſet
Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapitheïa movit
Prœlia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyſſei.
Nunc quoque, cum fugias averſeriſque petentes,

Mille

A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs;
Prop'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd;
And "Happy you! (he thus addreſs'd the maid)
"Whoſe charms as far all other nymphs outſhine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiſs'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow.)
Then plac'd beſide her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An Elm was near, to whoſe embraces led,
The curling Vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he ſaid)
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!
What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crouds as you?
Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulyſſes' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all thy gain,
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,

Mille proci cupiunt; et ſemideique deique,
Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
Sed tu, ſi ſapies, ſi te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis,
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
Vertumnumque tori ſocium tibi ſelige; pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim ſibi notior ille eſt,
Quam mihi. nec toto paſſim vagus errat in orbe.
Hæc loca ſola colit: nec, uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; ſolique ſuos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod eſt juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet; formaſque apte fingetur in omnes:
Et, quod erit juſſus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma coluntur,
Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra?
Sed neque jam fœtus deſiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum ſuccis mitibus herbas;

Nec

A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
Whom age and long experience render wiſe,
And one whoſe tender care is far above
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſt)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the reſt.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himſelf, himſelf is better known.
To diſtant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection, as his early care.
Beſides, he's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
Add, that he varies ev'ry ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may Pomona pleaſe,
But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleaſures are the ſame:
To him your orchards early fruits are due,
(A pleaſing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
He values theſe; but yet (alas) complains,
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
Nor taſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;

Nec quidquam, nisi te, miserere ardentis: et ipsum,
Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari—
Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.
Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit
Instrumenta sibi: talisque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus; inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

You, only you, can move the God's deſire:
Oh crown ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire!
Let ſoft compaſſion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
So may no froſt, when early buds appear,
Deſtroy the promiſe of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!
This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He ſtraight aſſum'd his native form again;
Such, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face!
In her ſoft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
And the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

AT the ſuggeſtion of the ingenious Dr. John Hoadly, Mr. Hawkins Brown wrote ſix little poems, entitled, a Pipe of Tobacco, in imitation of ſix late Engliſh Poets, Cibber, Philips, Thomſon, Young, Pope, Swift. The ſecond was written by Dr. Hoadly himſelf. The two beſt of theſe imitations are that of Young and Pope, whoſe manner is exactly characterized. Mr. Hawkins Brown, by his admirable Latin Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, ſhewed he had a genius far above theſe pleaſantries. Dr. Hoadly once ſhewed me a new Rehearſal, being a comedy written by himſelf and his brother, the Author of the Suſpicious Huſband, to ridicule ſeveral modern tragedies. I remember they were particularly ſevere on the Saguntum of Frowde and the Sophoniſba of Thomſon. WARTON.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filche the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſely Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with Speeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.

Te-he,

Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke not ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke cried Quaake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke ſame thing Maids longer a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

Dr. Warton juſtly obſerves, " That this is a groſs and dull caricature of the Father of Engliſh Poetry." He might have added, it is as diſguſting as it is dull, and no more like Chaucer, than a " *Billingſgate*" is like " an Oberea."

II.

SPENSER.

HE that was unacquainted with Spenſer, and was to form his ideas of the turn and manner of his genius from this piece, would undoubtedly ſuppoſe that he abounded in filthy images, and excelled in deſcribing the lower ſcenes of life. But the characteriſtics of this ſweet and allegorical poet are not only ſtrong and circumſtantial imagery, but tender and pathetic feeling, a moſt melodious flow of verſification, and a certain pleaſing melancholy in his ſentiments, the conſtant companion of an elegant taſte, that caſts a delicacy and grace over all his compoſitions. To imitate Spenſer on a ſubject that does not partake of the pathos, is not giving a true repreſentation of him; for he ſeems to be more awake and alive to all the ſoftneſſes of nature than almoſt any writer I can recollect. There is an aſſemblage of diſguſting and diſagreeable ſounds in the following ſtanza of Pope, which one is almoſt tempted to think, if it were poſſible, had been contrived as a contraſt, or rather as a burleſque, of a moſt exquiſite ſtanza in the Fairy Queen:

" The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, in the deep baſe are drown'd."

The very turn of theſe numbers bears the cloſeſt reſemblance with the following, which are of themſelves a complete concert of the moſt delicious muſic:

" The joyous birds ſhrouded in cheerful ſhade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred ſweet;

Th' angelical, ſoft trembling voices made
To th' inſtruments divine reſpondance meet;
The ſilver-ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmure of the water's fall;
The water's fall with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud unto the wind did call,
The gentle warbling wind low anſwered to all."

Book ii. cant. 12. ſ. 71.

Theſe images, one would have thought, were peculiarly calculated to have ſtruck the fancy of our young imitator with ſo much admiration, as not to have ſuffered him to make a kind of traveſty of them.

The next ſtanza of Pope repreſents ſome allegorical figures, of which his original was ſo fond:

" Hard by a ſty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice;
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and all to tatters."

But theſe perſonages of Obloquy, Slander, Envy, and Malice, are not marked with any diſtinct attributes; they are not thoſe living figures, whoſe attitudes and behaviour Spenſer has minutely drawn with ſo much clearneſs and truth, that we behold them with our eyes as plainly as we do on the cieling or the banqueting-houſe. For, in truth, the pencil of Spenſer is as powerful as that of Rubens, his brother allegoriſt; which two artiſts reſembled each other in many reſpects: but Spenſer had more grace, and was as warm a colouriſt. WARTON.

II.

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She

NOTES.

VER. 30. *Baſkets of fiſh*] How different from thoſe enchanting imitations of Spenſer, The Caſtle of Indolence and the Minſtrel! WARTON.

She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſes by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch,
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meand'ring ſtreams, and Windſor's tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

POPE has imitated Waller with elegance, eſpecially in the verſes on a Fan of his own deſign; for he deſigned with dexterity and taſte.

The application of the ſtory of Cephalus and Procris is as ingenious as Waller's Phœbus and Daphne. Waller abounds, perhaps to exceſs, in alluſions to mythology and the ancient claſſics. The French, as may be imagined, complain that he is too learned for the ladies. The following twelve lines contain three alluſions, delicate indeed; but ſome may deem them to be too far-fetched, too much crouded, and not obvious to the lady to whom they were addreſſed, on her ſinging a ſong of his compoſing:

"Chloris, yourſelf you ſo excell,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.
That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.
Had Echo with ſo ſweet a grace
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd."

Here is matter enough compreſſed together for Voiture to have ſpun out into fifty lines. Were I to name my favourite among Waller's ſmaller pieces, it ſhould be his Apology for having loved before. He begins by ſaying, "That they who never had been uſed to the ſurpriſing juice of the grape, render up their reaſon to the

the firſt delicious cup." This is ſufficiently gallant; but what he adds has much of the ſublime, and is like a thought of Milton's:

" To man that was i' th' evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring in the gloomy ſhade
Thoſe little drops of light.
Then at Aurora, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing tow'rds the Eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his eyes.
But when the bright Sun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe."

The Engliſh verſification was much ſmoothed by Waller; who uſed to own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from Fairfax's Taſſo, who well-vowelled his lines, though Sandys was a melodious verſifier, and Spenſer has perhaps more variety of muſic than either of them. A poet who addreſſes his pieces to living characters, and confines himſelf to the ſubjects and anecdotes of his own times, like this courtly author, bids fairer to become popular, than he that is employed in higher ſcenes of poetry and fiction, which are more remote from common manners. It may be remarked laſtly of Waller, that there is no paſſion in his love-verſes; and that one elegy of Tibullus, ſo well imitated by Hammond, and ſo unjuſtly cenſured by Johnſon, excels a volume of the moſt refined panegyric. It is remarkable that Waller never mentions Milton, whoſe Comus, and ſmaller poems, preceded his own; but were unſuitable to the French taſte, on which Waller was formed.

WARTON.

III.

WALLER.

ON A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned veſſel fail,
Which winds and light'ning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly muſic ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he:
A poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN *of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the Motto,* AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IN the following love-verſes is a ſtrain of ſenſibility which the reader will be pleaſed, I ſuppoſe, to ſee, being now firſt publiſhed from a manuſcript of Mr. Gray:

" With beauty, with pleaſure, ſurrounded, to languiſh,
To weep without knowing the cauſe of my anguiſh;
To ſtart from ſhort ſlumbers, and wiſh for the morning,
To cloſe my dull eyes when I ſee it returning;
Sighs ſudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that ſteal from my tongue by no meaning connected;
Ah ſay, fellow ſwains, how theſe ſymptoms befell me?
They ſmile, but reply not; ſure Delia will tell me."

WARTON.

IV.

COWLEY.

IN the imitation of Cowley, in two pieces, on a Garden, and on Weeping, Pope has properly enough, in conformity to his original, extorted ſome moral, or darted forth ſome witticiſm on every object he mentions. It is not enough to ſay, that the laurels ſheltered the fountain from the heat of the day; but this idea muſt be accompanied with a conceit:

"—— Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade."

The flowers that grow on the water-ſide could not be ſufficiently deſcribed without ſaying, that

"The pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again."

In the lines on a Lady Weeping, you might expect a touching picture of beauty in diſtreſs; you will be diſappointed. Wit, on the preſent occaſion, is to be preferred to tenderneſs; the babe in her eye is ſaid to reſemble Phaeton ſo much,

"That heav'n the threat'ned world to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears;
Elſe might th' ambitious nymph aſpire
To ſet, like him, the world on fire."

Let not this ſtrained affectation of ſtriving to be witty upon all occaſions be thought exaggerated, or a caricature of Cowley. It is painful to cenſure a writer of ſo amiable a mind, ſuch integrity of manners, and ſuch a ſweetneſs of temper. His fancy was brilliant, ſtrong, and ſprightly; but his taſte falſe and unclaſſical, even though he had much learning. In his Latin compoſitions, his ſix books on plants, where the ſubject might have led him to a contrary practice, he imitates Martial rather than Virgil, and has given us more epigrams than deſcriptions. I do not remember to have

have ſeen it enough obſerved, that Cowley had a moſt happy talent of imitating the eaſy manner of Horace's epiſtolary writings; I muſt therefore inſert a ſpecimen of this his excellence:

"Ergo iterum verſus? dices. O Vane! quid ergo
Morbum ejuraſti toties, tibi qui inſidet altis,
Non evellendus, vi vel ratione, medullis?
Numne poetarum (merito dices) ut amantum
Deriſum ridere deum perjuria cenſes?
Parcius hæc, ſodes, neve inclementibus urge
Infelicem hominem dictis; nam fata trahunt me
Magna reluctantem, et nequicquam in vincla minacem.
Helleborum ſumpſi, fateor, pulchreque videbar
Purgatus morbi; ſed Luna potentior herbis
Inſanire iterum jubet, et ſibi vendicat ægrum."

There is another epiſtle alſo, well worthy peruſal, to his friend, Mat. Clifford, at the end of the ſame volume. Pope, in one of his imitations of Horace, has exhibited the real character of Cowley with delicacy and candour:

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleaſes yet,
His moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But ſtill I love the language of his heart."

His proſe works give us the moſt amiable idea both of his abilities and his heart. His Pindaric odes cannot be peruſed with common patience by a lover of antiquity. He that would ſee Pindar's manner truly imitated, may read Maſters's noble and pathetic Ode on the Crucifixion; and he that wants to be convinced that theſe reflections on Cowley are not too ſevere, may read alſo his epigrammatic verſion of it:

"Η ȣκ οραας ὁλοπορφυρον
Στιλβοντ' ȣ φλογι
Σιδονιης αλος, αλ
—λ αἱματι ϛαζομενω——"

"Doſt thou not ſee thy prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian ſhore;
But made at home with richer gore?"

"Ανοιγ' ανοιγε
Πυλας οπωπων·
Και πηγας βλεφαρων
Λυσαι, ψεκαζε, δευε γαιαν."

"Open,

" Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let them call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth where-e'er it lies,
For this will aſk it all.
'Twould all, alas! too little be,
Though thy ſalt tears came from a ſea."

Cowley being early diſguſted with the perplexities and vanities of a court life, had a ſtrong deſire to enjoy the milder pleaſures of ſolitude and retirement; he therefore eſcaped from the tumults of London to a little houſe at Wandſworth; but finding that place too near the metropolis, he left it for Richmond, and at laſt ſettled at Chertſey. He ſeems to have thought that the ſwains of Surry had the innocence of thoſe of Sydney's Arcadia; but the perverſeneſs and debauchery of his own workmen ſoon undeceived him, with whom, it is ſaid, he was ſometimes ſo provoked, as even to be betrayed into an oath. His income was about three hundred pounds a year. Towards the latter part of his life he ſhewed an averſion to the company of women, and would often leave the room if any happened to enter it whilſt he was preſent, but ſtill retained a ſincere affection for Leonora. His death was occaſioned by a ſingular accident; he paid a viſit on foot with his friend Sprat to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertſey, which they prolonged, and feaſted too much, till midnight. On their return home they miſtook their way, and were obliged to paſs the whole night expoſed under a hedge, where Cowley caught a ſevere cold, attended with a fever, that terminated in his death. All theſe particulars were communicated to me by Mr. Spence from his Anecdotes, who aſſured me he received them from Mr. Pope's own mouth. WARTON.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flow'ry Treaſures ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhow'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazzling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join,
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:

Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the Stream.
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

THIS, with the exception of the Imitation of Waller, is by far the beſt of Pope's Imitations. What he has written as deſcriptive of the characteriſtic ſtyle of Chaucer and Spenſer, is as unlike, except in the metre, as it is offenſive and diſguſting: the turn of expreſſions, the laboured elegance, the ornamented conceits, and the general caſt of Cowley's poetical embelliſhments, are here moſt admirably hit off; but in this Imitation, poſſibly it was ſo intended, Pope confounds the ſeaſons, I think, with injuſtice to Cowley, if it was intended; and if not, with his general want of correctneſs, where he ſpeaks of trees and flowers, &c. He calls *ſoft Carnations* the humble glories of the youthful "Spring;" but moſt probably the gaudy *inaccuracy* of *flow'ry* deſcription, was what Pope had in view.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud Grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus through Miſts we ſee the ſun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one Cloud ſoft ſhow'rs we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that ſunny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

NOTES.

VER. 13. *The Baby in that ſunny Sphere*] The expreſſion of the "Baby on eyes," is ſo common among our early writers of proſe and verſe, that perhaps it need not be pointed out. It occurs very often in Burton's Anatomy.

EXACTLY in the taſte of Lopes de Vega, who, ſpeaking of a ſhepherdeſs weeping near the ſea-ſide, ſays, "The ocean advances to collect her tears, and encloſing them in ſhells, converts them into pearls." WARTON.

In Churchill's collection of Voyages, there are ſome lines written by one of the poor people who were left to periſh on the coaſt of Greenland, in which the idea of their tears being preſerved by the froſt to the laſt day, is introduced. The idea is too fanciful; but ſome of the lines are beautiful, and many of the thoughts very natural and affecting.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

THE verſes on Silence are a ſenſible imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's on Nothing; which piece, together with his Satire on Man from the fourth of Boileau, and the tenth Satire of Horace, (which in truth is excellent,) are the only pieces of this profligate Nobleman which modeſty or common ſenſe will allow any man to read. Rocheſter had much energy in his thoughts and diction; and though the ancient Satiriſts often uſe great liberty in their expreſſions, yet, as the ingenious Hiſtorian* obſerves, "Their freedom no more reſembles the licence of Rocheſter, than the nakedneſs of an Indian does that of a common proſtitute."

Pope, in this imitation, has diſcovered a fund of ſolid ſenſe, and juſt obſervation upon vice and folly, that are very remarkable in a perſon ſo extremely young as he was at the time of compoſing it. I believe, on a fair compariſon with Rocheſter's lines, it will be found, that although the turn of the Satire be copied, yet it is excelled. That Rocheſter ſhould write a Satire on Man, I am not ſurprized; it is the buſineſs of the libertine to degrade his ſpecies, and debaſe the dignity of human nature, and thereby deſtroy the moſt efficacious incitements to lovely and laudable actions. But that a writer of Boileau's purity of manners ſhould repreſent his kind in the dark and diſagreeable colours he has done, with all the malignity of a diſcontented Hobbiſt, is a lamentable perverſion of fine talents, and is a real injury to ſociety. It is a fact worthy the attention of thoſe who ſtudy the hiſtory of learning, that the groſs licentiouſneſs and applauded debauchery of Charles the Second's court proved almoſt as pernicious to the progreſs of polite literature and the fine arts, that began to revive after the Grand Rebellion, as the gloomy ſuperſtition, the abſurd cant, and formal hypocriſy, that diſgraced this nation during the uſurpation of Cromwell. WARTON.

* Hume's Hiſtory of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 434.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V. But

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft' in vain;
Loſt in the maze of words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'ſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhou'd be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'ſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

" IF one turns to the authors of the laſt age for the character of this Lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good-nature. He was the fineſt gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his firſt maſter, or his cotemporaries, Buckingham and Rocheſter; without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought. The latter ſaid, with aſtoniſhment, " That he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorſet might do any thing, and yet was never to blame!" It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderneſs of it too, which made every body excuſe whom every body loved; for even the aſperity of his verſes ſeems to have been forgiven to

" The beſt-good man, with the worſt-natured muſe."

" This line is not more familiar than Lord Dorſet's own poems to all who have a taſte for the beauties of natural and eaſy verſe, or than his Lordſhip's own bon-mots, of which I cannot help repeating one of ſingular humour: Lord Craven was a proverb for officious whiſpers to men in power. On Lord Dorſet's promotion, King Charles having ſeen Lord Craven pay his uſual tribute to him, aſked the former what the latter had been ſaying? The Earl replied gravely, " Sir, my Lord Craven did me the honour to whiſper, but I did not think it good manners to liſten." When he was dying, Congreve, who had been to viſit him, being aſked how he had left him, replied, " Faith, he ſlabbers more wit than other people have in their beſt health."

" His Lordſhip and Waller are ſaid to have aſſiſted Mrs. Catherine Philips in her tranſlation of Corneille's Pompey."

Walpole, vol. ii. p. 95.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Tho' Artemiſia*] By Artemiſia, Pope has been thought to have meant Queen Caroline. It certainly bears in many points a reſemblance, but coloured by ſpleen. She became corpulent; and Mr. Coxe obſerves, "Her levees were a ſtrange picture of the motley character and manners of a Queen and learned woman. She received company while at her toilette—learned men and divines were intermixed with courtiers and ladies of the houſehold. The converſation turned upon metaphyſical ſubjects, blended with the tittle-tattle of the drawing-room." Coxe's Memoirs.

It ought not to be omitted, that notwithſtanding Pope's general ſarcaſms, ſhe was a moſt exemplary, ſenſible, prudent, and amiable woman, as is clearly proved by Mr. Coxe.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
  All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
  And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
  Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk,

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate,
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging ſhe'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S'il vous plaiſt*, *Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

Dr WARTON obſerves, that the point of the likeneſs in this Imitation conſiſts in deſcribing the objects *as they really exiſt in life*, like Hogarth's paintings, without heightening or enlarging them by any imaginary circumſtances. He adds, that in this way of writing, Swift excelled; witneſs his deſcription of a Morning in the City, of a City Shower, of the Houſe of Baucis and Philemon, and the Verſes on his own Death. But ſurely this is paying a poor compliment to Hogarth's inimitable genius. Perhaps the very reverſe of what Dr. Warton advances, is true; for, though his pictures are not ſublime, wherein does the Painter's fancy and invention and ſatire conſiſt, but in the "heightening" circumſtances? Theſe are as much required with reſpect to "burleſque," as they are in thoſe delineations that are of a more ſerious and elevated character. If characters are painted merely *as they exiſt*, where are we to ſearch for humour and wit? It is the ſame in all ſatirical writings.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes ſent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in:
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text:
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next:
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.

He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays—if he will;

Toaſt

Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor S—t.

"SWIFT," ſays Hume, "has more humour than knowledge, more taſte than judgment, and more ſpleen, prejudice, and paſſion, than any of thoſe qualities." Diſcourſe v.

At the hazard of an imputation of partiality to the Author, I venture to ſay, that I prefer a poem called, The Progreſs of Diſcontent, to any Imitation of Swift that ever has yet appeared I ſhall juſt add, that the Baucis and Philemon of La Fontaine far excells that of Swift. WARTON.

T. Warton's poem, delicately alluded to by his brother, contains indeed many inimitable ſtrokes of humour, but the humour in great meaſure ſurely conſiſts in the "heightening circumſtances." The picture of the Parſon who has left Oxford, and is juſt ſet down on his benefice, is ſuperior to this Imitation of Swift:

"Continuing this fantaſtic farce on,
He now commences Country Parſon.—
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copſe a fav'rite bench,
And ſtores the pond with carp and tench."

Warton's Poems, vol. ii. p. 196.

MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL OF MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt

NOTES.

Epiſtle to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's impriſonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the Year 1721. POPE.

VER. 1. *Such were the notes*] The notes were charming indeed! We have few pieces of Poetry ſuperior to Parnelle's Riſe of Woman; the Fairy Tale; the Hymn to Contentment; Health, an Eclogue; the Vigil of Venus; the Night piece on Death; the Allegory on Man; and the Hermit. The beſt account of the original of this laſt exquiſite poem is given in the third volume of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, p. 31.; from whence it appears that it was taken from the eightieth chapter of that curious repoſitory of ancient tales, the Geſta Romanorum. The ſtory is related in the fourth volume of Howel's Letters, who ſays he found it in Sir Philip Herbert's Conceptions; but this fine Apologue was much better related in the Divine Dialogues of Dr. Henry More, Dial. ii. part 1.; and Parnelle ſeems to have copied it chiefly from this Platonic Theologiſt, who had not leſs imagination than learning. Pope uſed to ſay that it was originally written in Spaniſh: from

Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe!—to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Stateſman in the Friend;
For SWIFT and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnelle in his living lays,
Who, careleſs now of Int'reſt, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul

NOTES.

from the early connection between the Spaniards and Arabians, it may be ſuſpected that it was an Oriental tale. Voltaire has inſerted it in his Zadig, without mentioning a ſyllable of the place whence he borrowed it. WARTON.

VER. 21. *And ſure, if aught*] Strength of mind appears to have been the predominant characteriſtic of Lord Oxford; of which he gave the moſt ſtriking proofs when he was ſtabbed, diſplaced, impriſoned. Theſe noble and nervous lines allude to theſe circumſtances; of his fortitude and firmneſs another ſtriking proof remains, in a letter which the Earl wrote from the Tower to a friend, who adviſed him to meditate an eſcape, and which is worthy of the greateſt hero of antiquity. This extraordinary letter I had

A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to Deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;

She

NOTES.

the pleaſure of reading, by the favour of the Earl's excellent grand-daughter, the late Dutcheſs Dowager of Portland, who inherited that love of literature and ſcience, ſo peculiar to her anceſtors and family.

I am well informed that Bolingbroke was greatly mortified at Pope's beſtowing theſe praiſes on his old antagoniſt, whom he mortally hated; yet I have ſeen two original letters in the hands of the ſame Dutcheſs of Portland, of Lord Bolingbroke to Lord Oxford, full of the moſt fulſome flattery of the man whom he affected to deſpiſe, and of very idle and profane applications of Scripture.

The Viſions of Parnelle, at the end of his Poems, publiſhed in the Guardian, are in a rugged inharmonious ſtyle; as indeed is the Life of Zoilus, printed 1717; and alſo the Eſſay on the Life of Homer, prefixed to our Author's tranſlation: and his Eſſay on the Different Styles in Poetry is rather a mean performance.

WARTON.

VER. 24. *Above all Pain, &c.*] This alludes to the excruciating pains he ſuffered from the ſtone; "all Paſſion," means his general equanimity.

VER. 24. *all pride,*] He was ſo amiable and condeſcending, that one of the accuſations againſt him by the Whigs was, that he treated the *black-coats* (clergy) like *gentlemen!*

She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of thy various Day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

THERE are few verſes in Pope, more correct, more muſical, more dignified, and affecting, than theſe to Lord Oxford; and ſuch a teſtimony to his merit in the hour of misfortune, muſt have been as grateful to Lord Oxford, as it was honourable to Pope.

In private life, no one was more amiable or more beloved than Lord Oxford; whatever may be thought of his public character, (particularly that part of it which has been moſt obnoxious to cenſure, on account of his ſuppoſed views in favouring the ſucceſſion of James,) the violent ſtate of parties at the latter end of the reign of queen Anne, ſhould be always kept in mind, and the over-bearing conduct of the leading Whigs, who, before the admiſſion of Harley to her private confidence, had kept the Queen, from the commencement of her reign, in a ſtate of humiliation and ſubjection.

That, of Harley it might be ſaid, he had truly the murus aheneus, "*nil conſcire ſibi, nullâ palleſcere culpâ*," I am willing to believe, and his ſubſequent conduct goes a great way to prove it.—Upon George the Firſt's arrival in England, he went to pay his reſpects to him, among the reſt of the nobility, at Greenwich. The exultation Bolingbroke expreſſed at the cold reception he met with, is well known (ſee his Letter to Sir William Wyndham); but could Lord Oxford have expoſed himſelf to ſuch treatment had he been conſcious of being, in his heart, the king's enemy? Mr. Coxe, to whoſe opinion I highly defer, acknowledges, that "Harley never appeared to wiſh to fruſtrate the act of ſettlement." He has been called in common language "a Trimmer," becauſe

becauſe having been a diſtinguiſhed Whig, he afterwards joined the Tories; and endeavoured to ingratiate himſelf with the Elector of Hanover, when affairs took a different turn: but I confeſs, ſetting party aſide, I ſee nothing inconſiſtent in his conduct; at leaſt, I ſee nothing that could warrant the judgment that he was actuated by ſelf-intereſt alone.

No one can ſay, but that the conduct he purſued was ſuch as a real lover of his country might have purſued; and it is ſuch as, for that reaſon, would make him obnoxious to the violent of both factions. On the one hand, he ſaw the Queen a cypher, and places, command, authority, power, and government in the hands of an imperious junto; on the other ſide, he ſaw a rooted antipathy, at leaſt among the *Jacobite* Tories, to all but the family of James. He was a Whig, as far as was conſiſtent with ſupporting the *power*, and *authority*, and *dignity* of the CROWN; a Tory, but without entering into the deſigns of thoſe who ſaw with a malignant eye the proſpect of the *proteſtant ſucceſſion*. From the ſtate of parties at the time, one might conclude, that to be a *Whig*, it was neceſſary to ſubmit to the "*imperium in imperio*" of the Duke of Marlborough, or rather of the Ducheſs; and that a *Tory* muſt neceſſarily be in league with the Pretender;—that is, to be a Jacobite. Oxford courted, indeed, men of abilities and integrity on both ſides, but he avoided *either extreme*.

His conduct, when impeached, was worthy ſuch a character. He neither meanly fled, like Bolingbroke, although he was well aware of the odium excited againſt him, and the pains and penalties which an exaſperated party might inflict; nor, when he had loſt the favour of *one party*, did he baſely fly to *the other*, avowing at once his connections, or his profligacy.

He endured his impriſonment without complaint, and waited the event of his trial with reſigned ſubmiſſion, but with the intrepidity of unſhaken and conſcious integrity. Theſe lines of Pope, which ſeem to me truly to characteriſe Lord Oxford, are therefore particularly intereſting, and *they have a melancholy flow, yet a dignified force of expreſſion*, ſuitable to the character and occaſion.

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

A SOUL as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows.
A Face

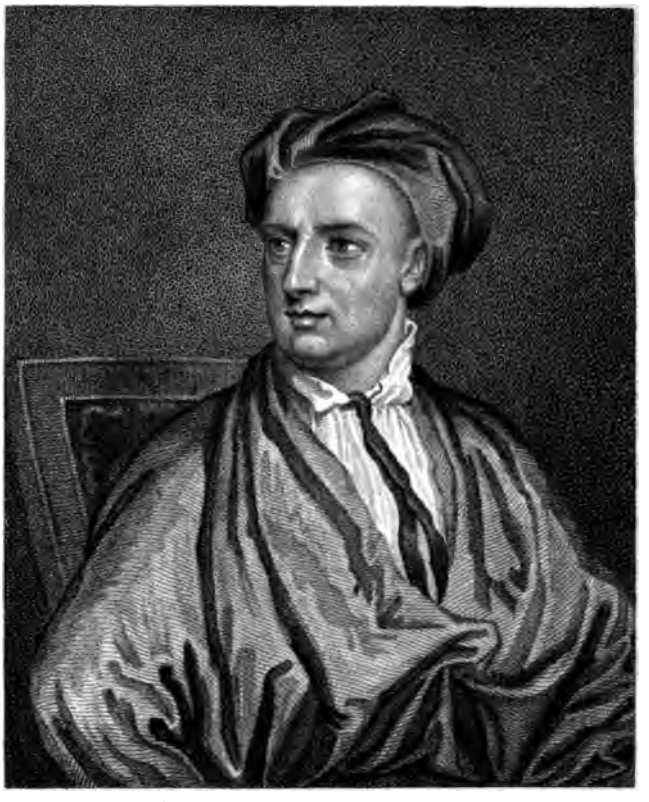
NOTES.

Secretary of State.] In the year 1720. POPE.

Mr. Craggs was made Secretary at War, in 1717, when the Earl of Sunderland and Mr. Addiſon were appointed Secretaries of State.

This Epiſtle appears to have been written ſoon after his being made one of the Secretaries of State. He was deeply implicated in the famous South-Sea ſcheme. When Mr. Shippen, alluding to him, ſaid in the Houſe of Commons, (at the time a motion was made to ſecure the perſons and property of the South-Sea directors,) "in his opinion, there were ſome men in high ſtations, who were "no leſs guilty than the directors;" Mr. Craggs immediately anſwered, *he was ready to give ſatisfaction to any man, who ſhould queſtion him in that Houſe, or out of it.* This created great offence, and was underſtood as a challenge, but after ſome ferment, Mr. Craggs ſaid, that "by *giving ſatisfaction*" he meant, clearing his conduct. Tyndal's Continuation of Rapin.

He died ſoon after the detection of the fallacy of the *great ſcheme*, and would moſt probably have been called to a ſevere account, had he lived. He died of the ſmall-pox, on the ninth day, 16th February 1721. See a farther account of him in this volume, Epitaph on Craggs.



Engraved by C. Knight from a Drawing by Gardner.

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.R JUN.R
(Secretary of State)
From a Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller;
in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors May 1.1807.

A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing Lie,
And ſtrikes a bluſh through frontleſs Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

I SHALL add a dialogue by Mr. Pope, in verſe, that is genuine:

POPE.

"Since my old friend is grown ſo great,
As to be Miniſter of State,
I'm told, but 'tis not true I hope,
That Craggs will be aſham'd of Pope."

CRAGGS.

"Alas! if I am ſuch a creature,
To grow the worſe for growing greater;
Why, faith, in ſpite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope muſt be aſham'd of Craggs."

WARTON.

EPISTLE

TO

MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN's TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY's ART OF PAINTING.

THIS Verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvaſs call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
Freſnoy's cloſe Art, and Dryden's native Fire;

And

NOTES.

Epiſtle to Mr. Jervas] This Epiſtle and the two following were written ſome years before the reſt, and originally printed in 1717. POPE.

Jervas owed much more of his reputation to this Epiſtle than to his ſkill as a painter. "He was defective," ſays Mr. Walpole, "in drawing, colouring, and compoſition; his pictures are a light, ſlimzy kind of fan-painting, as large as the life; his vanity was exceſſive." The reaſon why Lady Bridgewater's name is ſo frequently repeated in this Epiſtle, is, becauſe Jervas affected to be violently in love with her. As ſhe was ſitting to him one day, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture; but added, "I cannot help telling your Ladyſhip you have not an handſome ear." "No!—Pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handſome ear?" He turned aſide his cap, and ſhewed his own! WARTON.

And reading wiſh, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine through long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy ſkill, ſo regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Siſter-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft' in pleaſing taſks we wear the day,
While ſummer-ſuns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art?
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend?
What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With

NOTES.

VER. 13. *Siſter-Arts*] To the poets that practiſed and underſtood painting, the names of Dante, of Flatman, of Butler, of Dyer, may be added that of our author; a portrait of whoſe painting is in the poſſeſſion of Lord Mansfield: a head of Betterton. WARTON.

There is alſo another portrait by Pope, in the poſſeſſion of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, at Arundel caſtle.

VER. 27. *On Raphael's monument*] Let me here add Sir Joſhua Reynold's fine characters of Raphael and Michael Angelo:

With thee repoſe, where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome Ruin's formidable ſhade:
While

NOTES.

"If we put thoſe great artiſts in a light of compariſon with each other, Raffaelle had more taſte and fancy, Michael Angelo had more genius and imagination; the one excelled in beauty, the other in energy. Michael Angelo has more of the poetical inſpiration, his ideas are vaſt and ſublime, his people are a ſuperior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions, or their attitudes, or the ſtyle and caſt of their very limbs or features, that puts one in mind of their belonging to our own ſpecies. Raffaelle's imagination is not ſo elevated; his figures are not ſo much disjoined from our own diminutive race of beings, though his ideas are chaſte, noble, and of great conformity to their ſubjects. Michael Angelo's works have a ſtrong, peculiar, and marked character; they ſeem to proceed from his own mind entirely, and that mind ſo rich and abundant, that he never needed, or ſeemed to diſdain, to look abroad for foreign help. Raffaelle's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble ſtructure is his own. The excellency of this extraordinary man lay in the propriety, beauty, and majeſty of his characters, his judicious contrivance of his compoſition, correctneſs of drawing, purity of taſte, and the ſkilful accommodation of other men's conceptions to his own purpoſe. Nobody excelled him in that judgment, with which he united, to his own obſervations on nature, the energy of Michael Angelo, and the beauty and ſimplicity of the antique. To the queſtion therefore, Which ought to hold the firſt rank, Raffaelle or Michael Angelo? it muſt be anſwered, that if it is given to him who poſſeſſed a greater combination of the higher qualities of the art than any other man, there is no doubt but Raffaelle is the firſt. But if, according to Longinus, the ſublime, being the higheſt excellence that human compoſition can attain to, abundantly compenſates the abſence of every other beauty, and atones for all other deficiencies, then Michael Angelo demands the preference.

"These two extraordinary men carried ſome of the higher excellencies of the art to a higher degree of perfection than probably they ever arrived at before. They certainly have not been excelled, nor equalled ſince. Many of their ſucceſſors were induced to leave this

While Fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
Here thy well-ſtudy'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading Freſco here demands a ſigh;
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's ſtrength, Correggio's ſofter line,
Paulo's free ſtroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears!
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd Gem, the work of years!
Yet

NOTES.

this great road as a beaten path, endeavouring to ſurpriſe and pleaſe by ſomething uncommon or new. When this deſire after novelty has proceeded from mere idleneſs or caprice, it is not worth the trouble of criticiſm; but when it has been in conſequence of a buſy mind, of a peculiar complexion, it is always ſtriking and intereſting, never inſipid.

"Such is the great ſtyle as it appears in thoſe who poſſeſſed it at its height, in this, ſearch after novelty, in conception or in treating the ſubject, has no place." WARTON.

VER. 30. *Or ſeek*] This laſt line is inferior to the three preceding ones: becauſe it paſſes from particular images to ſomething general. WARTON.

VER. 33. *well-ſtudy'd marbles*] Jervas was ſent to Italy at the expence of Dr. Clarke, Member of Parliament for the Univerſity of Oxford, of All-Souls College. WARTON.

VER. 37. *Carracci's*] "Give me a good outline, and bricks in the middle," ſaid Annibal Carracci. Agoſtino has left an elegant ſonnet on painting. Sir Joſhua Reynolds told me he did not think theſe artiſts exactly characterized by Pope. WARTON.

VER. 39. *How finiſh'd*] Mr. Maſon has tranſlated Freſnoy with elegance and fidelity; and Sir Joſhua Reynolds added to the tranſlation, learned, uſeful, ſcientifical, and ingenious notes.

"Guido," ſays Sir Joſhua Reynolds, (Diſcourſes, p. 155.) "from want of choice in adapting his ſubject to his ideas and powers, or in attempting to preſerve beauty where it could not be preſerved,

Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r, that ev'ry ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.

Thus

NOTES.

preſerved, has in this one point ſucceeded very ill. His figures are often engaged in ſubjects that required great expreſſion; yet his Judith and Holofernes, the daughter of Herodias, with the Baptiſt's Head; the Andromeda, and even the Mothers of the Innocents, have little more expreſſion than his Venus attired by the Graces." WARTON.

VER. 40. *the work of years!*] Freſnoy employed above twenty years in finiſhing his poem. POPE.

VER. 43. *Strike in the ſketch,*] Gray, in his verſes to Mr. Bentley, has beautifully expreſſed and deſcribed the perſon and deſign:

"See, in their courſe, each tranſitory thought,
Fix'd by his touch a laſting eſſence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local ſymmetry and life awake." Works, 4to.
WARTON.

Thus Churchill's race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy Worſley's eyes;
Each pleaſing Blount ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft Belinda's bluſh for ever glow.

Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more through happineſs than pains.
The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.

Yet

NOTES.

VER. 59. *Thus Churchill's race*] Churchill's race were the four beautiful daughters of John the great Duke of Marlborough: Henrietta, Counteſs of Godolphin, afterwards Dutcheſs of Marlborough; Anne, Counteſs of Sunderland; Elizabeth, Counteſs of Bridgewater; and Mary, Dutcheſs of Montagu. Their portraits are at Blenheim. Lady Bridgewater, whom Jervas affected to be in love with, and who amuſed herſelf at his expence, was the moſt beautiful of the four ſiſters. She died, March 1713-14, aged 27. In 1720, her huſband was created Duke of Bridgewater.

VER. 60. *Worſley's eyes;*] This was Frances Lady Worſley, Wife of Sir Robert Worſley, Bart. of Appuldercombe, in the Iſle of Wight; Mother of Lady Carteret, Wife of John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. There is an excellent letter of this Lady to Dr. Swift in his Letters, p. 77. WARTON.

VER. 61. *Each pleaſing Blount*] Theſe were the two ſiſters, Tereſa and Martha Blount. See note on the Epiſtle "To a Lady leaving the Town," in this volume.

VER. 70. *One dip the pencil,*] The great Michael Angelo Buanoriti did both. See his Poems, printed at Florence, in 4to, 1623; ſome of which are very elegant, and nearly equal to Petrarch. WARTON.

Yet ſhould the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the Muſes bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung till Granville's Myra die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face*, &c.] The laſt line of this Poem is unworthy Pope. The idea is trite, that notwithſtanding all our accompliſhments we muſt both die; and the antitheſis, "that one preſerves a *face*, and the other a *name*," puerile.

[illegible]

MARTHA BLOUNT,

From an Original Picture,

in the Collection of Michael Blount Esq.r at Maple Durham

Published by Cadell & Davies Strand and the Other Proprietor May 1, 1807.

EPISTLE

TO

MRS. BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

In theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare,
His time, the Muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the triſle, Life, away;
Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt,

Ev'n

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *In theſe gay*] The works of Voiture, after having been idolized in France, are now juſtly ſunk into neglect and oblivion.

Warton.

Ver 13. *As ſmiling Infants, &c.*] There is a beautiful paſſage of this ſort in Temple's Eſſays:—"After all, life is like a froward child, that muſt be trifled with, and played with, till it falls aſleep, and then the care is over."

Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for Voiture heav'd with ſighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy;
In ev'ry ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay Farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.

Too

NOTES.

VER. 19. *The Smiles*] Alluding to an elegant epitaph on Voiture:

" Etruſcæ Veneres, Camœnæ Iberæ,
Hermes Gallicus, et Latina Siren;
Riſus, Deliciæ, et Dicacitates,
Luſûs, Ingenium, Joci, Lepores:
Et quid quid unquam fuit elegantiarum,
Quo Vecturius hoc jacent ſepulcro."

Many curious particulars of his life may be found in the entertaining Miſcellanies of Vigneul Marville, vol. ii. p. 409.

Corneille was invited to read his Polyeucte at the Hotel de Rambouillet, where the wits of that time aſſembled, and where Voiture preſided. It was coldly received; and Voiture was ſent to tell Corneille in gentle terms, that it was the opinion of his friends that Polyeucte would not ſucceed. Such judges were the moſt faſhionable wits of France! WARTON.

VER. 19. *The Smiles and Loves, &c.*] This is a poor conceit and unworthy of Pope; it is more like Cowley, Marvel, and Waller.

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
But ſets up one, a greater in their place:
Well might you wiſh for change by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for ſome months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let falſe Shews, nor empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach, and dappled Flanders Mares,
The ſhining robes, rich jewels, beds of ſtate,
And, to complete her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;

Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its ſlender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A morning's pleaſure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And Monthauſier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their flames ſtill warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elyſian coaſt,
Amid thoſe Lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.

The

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Thus Voiture's early care*] Mademoiſelle Paulet. POPE.

VER. 76. *And finds a fairer*] Our author's attachment to this lady ended but with his life. Yet it is ſaid, ſhe gave him many hours of uneaſineſs and diſquiet. She occaſioned an unhappy breach betwixt him and his old friend Allen, becauſe he would not lend his coach to carry her to a maſs-houſe at Bath during his mayoralty.

The characteriſtical difference betwixt Voiture and Balſac is well expreſſed by Boileau, in two letters written under their names, from the Elyſian Fields to the Duc de Vivonne, in p. 155, of vol. iii. of his works. And Boileau, ſpeaking often of abſurd

The brighteſt eyes of France inſpir'd his Muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of Britain now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the world beſide.

NOTES.

ſurd readers and critics, loved to relate, that one of his relations, to whom he had preſented his works, ſaid to him, "Pray, Couſin, how came you to inſert any other perſon's writings among your own? I find in your works two letters, one from Balſac, and the other from Voiture." Deſcartes, who, as well as Leibnitz, was an elegant ſcholar, wrote a judicious cenſure of Balſac, in admirable Latin. Balſac was, however, ſuperior to Voiture. But he was affectedly turgid, pompous, and bloated, on all ſubjects and on all occaſions alike. Yet was he the firſt that gave form and harmony to the French proſe, which was ſtill improved by the provincial letters of Paſcal. WARTON.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.

As ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome Country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they ſtay'd, but that ſhe went.
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,

Or

NOTES.

Coronation] Of King George the firſt, 1715. POPE.

VER. 1. *As ſome fond Virgin,*] There is ſo much likeneſs (to uſe Johnſon's words on another poem) in the initial compariſon, that there is no illuſtration. As one lady lamented the going out of London, ſo did another. WARTON.

Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon:
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a Gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No Words!
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the ſtable;
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things—but his horſe.

In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While

NOTES.

VER. 23. *Some Squire, &c.*] Dr. Warton obſerves, that no "country Squire" has ever been painted with ſuch true colours and natural features as Addiſon's Tony Foxhunter, except Weſtern, in Tom Jones. But of the old Engliſh gentleman, who reſides in the country, a groſſer caracature, though its humour is unrivalled, than that of Squire Weſtern, was never drawn; and this by Pope is equally falſe and overcharged.—An Allworthy is oftener to be found than a Squire Weſtern. The character of the Engliſh Gentleman (the perſon of hereditary property reſiding in the country) is, in general, among that of the moſt humane, the moſt liberal, and the moſt valuable of the community.

While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at ſome dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you;
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft Parthenia riſe,
Gay pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs ruſh upon my ſight;
Vex'd to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

POPE ſays, this Epiſtle is written to the ſame Lady as the preceding; that is, Martha Blount. From the manuſcript letters, however, which I have had an opportunity of conſulting, it appears this muſt have been addreſſed to the elder ſiſter, who was more handſome, and more ſenſible than Martha. She was the firſt object of Pope's attachment; but not meeting with ſo much encouragement, he transferred his attentions to her ſiſter.

The aſſumed name of Tereſa was Zephalinda, under which ſhe correſponded, for many years, with a Mr. More, under the feigned name of Alexis. Martha was called Parthenia.

THE BASSET-TABLE,

AN ECLOGUE*.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Baſſet-Table* ſpread, the *Tallier* come;
Why ſtays SMILINDA in the Dreſſing-Room?
Riſe, penſive Nymph, the Tallier waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, ſince my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyleſs make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I ſaw him ſtand behind OMBRELIA'S Chair,
And whiſper with that ſoft, deluding air,
And thoſe feign'd ſighs which cheat the liſt'ning Fair.

CAR-

NOTES.

* Mr. Dallaway has given good reaſons for ſuppoſing that the Town Eclogues were written entirely by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Moſt probably Lady M. has the greateſt claim to them; but as ſome corrected copies were found among Gay's and Pope's papers, and have been received into Pope's works, I have ventured to retain them; but, as far as their literary merit is concerned, it very little matters to whom they excluſively belong.

VER. 1. *The Baſſet-Table ſpread,*] There were ſix Town Eclogues; two written by Mr. Pope, and the reſt by Lady Wortley Montagu, whoſe fine genius and abilities are well known; and from whoſe hand I am glad to preſent the reader with the following Sonnet, preſerved by Algarotti, in the ſeventh volume of his Works:

CARDELIA.

Is this the cauſe of your Romantic ſtrains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart ſuſtains.
As You by Love, ſo I by Fortune croſs't;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septlevas* have loſt.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With eaſe, the ſmiles of Fortune I reſign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover loſt, is but a common care:
And prudent Nymphs againſt that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice loſt! Oh! who could gueſs
This fatal Stroke, this unforeſeen Diſtreſs?

SMI-

NOTES.

* "Thou Silver Deity of ſecret night,
Direct my footſteps through the Woodland ſhade;
Thou conſcious witneſs of unknown delight,
The Lover's Guardian, and the Muſe's aid.
By thy pale beams I ſolitary rove,
To thee my tender grief confide;
Serenely ſweet you gild the ſilent grove,
My friend, my goddeſs, and my guide.
Ev'n thee, fair Queen, from thy amazing height,
The charms of young Endimion drew,
Veil'd in the mantle of concealing night,
With all thy greatneſs, and thy coldneſs too!"

WARTON.

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY ſhall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, ſhe ſhall ſay who ſuffers moſt,
By *Cards' Ill Uſage*, or by *Lovers loſt*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I ſtay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want ſome Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid ſtrive;
And both the ſtruggling figures ſeem alive.
Upon the bottom ſhines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Caſe.
Jove, Jove himſelf, does on the ſciſſars ſhine;
The Metal, and the Workmanſhip, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the Preſent ſtrove;

At *Corticelli*'s he the Ruffle won;
Then firſt his Paſſion was in public ſhown:
HAZARDIA bluſh'd, and turn'd her Head aſide,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*—on the Hinge ſee Brilliants ſhine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I ſtake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far leſſer loſſes than I bear,
Have made a Soldier ſigh, a Lover ſwear.
And Oh! what makes the diſappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.
In complaiſance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
Tho' my own ſecret wiſh was for the *Knave*.
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had choſe;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I loſe.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing ſmart,
The cruel thought, that ſtabs me to the heart;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
By whoſe vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whoſe name I ſhed theſe ſpiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms ſhe wears.
An aukward Thing, when firſt ſhe came to Town;
Her ſhape unfaſhion'd, and her Face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her firſt to ſpread
Upon her ſallow cheeks enliv'ning red;

I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And by my int'reſt, *Cozens* made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimick airs grown pert,
She dares to ſteal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I ſwore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I knew the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And ſee the Folly, which I cannot ſhun.

EMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falſehoods could no Warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble muſt that breaſt be form'd,
To gaze on *Baſſet*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are ſet in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the ſhining train;
The Winner's pleaſure, and the Loſer's pain:
In bright confuſion open *Rouleaus* lie,
They ſtrike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
Fir'd by the ſight, all Reaſon I diſdain;
My Paſſions riſe, and will not bear the rein.

Look

Look upon *Baſſet*, you who Reaſon boaſt;
And ſee if Reaſon muſt not there be loſt.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble muſt that heart compoſe,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his Bluſhes riſe!
When awful Love ſeems melting in his Eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He Loves,—I whiſper to myſelf, *He Loves!*
Such unfeign'd Paſſion in his Looks appears,
I loſe all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting heart confeſſes all his charms,
I yield at once, and ſink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boaſt;
For ſuch a moment, Prudence well were loſt.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter*'s, batter'd Bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl, or ratt'ling Dice compares
To *Baſſet*'s heav'nly Joys, and pleaſing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
Their ſeveral graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the Footman, as the Maſter ſweet.

LOVET.

Ceaſe your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too ſtrong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* ſhall grace SMILINDA's Side;
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

GAY wrote a Quaker's Eclogue, and Swift a Footman's Eclogue; and ſaid to Pope, "I think the Paſtoral Ridicule is not exhauſted; what think you of a Newgate Paſtoral, among the whores and thieves there?" When Lady M. W. Montagu would ſometimes ſhew a copy of her verſes to Pope, and he would make ſome little alterations, "No," ſaid ſhe, "Pope, no touching! for then, whatever is good for any thing will paſs for your's, and the reſt for mine." WARTON.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR DIT UN AUTEUR, etc.

ONCE (ſays an Author, where I need not ſay)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyſter in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the diſpute grew ſtrong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Juſtice* paſt along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cauſe.
Dame *Juſtice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, ſwallows it, before their ſight.
The cauſe of ſtrife remov'd ſo rarely well,
There take (ſays *Juſtice*), take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Weſtminſter* on Fools like you;
'Twas a fat Oyſter—Live in peace—Adieu.

IT will be no unuſeful or unpleaſing amuſement to compare this tranſlation with the original:

" Un jour, dit un Auteur, n'importe en quel chapitre,
Deux voyageurs à jeun rencontrerent une huître,
Tous deux la conteſtoient, lorſque dans leur chemin,
La juſtice paſſa, la balance à la main.
Devant elle à grand bruit ils expliquent la choſe.
Tous deux avec depens veulent gagner leur cauſe.
La juſtice peſant ce droit litigieux,
Demande l'huitre, l'ouvre, & l'avale à leur yeux,
Et par ce bel arreſt terminant la bataille:
Tenez voilà, dit elle, à chacun une écaille.
Des ſottiſes d'autrui, nous vivons au palais;
Meſſieurs, l'huitre étoit bonne. Adieu, Vivez en paix."

In the fifth, ſixth, ſeventh, ninth, and twelfth verſes, Pope is inferior to the original. WARTON.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOW.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?
'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty ſeldom.
'Tis a fear that ſtarts at ſhadows;
'Tis, (no, 'tis'n't) like Miſs *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful, would ſeem wiſe;
Yet plays the fool before ſhe dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

VER. 11. *That rails at dear Lepell*] Miſs Lepell was one of the maids of honour to Queen Caroline, and ſhe afterwards was married to Lord Hervey. She and Miſs Mary Bellenden, mentioned in Gay's ballad, and in Pope's letters, were the ornaments of the court, for beauty, engaging manners, and amiable character. I have a MS. letter from her, written at Paris to Lord Melcomb, which ſufficiently evinces her ſuperior underſtanding, and might be claſſed with the letters of Lady M. W. Montagu.

In Gay's ballad ſhe is deſignated as,

"Youth's youngeſt daughter, ſweet Lepell."

He alſo celebrates her with Miſs Bellenden, in his ballad, intitled, Damon and Cupid:

"So well I'm known at Court,
None aſks where beauty dwells,
But readily reſort,
To Bellenden's or Lepell's."

Of

Of Miſs Meadows, mentioned in this little jeu d'eſprit, I find the following notice in a MS. poem of Lord Melcomb, the celebrated Bubb Dodington:

As chaſte as "Hervey or *Miſs Meadows!*"

Among theſe ſmaller poems of our Author, the following couplet was expoſed, on a dog's collar, which he gave to the Prince of Wales:

"I am his Highneſs's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?"

which was taken from Sir William Temple's Miſcellanies, vol. iii. p. 323. ſaid to be the anſwer of Mr. Grantham's Fool to one who aſked him whoſe fool he was. WARTON.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crouds of Critics now my Verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain.
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

NOTES.

VER. 2. *Buckingham commends,*] It would be difficult to add any thing to the finiſhed portrait of this nobleman, given by Mr. Walpole in his Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 118. WARTON.

VER. 5 and 6. *This more*] A very groundleſs complaint! Few authors, during their lives, were more reſpected and revered than himſelf by perſons of rank and judges of merit. WARTON.

A PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's *Benefit in* 1733, *when he was old, blind, and in great Diſtreſs, a little before his Death.*

As when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* ſlain,
Lay fortune-ſtruck, a ſpectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
Such,

NOTES.

VER. 6. *But pitied Beliſarius*, &c.] Nothing could be more happily imagined than this alluſion, nor more finely conducted. The continued pleaſantry is ſo delicately touched, that it took nothing from the ſelf-ſatisfaction which the critic who heard it, had in his own merit, or the audience in their charity. In a word, this benevolent irony is proſecuted with ſo maſterly a hand, that the Poet ſuppoſed, had Dennis himſelf the wit to ſee it, he would have had the ingenuity to approve of it.

" This dreaded Sat'riſt, Dennis will confeſs,
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs."

WARBURTON.

VER. 7. *Was there a Chief*, &c.] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital picture of Beliſarius at Chiſwick, ſupplied the Poet with this beautiful idea. WARBURTON.

Such, ſuch emotions ſhould in *Britons* riſe,
When preſs'd by want and weakneſs DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
A deſp'rate *Bulwark*, ſturdy, firm, and fierce
Againſt the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verſe:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And ſhook the Stage with Thunders all his own!
Stood up to daſh each vain PRETENDER's hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden ſhoes in ſcorn;
If there's a Critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;

Let

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;*] See Dunciad, Note on v. 63. B. I.

An old gentleman of the laſt century, who uſed to frequent Button's coffee-houſe, told me they had many pleaſant ſcenes of Dennis's indignation and reſentment, when Steele and Rowe, in particular, teized him with a pun. WARTON.

VER. 13. *A deſp'rate Bulwark*, &c.] Alluding to his hatred of rhime. WARTON.

VER. 16 *And ſhook the Stage with Thunders all his own!*] See Dunciad, Note on v. 226. B. II.

VER. 17. *Stood up to daſh*, &c.] See Dunciad, Note on v. 173. B. III.

VER. 18. *Maul the French Tyrant,*—] See Dunciad, Note on v. 413. B. II.

Ibid. *or pull down the* POPE!] See Dunciad, Note on v. 63. B. I.

VER. 21. *If there's a Critic of diſtinguiſh'd rage;*] See Dunciad, Notes on v. 106. B. I.

Let him to-night his juſt aſſiſtance lend,
And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

NOTES.

Dr. WARTON thinks that much "bitter ſatire is concealed under theſe topics of commiſeration." If ſarcaſms were intended upon ſuch an occaſion, they were as ill-timed as they were cruel. I perceive nothing bitter, but a good humoured ſmile, on poor Dennis's favourite topics. Hard, indeed, muſt be the heart, that could ſtrike a blow at a fallen enemy, diſarmed and poor, under the ſhew of pity and generoſity. I dare ſay, the old man heard the Prologue, not only with complacency but with delight. It is added, that Mallet and Thomſon intereſted themſelves much in procuring him a good benefit.

MACER:

A CHARACTER.

WHEN ſimple *Macer*, now of high renown,
Firſt fought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
'Twas

NOTES.

MACER:] Dr. Warton thinks this character was intended for J. Moore Smith; but it ſeems to me more likely that Phillips, Pope's redoubted rival in Paſtoral, was intended. My reaſons for thinking ſo are, he is elſewhere called *lean* Phillips,

"*Lean* Phillips and fat Johnſon."

"Macer" certainly alludes to this. He began his literary career with worſhipping "Steel" and Addiſon. He "*borrow'd*" a play from Voltaire, the Diſtreſt Mother; "*Simplicity*," is applied to the "Paſtorals," and "Tranſlated Suit," to the tranſlation of the Perſian Tales:

"And turns a Perſian tale for half-a crown!"

I will give the reader, however, Warton's opinion.

VER. 1. *When ſimple Macer*,] Said to be the character of James Moore Smith, author of the Rival Modes, a comedy, in 1726. He pilfered verſes from Pope. He joined in a political paper with the Duke of Wharton, called The Inquiſitor, written with ſuch violence againſt government, that he was ſoon obliged to drop it. This character was firſt printed in the Miſcellanies of Swift and Pope 1727, concerning which the following anecdote is tranſcribed from Dr. Birch's manuſcripts in the Britiſh Muſeum:

"Auguſt 17, 1749. Mr. George Faulkner, of Dublin, told me, that Dr. Swift had long conceived a mean opinion of Mr. Pope, on account of his jealous, peeviſh, avaricious temper. The Doctor gave Mr. Pope the property of his Gulliver, which he ſold the copy of for three hundred pounds; and gave up to him, in 1727, his ſhare of the copy of the three volumes of their Miſcellanies, which came to one hundred and fifty pounds. The Doctor was

'Twas all th' Ambition his high ſoul could feel,
To wear red Stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he ſtop'd ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little:
Like ſtunted hide-bound Trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient Sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe Country Wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns Chambermaid;
Aukward

NOTES.

angry with Mr. Pope for his ſatire upon Mr. Addiſon, whom the former eſteemed as an honeſt, generous, and friendly man. Worſdale the painter was employed by Mr. Pope to go to Curl in the habit of a clergyman, and ſell him the printed copies of his Letters. Mr. Pope ſent to Ireland to Dr. Swift, by Mr. Gerrard, an Iriſh gentleman, then at Bath, a printed copy of their letters, with an anonymous letter, which occaſioned Dr. Swift to give Mr. Faulkner leave to reprint them at Dublin, though Mr. Pope's Edition was publiſhed firſt."

I would obſerve, on this anecdote, that it is not very probable that Swift ſhould condemn Pope's Verſes on Addiſon, as they were firſt printed in the Miſcellanies, which publication was their joint work; and the verſes themſelves are mentioned in the preface to theſe Miſcellanies. WARTON.

VER. 4. *To wear red Stockings,*] I remember old Demoivre told me, about fifty years ago, that all he remembered of Corneille was, that he had ſeen him in red ſtockings at the theatre.

WARTON.

Aukward and ſupple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wond'rous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *Simplicity:*
In a tranſlated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with Punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er ſince our Grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their riſe,
And in a Worm decay.

The

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
  Thus Worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
  And Death-watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen,
  By all their winding play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
  That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore!* thy ſkill were well employ'd,
  And greater gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the Courtier void
  The worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
  Who ſett'ſt our entrails free!
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
  Since Worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canſt adjourn
  Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n *Button*'s Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
  Who Maggots were before.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING ſpread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature muſt give way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days conſuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Diſcretion*, ſtring the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers;
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V. Gloomy

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Cryſtal Mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypreſs, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela*, drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to Fate.

THE above is a pleaſant burleſque on the gawdy, glittering, florid ſtyle and manner of certain deſcriptive poets. I think the reader will pardon me for laying before him part of a piece of ridicule on the ſame ſubject, and of equal merit, which made its firſt appearance many years ago in the Oxford Student, and is thus entitled, "Ode to Horror, in the Allegoric, Deſcriptive, Alliterative, Epithetical, Fantaſtic, Hyperbolical, and Diabolical Style of our Modern Ode-Writers and Monody-Mongers."

——"Ferreus ingruit Horror." VIRG.

"O Goddeſs of the gloomy ſcene,
Of ſhadowy ſhapes, thou black-brow'd Queen;
Thy treſſes dark with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring abbey found;
Oft wont from charnels damp and dim,
To call the ſheeted ſpectre grim,
While as his looſe chains loudly clink,
Thou add'ſt a length to ev'ry link:
O thou, that lov'ſt at eve to ſeek
The penſive-pacing pilgrim meek,
And ſett'ſt before his ſhudd'ring eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant-ſize,
As wildly works thy wizzard will,
Till fear-ſtruck fancy has her fill:
Dark pow'r, whoſe magic-might prevails
O'er hermit-rocks and fairy-vales;
O Goddeſs, erſt by Spenſer view'd,
What time th' Enchanter vile embru'd
His hands in Florimel's pure heart,
Till loos'd by ſteel-clad Britomart:
O thou that erſt on fancy's wing
Didſt terror-trembling Taſſo bring,
To groves where kept damn'd Furies dire
Their blue-tipt battlements of fire;
Thou that thro' many a darkſome pine,
O'er the rugged rock recline,

Did'ſt

Did'ſt wake the hollow-whiſp'ring breeze
With care-conſumed Eloiſe:
O thou, with whom in cheerleſs cell,
The midnight clock pale pris'ners tell;
O haſte thee, mild Miltonic maid,
From yonder yews ſequeſter'd ſhade;
More bright than all the fabled nine,
Teach me to breathe the ſolemn line:
O bid my well-rang'd numbers riſe,
Pervious to none but Attic eyes;
O give the ſtrain that madneſs moves,
Till every ſtarting ſenſe approves.
What felt the Gallic Traveller,
When far in Arab-deſert drear,
He found within the Catacomb,
Alive, the terrors of a tomb?
While many a mummy thro' the ſhade,
In hieroglyphic ſtole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the myſtic head,
And trace the gloom with ghoſtly tread;
Thou heard'ſt him pour the ſtifled groan,
Horror! his ſoul was all thy own!"

The author was himſelf a deſcriptive poet of the firſt claſs. Mr. William Collins thought himſelf aimed at by this piece of ridicule. His odes had been juſt publiſhed; and the laſt lines ſeemed to refer to a particular paſſage in them. WARTON.

The author was Thomas Warton; and it is a curious fact, that it was *ridicule* which at firſt led him to the very ſtudies, in which he afterwards ſo eminently ſhone. He began by ridiculing Hearne*, and afterwards became an antiquarian of the moſt accurate, as well as elegant character; and from laughing at Collins, he wrote odes of the ſame deſcription. The humour of this ode (which I had doubts whether I ſhould preſerve) is not half ſo obvious as the humour of Pope's ballad. It might paſs for a *ſerious Deſcriptive Ode* of the eighteenth century, with a certain claſs of poetical readers.

* The famous antiquarian.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's moſt uncommon;
(Envy be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable Woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Paſſion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave through Pride, or gay through Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And ſenſible ſoft Melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then, (Envy ſays,) Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver;
When all the World conſpires to praiſe her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

NOTES.

LADY AT COURT.] HENRIETTA, ſiſter of John, the firſt Earl of Buckinghamſhire, was eldeſt daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, of Blickling in Norfolk, and eſpouſed Charles Howard, younger ſon of Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk, whom ſhe accompanied to Hanover, before the death of Queen Ann. She came to England with Caroline, then Electoral Princeſs, and became her bed-chamber woman. Mr. Coxe remarks, that "if we were to draw an eſtimate of the underſtanding and character of Mrs. Howard, from the repreſentations of Pope, Swift, and Gay, during the time of her favour, we might ſuppoſe ſhe poſſeſſed every accompliſhment and good quality," &c.

"The real truth is," he adds, "that ſhe was more remarkable for beauty than for underſtanding, and the paſſion which the King entertained

tertained for her was rather derived from chance," &c. "He was firſt enamoured of another Lady, who was more cruel to the Royal Lover than Mrs. Howard. This Lady was the beautiful and lively Mary Bellenden," &c. "The Prince having communicated his paſſion for Miſs Bellenden to Mrs. Howard, and being rejected, became enamoured of his confidante."

Coxe's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 14.

VER. 1. *I know the thing*] Equal in elegance to any compliment that Waller has paid to Sacchariſſa; eſpecially the laſt ſtanza, and the anſwer to Envy. The Lady addreſt was Mrs. Howard, of Marble-hill, bed-chamber woman to Queen Caroline, and afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk. WARTON.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM.

COMPOSED OF

MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where *Thames'* tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad Mirror through the ſhadowy Cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs diſtil,
And pointed Cryſtals break the ſparkling Rill,
Unpoliſh'd Gems no ray on Pride beſtow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the Mine without a wiſh for Gold.
Approach:

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 6. in the MS.

You ſee that Iſland's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place in the globe which feels not tyranny even to its very entrails. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

On his Grotto] The improving and finiſhing his Grot was the favourite amuſement of his declining years; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the diſpoſition and ornaments of this romantic receſs, appears to as much advantage as in his beſt contrived Poems. WARBURTON.

There is much truth in Warburton's obſervation, although it may not convey the ſenſe he intended. Pope's Garden certainly reſembled his poliſhed and embelliſhed ſtrain, but of neither are "romantic" beauty or "great nature" the characteriſtics.

Approach: But awful! Lo! the Aegerian Grot, 9
Where, nobly-penſive, ST. JOHN ſate and thought;
Where

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,*] In his MS. it was thus:

To Wyndham's breaſt the patriot paſſions ſtole,

which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much conſequence to any but the parties concerned. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 8. *eye the Mine*]

"Aurum irrepertum, et ſic melius ſitum
Cum terra celet." HORAT. l. 3. od. 3.

VER. 9. *Aegerian Grot.*] Theſe are two charming lines; but are blemiſhed by two bad rhymes, *Grot* to *Thought*; ſcarce excuſable in ſo ſhort a poem, in which every ſyllable ought to be correct.

It is remarkable that Juvenal having mentioned this celebrated cave, takes occaſion to inveigh againſt artificial grotto-work, and adulterating the ſimple beauties of nature, in lines uncommonly poetical:

"In vallem Ægeriæ deſcendimus, et Speluncas
Diſſimiles veris; quanto præſtantius eſſet
Numen aquæ, viridi ſi margine clauderit undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum."
Sat. iii. v. 17.

Milton, in an exquiſite Latin poem, addreſſed to Salſillus, vol. ii. p. 532. has beautifully feigned that Numa is ſtill living in this dark grove and grotto, in the perpetual enjoyment of his Ægeria. WARTON.

VER. 10. *Where, nobly penſive,* ST. JOHN] Lord Bolingbroke's account of the converſations, and manner of Pope's friends paſſing their time, in his Garden, is not unintereſting:

"All I dare promiſe you is, that my thoughts, in what order ſoever they flow, ſhall be communicated to you, juſt as they paſs through my mind, juſt as they uſed to be when we *converſed together on theſe or any other ſubject*, when we *ſauntered* alone, or, *as we have often done*, with good *Arbuthnot*, and the *jocoſe* Dean of St. Patrick, among the multiplied ſcenes of your little Garden."
Letter to Sir William Wyndham.

Where *Britiſh* ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot through MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

VER. 11. *dying Wyndham*] I have, by favour of Mr. Coxe, an eloquent and affecting letter on the Death of Sir William Wyndham by Lord Bolingbroke, but it is too long to be inſerted. The reader will find it in another place.

Sir William Wyndham was a moſt upright and amiable man, and conſcientiouſly attached to the exiled Houſe of James. Born of a Tory family; "embued," ſays Mr. Coxe, "from his earlier years with notions of Divine right, he uniformly oppoſed the ſucceſſion of the Houſe of Brunſwick."

By marriage, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, with the daughter of Sir John Sydenham of Orchard, the elder line of the ancient family of this name, from Wymondham in Norfolk, was ſettled at Orchard, ſince called Orchard Wyndham in Somerſetſhire. Sir William was lineally deſcended from this branch. He was born in the year 1686, and, upon the death of his Father, ſucceeded to the title of Baronet. He married, in 1708, Lady Catherine Seymour, daughter of Charles Duke of Somerſet.

Pope's connection with him was probably owing to Lord Bolingbroke, through life his intimate friend, and with whom he kept up a conſtant correſpondence, which was continued with his ſon, afterwards Earl of Egremont, till the death of Lord Bolingbroke. Under Lord Oxford's adminiſtration he was made Maſter of the Buck-Hounds, was afterwards Secretary at War, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. For obvious reaſons, he experienced a great reverſe of fortune on the acceſſion of George I. and was committed to the Tower in 1716. He was releaſed under bail, and continued to be highly reſpected for his probity and abilities. He died in 1740.

Engraved by [illegible] from a Drawing by [illegible].

SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM.

From a Picture by Richardson,

in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand and the other Proprietors, May 1, 1817.

TO MR. GAY,

CONGRATULATING HIM ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.

"AH, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my ſtructures riſe, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double ſcenes
Of hanging mountains, and of ſloping greens:
Joy lives not here, to happier ſeats it flies,
And only dwells where WORTLEY caſts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd ſhade,
The morning bower, the ev'ning colonnade,
But ſoft receſſes of uneaſy minds,
To ſigh unheard in, to the paſſing winds?
So the ſtruck deer in ſome ſequeſter'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart,
He, ſtretch'd unſeen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

THESE very beautiful lines I have introduced in this place, as the moſt proper, after Pope's Inſcription on his Grotto. In Pope's works the eight laſt lines only have been publiſhed as a fragment, the others were ſuppreſſed in conſequence of his ſubſequent quarrel with the Lady whoſe name appears in them. They appear evidently written *from the heart*.

Lady Mary's account of them puts their authenticity out of doubt:

"I ſee ſometimes Mr. Congreve, and very ſeldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embelliſh his houſe at Twickenham. He has made a ſubterranean grotto, which he has furniſhed with looking-glaſſes, and *they tell me* it has a good effect. I ſend *you ſome verſes, addreſſed to Mr. Gay*, who wrote him *a congratulatory Letter on his finiſhing his houſe*. I ſtifled theſe here, and I beg they may die the ſame death at Paris, and never go farther than your cloſet."

Dallaway's edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's Works, vol. iii. p. 108.

TO MRS. M. B.*

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

OH be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleaſure, and a Friend:
Not with thoſe Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry bleſſing through,
Some joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.

Let Joy or Eaſe, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm

NOTES.

* Martha Blount.

VER. 10. *'Tis but the Fun'ral*] Immediately after this line were theſe four following, in the original:

"If there's no hope, with kind, tho' fainter ray,
To gild the evening of our future day;
If every page of life's long volume tell
The ſame dull ſtory, Mordaunt, thou didſt well!"

Colonel Mordaunt, who deſtroyed himſelf, though not under the preſſure of any ill or misfortune. WARTON.

Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft Dream, or Extaſy of Joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh ſince Death muſt that fair frame deſtroy,
Die, by ſome ſudden extaſy of Joy;
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp a ſigh of Love.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one ſin, but Poetry,
This day TOM's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of ſweet ſingers,
Preſents her Harp ſtill to his fingers.

The

NOTES.

VER. 3. *This day Tom's*] This amiable writer lived the longeſt, and died one of the richeſt, of all our poets. In 1737, Mr. Gray, writing to a friend, ſays very agreeably, "We have here old Mr. Southern, who often comes to ſee us; he is now ſeventy-ſeven years old, and has almoſt wholly loſt his memory; but is as agreeable an old man as can be, at leaſt I perſuade myſelf ſo, when I look at him, and think of Iſabella and Oroonoko." He was certainly a great maſter of the pathetic; and in the latter part of his life became ſenſible of the impropriety he had been guilty of in mixing Tragedy with Comedy. He was the firſt play-writer that had the benefit of a third night. He told Dryden that he once had cleared ſeven hundred pounds by one of his plays.

WARTON.

VER. 6. *A table,*] Mr. Southern was invited to dine on his birth-day with this nobleman (Lord Orrery), who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here ſet down.

WARBURTON.

VER. 8. *Preſents her Harp*] The Harp is generally wove on the Iriſh linen; ſuch as table-cloths, &c. WARBURTON.

The feaſt, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild gooſe and the larks!
The muſhrooms ſhew his wit was ſudden
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roaſt beef, tho' old, proclaims him ſtout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heav'n ſent down to raiſe
The price of Prologues and of Plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digeſt his thirty-thouſandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And ſcorn a raſcal in a coach.

NOTES.

Ver. 16. *The price of Prologues and of Plays,*] This alludes to a ſtory Mr. Southern told of Dryden, about the ſame time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W.—When Southern firſt wrote for the ſtage, Dryden was ſo famous for his Prologues, that the Players would act nothing without that decoration. His uſual price till then had been four guineas; but when Southern came to him for the Prologue he had beſpoke, Dryden told him he muſt have ſix guineas for it; "which (ſaid he) young man, is out of no diſreſpect to you, but the Players have had my goods too cheap."—We now look upon theſe Prologues with the ſame admiration that the Virtuoſi do on the Apothecaries' pots painted by Raphael. Warburton.

ROXANA, OR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

AN ECLOGUE.

ROXANA from the court returning late,
Sigh'd her ſoft ſorrow at St. James's gate:
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breaſt;
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppreſt:
They curſe the cruel weight they're doom'd to bear;
She in more gentle ſounds expreſs'd her care.

Was it for this, that I theſe roſes wear?
For this, new-ſet the jewels for my hair?
Ah Princeſs! with what zeal have I purſu'd?
Almoſt forgot the duty of a prude.
This King, I never could attend too ſoon;
I miſs'd my pray'rs, to get me dreſs'd by noon.
For thee, ah! what for thee did I reſign?
My paſſions, pleaſures, all that e'er was mine:
I've ſacrific'd both modeſty and eaſe;
Left operas, and went to filthy plays:
Double entendres ſhock'd my tender ear;
Yet even this, for thee, I chuſe to bear:
In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
And ev'ry joy of life before me lay;
By honour prompted, and by pride reſtrain'd,
The pleaſures of the young my ſoul diſdain'd:

Sermons I ſought, and with a mien ſevere,
Cenſur'd my neighbours, and ſaid daily pray'r.
Alas, how chang'd! with this ſame ſermon-mien,
The filthy What-d'ye-call it—I have ſeen.
Ah, royal Princeſs! for whoſe ſake I loſt
The reputation, which ſo dear had coſt;
I, who avoided ev'ry public place,
When bloom and beauty bid me ſhew my face,
Now near thee, conſtant, I each night abide,
With never-failing duty by my ſide;
Myſelf and daughters ſtanding in a row,
To all the foreigners a goodly ſhow.
Oft had your drawing-room been ſadly thin,
And merchants wives cloſe by your ſide had been;
Had I not amply fill'd the empty place,
And ſav'd your Highneſs from the dire diſgrace:
Yet Cockatilla's artifice prevails,
When all my duty and my merit fails:
That Cockatilla, whoſe deluding airs
Corrupts our virgins, and our youth enſnares;
So ſunk her character, and loſt her fame,
Scarce viſited, before your Highneſs came;
Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis ſhe you chuſe,
Whilſt zeal, and fame, and virtue you refuſe.
Ah worthy choice; not one of all your train
Which cenſures blaſt not, or diſhonours ſtain.

I know

NOTES.

VER. 26. *What-d'ye-call-it*] Gay's farce, ſo called.

VER. 34. *foreigners*] The attendants of George the Firſt, from Hanover.

I know the court, with all its treach'rous wiles,
The falſe careſſes, and undoing ſmiles.
Ah, Princeſs! learn'd in all the courtly arts,
To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.

Mr. DALLAWAY ſays, this Eclogue was written in the year 1715, and he gives very ſatisfactory reaſons for attributing it to Lady Mary Montagu. I am inclined to think, by Roxana was meant the Ducheſs of Marlborough. It is well known, that after the acceſſion of George the Firſt, the Duke was among the diſſatisfied; for, though he was appointed Commander in Chief, yet he did not enjoy the ſmalleſt ſhare of confidence or power. The Ducheſs, no doubt, partook of his ſpleen. The "*Princeſs*" was Caroline, then Princeſs of Wales; and Cockatilla, Mrs. Howard, made bed-chamber woman to the *Princeſs*. This is my idea, but it is of little conſequence to illuſtrate a poem, which Pope, perhaps, never wrote.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I.

In beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To queſtion your empire has dar'd;
But men of diſcerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent ſchools,
With muſty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd:
So papiſts refuſe
The Bible to uſe,
Leſt flocks ſhou'd be wiſe as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curſt)
In knowledge that taſted delight,
And ſages agree
The laws ſhou'd decree
To the firſt poſſeſſor the right.

IV. Then

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Reſume the old claim,
Which to your whole ſex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the firſt Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had ſhe,
What a puniſhment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who taſting, have robb'd the whole tree?

NOTES.

VER. 30. *Who taſting, have robb'd the whole tree?*] This extraordinary Lady, the object of Pope's attachment in his early years, and of his moſt virulent invective afterwards, was indeed a Lady of ſenſe, ſpirit, and talents, as well as of great beauty. Her *letters*, in unaffected language, good ſenſe, and natural humour, are as much ſuperior to Pope's, as his *verſes* are ſuperior to her's. Her maiden name was Mary Pierrepoint; ſhe was the daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingſton, and Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William Earl of Denbigh. She was born at Thoreſby, in Nottinghamſhire, about the year 1690.

"The firſt dawn of her genius opened ſo auſpiciouſly, that her Father reſolved to cultivate the advantages of Nature by a ſedulous attention to her early education. Under the ſame preceptors as her brother, Viſcount Newark, ſhe acquired the elements of the Greek, Latin, and French languages with the greateſt ſucceſs. Her

Her ſtudies were afterwards ſuperintended by Burnet, Biſhop of Saliſbury, and her tranſlation of Epictetus received his emendation."

Dallaway's Memoirs of Lady M. W. Montagu.

Her huſband was an intimate friend of Addiſon and of Steel. She went with him on his embaſſy to Conſtantinople, and, after his recall, lived at Twickenham. Pope's admiration ended in diſguſt and averſion. Her latter years were paſſed in Italy, and her letters from thence are very intereſting, though there is no ſatisfactory account given why ſhe was ſeparated from her country ſo many years.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES,

On the Picture of Lady MARY W. MONTAGU *by* KNELLER.

[From Dallaway's Life of Lady Mary.]

THE playful ſmiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majeſty and truth;
So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow Genius does the power deny)
The equal luſtre of the heav'nly mind,
Where ev'ry grace with ev'ry virtue's join'd;
Learning not vain, and wiſdom not ſevere,
With greatneſs eaſy, and with wit ſincere;
With juſt deſcription ſhew the work divine,
And the whole princeſs in my work ſhould ſhine.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *The playful ſmiles, &c.*] Her face and appearance were ſo altered by age, that ſhe ſays for many years ſhe never looked in a glaſs. She received her travelling countrymen, who paid their reſpects to her in Italy, veiled, or in a maſk.

She lived to ſee the Nobleman who married her daughter, higheſt in the confidence of his preſent Majeſty; and whatever might have been her faults, her tender and affectionate correſpondence with her daughter, no one can read without a tear of reſpect and ſympathy.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ON MRS. PULTENEY.

WITH ſcornful mien, and various toſs of air,
Fantaſtic, vain, and inſolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and ſhe moves diſdain.
Far other carriage grac'd her virgin life,
But charming G—y's loſt, in P—y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction ſwells at leaſt her mind:
O could the ſire, renown'd in glaſs, produce
One faithful mirrour for his daughter's uſe!
Wherein ſhe might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted ſweetneſs to her form reſtore,
Be what ſhe was, and charm mankind once more!

NOTES.

VER. 6. *But charming G-y's loſt, &c.*] Anna Maria Gumley, daughter of John Gumley of Iſleworth, was married to Pulteney, who received with her a very large fortune.

VER. 9. *O could the fire, renown'd in glaſs,*] Her father gained his fortune from a glaſs manufactory; upon which circumſtance, though hitherto unexplained, the force and elegance of this ſevere but pleaſing compoſition turns.

Theſe lines were ſuppreſſed, as Pope afterwards received great civilities from Pulteney.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd, diſtracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teize:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, ſleep at eaſe!

* * * * * * * * * *

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervaſe gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his ſoul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned ſot;
And Garth, the beſt good Chriſtian he,
Altho' he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard muſt go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonſon!
Heaven gives thee for thy loſs of Rowe,
Lean Philips*, and fat Johnſon†.

Why

NOTES.

* Elſewhere called "Macer."

† Probably the friend of Wilkes; he wrote ſixteen dramatic pieces of indifferent merit. See Cibber's Life.

Why ſhould I ſtay? Both parties* rage;
My vixen miſtreſs† ſqualls;
The wits in envious feuds engage:
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Hallifax's urn;
And not one Muſe of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y - - rs ſold for fifty pounds,
And B - - - - ll is a jade.

Why make I friendſhips with the great,
When I no favour ſeek?
* * * * * * * * * * *

Still idle, with a buſy air,
Deep whimſies to contrive;
The gayeſt valetudinaire,
Moſt thinking rake alive.

Solicitous

NOTES.

* Whigs, and Tories; or rather the Jacobites: for this was written the year of the rebellion.

† I think he means Tereſa Blount, his *firſt flame*, who never would ſubmit to his jealouſies and humours.

Solicitous for other ends,
Tho' fond of dear repoſe;
Careleſs or drowſy* with my friends,
And frolick with my foes.

Luxurious lobſter-nights, farewell †,
For ſober, ſtudious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For ſallads, tarts, and peaſe!

Adieu

NOTES.

* He is ſaid once to have fallen aſleep at his own table, when the Prince of Wales was in company.

† It is curious that Nicholas Breton, an obſcure writer of verſes 1577, makes nearly the ſame complaint in his Poem called "Farewell to Town." See Ellis' Specimens, vol. ii. page 270.

And now farewell each *dainty diſh*,
With ſundry ſorts of ſugar'd wine!
Farewell, I ſay, fine *fleſh* and fiſh,
To pleaſe this dainty mouth of mine!
I now, alas! muſt leave all theſe,
And make good cheer with *bread* and *cheeſe!*

Warton had here introduced, as Pope's, an abuſive addreſs to Bolingbroke; I have omitted it, becauſe I cannot think Pope would write theſe lines of himſelf:

"In ſpight of fears, of mercy ſpight,
My genius ſtill muſt rail, and write.
Haſte to thy Twick'nham's ſafe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great;
There, half devour'd by ſpleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and ſtate."

Adieu to all but Gay alone *,
Whoſe ſoul, ſincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And ſo may ſtarve with me.

NOTES.

* Gay was the favourite of Pope, and was received into his utmoſt confidence; a friendſhip was formed between them, which laſted to their ſeparation by death. JOHNSON.

He mentions Gay again, in his Prologue to the Satires, verſe 256, with all the pathetic ſenſibility of the tendereſt friendſhip, in ſtrains of ſupreme excellence:

"——They left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb;
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My verſe, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!"
WAKEFIELD.

The following Lines were ſung by DURASTANTI*, *when ſhe took her leave of the Engliſh Stage. The Words were in Haſte put together by Mr.* POPE, *at the Requeſt of the Earl of* PETERBOROW.

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land ſecure from all invaſion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the ſun?

Happy ſoil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.
In arms, in arts, be ſtill more ſhining;
All your joys be ſtill encreaſing;
All your taſtes be ſtill refining;
All your jars for ever ceaſing:
But let old charmers yield to new:—
Happy ſoil, adieu, adieu!

NOTES.

* Duraſtanti was brought to England by Handel, to ſing at the Opera, 1721. She was ſo great a favourite at Court, that the King ſtood godfather to one of her children.

Upon the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's *Houſe at Woodſtock.*

Atria longè patent ; ſed nec cœnantibus uſquam,
Nec ſomno locus eſt : quàm bene non habites!
MART. Epig.

SEE, Sir, here's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach ;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Obſerve the lion and the cock,
The ſpacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are ſo well deſign'd,
They never ſmoke in any wind.
This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in ;
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the reſt are rooms of ſtate.

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye ſleep, or where d'ye dine ?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a houſe, but not a dwelling *.

NOTES.

* The ſame idea is uſed by Lord Cheſterfield in his Epigram on Burlington-Houſe :

" How well you *build*, let flatt'ry tell ;
And all mankind, how ill you dwell!"

Verſes left by Mr. POPE, *on his lying in the ſame Bed which* WILMOT, *the celebrated Earl of* ROCHESTER, *ſlept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of* ARGYLE, *July 9th*, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I preſs the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the ſky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn
Yet ſtoop to bleſs a child or wife;
And ſuch as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

THE CHALLENGE.

A COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of "To all you Ladies now at Land, &c."

I.

To one fair lady out of court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk* and Pope† a ſport,
And wit and love no ſin;
Come, theſe ſoft lines, with nothing ſtiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell‡, and Griffin.
With a fa, la, la.

II. What

NOTES.

* Warton has a note upon theſe words, "*Uſbeck*, the little Turk." One is tempted to ſay, in the language of the Author of the Critic, "The *interpreter is the hardeſt to be underſtood of the two.*" The expreſſion of the "Turk and the Pope," is very common; it is here applied *equivocally*, to the author, and perhaps to one of the Turks, who came to England with George the Firſt.

† The Author.

‡ Miſs Lepell has been ſpoken of before. Mary Bellenden, the moſt beautiful and lovely woman of her time, maid of honour to Caroline when Princeſs of Wales, was daughter of Lord Bellenden. She is thus deſcribed, ſays Mr. Coxe, in an old ballad, made upon the quarrel between George the Firſt and the Prince of Wales at the chriſtening, when the Prince and all his houſehold were ordered to quit St. James's:

"But Bellenden we needs muſt praiſe,
Who, as down ſtairs ſhe jumps,
Sings, "Over Hills, and far away,"
Deſpiſing doleful dumps."

This lovely and elegant woman rejected the addreſſes of the Prince, and eſpouſed in 1720 John Campbell then groom of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards Duke of Argyle. See Coxe's Memoirs.

II.

What paſſes in the dark third row,
And what behind the ſcene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the ſwing of ſinful hack,
Where many damſels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to courts ſhould I repair,
Where's ſuch ado with Townſhend?
To hear each mortal ſtamp and ſwear,
And ev'ry ſpeech with Zounds end;
To hear 'em rail at honeſt Sunderland,
And raſhly blame the realm of Blunderland*.
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how ſlim ſhe's grown,
Like Meadows† run to ſermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro' ſtay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

V. In

NOTES.

* Ireland.

† Mentioned before in the Verſes to Mrs. Howe.

V.

In truth, by what I can diſcern,
Of courtiers 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From court, than Gay or Me:
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To ſup with us on milk and quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leiceſter-Fields, a houſe full high,
With door all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tye,
(A Milliner I mean;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of Me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But ſhou'd you catch the prudiſh itch,
And each become a coward,
Bring ſometimes with you lady Rich *,
And ſometimes miſtreſs Howard †;
For virgins to keep chaſte muſt go
Abroad with ſuch as are not ſo.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII. And

NOTES.

* Lady Rich was a correſpondent of Lady M. W. Montagu.

† Mrs. Howard, miſtreſs to George II. afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk. See "Verſes to a Lady at Court," in this Volume.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;
God ſend the king ſafe landing*;
And make all honeſt ladies friends
To armies that are ſtanding;
Preſerve the limits of thoſe nations,
And take off ladies limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

NOTES.

* This Ballad was written anno 1717.

NOTWITHSTANDING Pope's affected contempt of the *Court*, he was proud of the acquaintance of ſome of the beautiful young women belonging to it.

In 1776 were publiſhed, two ſmall volumes, intitled, Additions to Pope's Work. Warton has ſilently adopted all the notes, and the *information* that the *Turk*, alluded to in the firſt ſtanza, was "little Ulrick." Are we to infer that Warton was the editor of the two volumes I have mentioned?

The Ladies mentioned in this Ballad, Pope ſpeaks of in a letter: "I met the Prince, with all his Ladies on horſeback, coming from hunting.

"Mrs. B—(Bellenden) and Mrs. L—(Lepell) took me into protection (contrary to the law againſt harbouring Papiſts), and gave me a dinner." Letters to ſeveral Ladies.

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

OF gentle Philips will I ever ſing,
With gentle Philips ſhall the vallies ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell, and with gentle Carey.
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell,
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May ſatire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, God ſave ye.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Philips*] Ambroſe Philips.
VER. 4. *Budgell,*] Euſtace Budgell.
VER. 4. *Carey,*] Henry Carey.
VER. 10. *And from all wits that have a knack,*] Curl ſaid, that in proſe he was equal to Pope, but that in verſe Pope *had* merely a *particular knack.*

MR. POPE's WELCOME FROM GREECE.

A Copy of Verſes, written by Mr. GAY *upon Mr.* POPE's *having finiſhed his Tranſlation of* HOMER's ILIAD.

I.

LONG haſt thou, friend! been abſent from thy ſoil,
Like patient Ithacus at ſiege of Troy;
I have been witneſs of thy ſix years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Loſt to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide ſea, oft threat'ning to deſtroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the ſhores of Helleſpont reſound.

II.

Did I not ſee thee when thou firſt ſett'ſt ſail
To ſeek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not ſee thy ſinking ſpirits fail,
And wiſh thy bark had never left the ſtrand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didſt thou quail,
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and ſaintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Chear up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, ſure the riſing coaſts appear;
Hark how the guns ſalute from either ſhore,
As thy trim veſſel cuts the Thames ſo fair:

Shouts

Shouts anſw'ring ſhouts, from Kent and Eſſex roar,
And bells break loud thro' every guſt of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of ſome mighty king.

IV.

Now paſs we Graveſend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More viſited than either park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Diſney, greet thee firſt of all:
I ſee his chimney ſmoke, and hear him ſay,
Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends, here ſhall ye dine and lie,
And here ſhall breakfaſt, and here dine again;
And ſup, and breakfaſt on, (if ye comply)
For I have ſtill ſome dozens of champaign:
His voice ſtill leſſens as the ſhip ſails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I ſee, I ſee proud London's ſpires;
Greenwich is loſt, and Deptford dock retires.

VI. Oh,

NOTES.

VER. 29. *Withers the good,*] There is ſomething highly pleaſing in theſe tranſient touches of portraits and character, and in the minute deſcriptive circumſtances of ſcenery. Withers is the ſame on whom Pope wrote the Epitaph.

VER. 30. *Facetious Diſney,*] He is called by Lady Mary Montagu, "Duke Diſney;" alſo in the Letters of Pope, &c. "Poor Duke Diſney is dead."

VI.

Oh, what a concourſe ſwarms on yonder key!
The ſky re-echoes with new ſhouts of joy:
By all this ſhow, I ween, 'tis Lord May'rs day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I ſee them near—oh, theſe are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard whom long as loſt we mourn'd,
From ſiege, from battle, and from ſtorm return'd!

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The ſilken petticoat, and broider'd veſt;
Yea Peers, and mighty Dukes, with ribbands blue,
(True blue, fair emblem of unſtained breaſt.)
Others I ſee, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Firſt ſee I Methuen, of ſincereſt mind,
As Arthur grave, as ſoft as woman kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! thoſe are Wortley's eyes?
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends:
For ſhe diſtinguiſhes the good and wiſe.

The

NOTES.

Ver. 57. *As Arthur grave, &c.*] This perſon is mentioned in the Epiſtle to Arbuthnot, v. 23.:

"Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the laws,
Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cauſe!"

WARTON.

The ſweet-tongu'd Murray near her ſide attends.
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngeſt daughter, ſweet Lepell.

IX.

I ſee two lovely ſiſters, hand in hand,
The fair hair'd Martha, and Tereſa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the talleſt of the land;
And ſmiling Mary, ſoft and fair as down.
Yonder I ſee the chearful Ducheſs ſtand,
For friendſhip, zeal, and blithſome humours known:
Whence that loud ſhout in ſuch a hearty ſtrain?
Why all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelſea, ſtill meditating ſong:
With her perhaps Miſs Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why ſhe comes along.
Far

NOTES.

VER. 62. *Murray*] The late Lord Chief Juſtice Mansfield.
VER. 64. *Now Harvey,*] Mary Lepell, married to Lord Harvey.
VER. 65. *two lovely ſiſters,*] Martha and Tereſa Blount.
VER. 67. *Madge Bellenden*] Siſter to Mary, of whom ſee a prior note.
VER. 70 *chearfu' Ducheſs*] Ducheſs of Queenſborough.
VER. 74. *Scudamore*] Lady Scudamore.
VER. 76. *Miſs Howe*] Mentioned before in Verſes "On Prudery."

Far off from theſe ſee Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolick Bicknell, and her ſiſter young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the ſhrill muſic of their voice is ſtill'd!
Methinks I ſee fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadſt not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to ſtrike the living lyre,
With hand judicious, like thy Homer ſkill'd.
Bathurſt impetuous haſtens to the coaſt,
Whom you and I ſtrive who ſhall love the moſt.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce,
(But Bruce comes wafted in a ſoft ſedan)
Dan Prior next, belov'd by ev'ry muſe,
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath ſent excuſe)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and cann;
And Lewis, who has never friend forſaken;
And Laughton whiſp'ring aſks—Is Troy town taken?

XIII. Earl

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Santlow, fam'd for dance;*] She afterwards married Booth the player. Mrs. Bicknell, the actreſs, is mentioned either in the Spectator or Tatler, with applauſe. WARTON.

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honeſt mind;
Bold, gen'rous Craggs, whoſe heart was ne'er diſguis'd:
Ah why, ſweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John for ev'ry ſocial virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or elſe to ſee thee here I well ſurmiz'd:
Thou too, my Swift, doſt breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I ſee for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of juſtice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beſide him found,
Another Simon, like as ſtraw to ſtraw.
How Lanſdown ſmiles, with laſting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rocheſter approving nods his head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV. Carlton

NOTES.

VER. 100. *St. John,*] Lord Bolingbroke, in France.

VER. 104. *Bœotian air;*] Swift, in Ireland.

VER. 112. *See Rocheſter approving nods his head,*] So in the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head."

WARTON.

XV.

Carlton and Chandois thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whoſe eloquence th' unbiaſs'd ſways;
Harley, whoſe goodneſs opens in his face,
And ſhews his heart the ſeat where virtue ſtays.
Ned Blount advances next, with buſy pace,
In haſte, but ſauntring, hearty in his ways:
I ſee the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, ſons, and couſins.

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I ſee, in phyſic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or fam'd Hippocrate;
Whoſe company drives ſorrow from the heart,
As all diſeaſe his medicines diſſipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind loſt) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vaſt ſoul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

XVII. Thee

NOTES.

VER. 115. *Hanmer,*] Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.

VER. 120. *Carylls*] Of Weſt Grimſtead, Suſſex.

VER. 126. *Kneller amid, &c.*] This is no more than a compliment to the vanity of Sir Godfrey, which Pope and other wits were always putting to the ſtrongeſt trials. "Sir Godfrey," ſays Pope "I believe if God Almighty had had your aſſiſtance, the world would have been formed more perfect." "Fore God," ſays Kneller, "I believe ſo." He was frequently (as Mr. Walpole obſerves) very free and ſingular in his converſation on religion. This adulation of Pope, Addiſon, Prior, &c. appears to have heightened his natural abſurdities, as he had not diſcernment enough to diſcover

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robuſt and debonair,
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries:
Dartneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wond'ring Maine, ſo fat with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of ſize,)
Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou haſt riches,)
And honeſt, hatleſs Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'ſt thou with ſhorten'd hair,
And viſage from thy ſhelves with duſt beſprent?
" Forſooth

NOTES.

cover that they were only ſoothing him to paint for them gratis, or diverting themſelves at the expence of his credulity. Sir Godfrey had drawn for Pope the ſtatues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules. Pope paid for them with the following ſtanza:

" What god, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted theſe!
'Twas friendſhip warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
And ſtrong as Hercules "

On theſe lines, which their author wiſely ſuppreſſed, Mr. Walpole has offered a very juſt criticiſm. See his Anecdotes, &c. vol. iii. p. 112. (Additions to Pope's Works, printed in 1776.)

This abſurd anecdote of Sir Godfrey is explained elſewhere. See his Epitaph.

VER. 132. *joyous Ford is there,*] Charles Ford, Eſq. was by Swift's intereſt appointed Gazetteer. See the Dean's Letter to Mrs. Dingley, dated July 1, 1712. WARTON.

VER. 139. *with duſt beſprent?*] So in the Dunciad, b. iii v. 185.

" But who is he in cloſet cloſe ypent
Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?"

Humphrey Wanley was librarian to Lord Oxford. Ibid.

" Forſooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
" For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
" Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
" But hither me hath my meeke lady ſent:—
" In manuſcript of Greeke rede we thilke ſame,
" But book yprint beſt pleſyth my gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I ſee, among th' expecting croud,
Evans with laugh jocoſe, and tragic Young;
High-buſkin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wand'ring Frowd,
And Titcomb's belly waddles ſlow along.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng;
Tickell whoſe ſkiff (in partnerſhip they ſay)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncaſtles in Berkſhire known!
Lo Bickford, Forteſcue, of Devon land!
Lo

NOTES.

VER. 149. *ſlow along*] The names of the majority of perſons here enumerated, are in want of no illuſtration; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to ſupply any. Titcomb, however, is mentioned in a letter from Pope to Congreve. "There is a grand revolution at Will's, Morrice has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the city, and Titcomb is reſtored to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a loſs for a perſon to converſe with on the fathers, and church hiſtory." Ibid.

VER. 152. *partnerſhip they ſay*] Alluding to the rival tranſlation of Homer.

Lo Tooker, Eckerſhall, Sykes, Rawlinſon!
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand!
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the ſtars, the ſand?
Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo thouſands more, but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain!
And ſure thou art not, for I hear thee ſay,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's ſtrain,
On whoſe ſtrong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain;
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
Theſe honours, Homer, had been juſt to thee.

THERE is ſomething truly intereſting in this ſketch of Gay's; it ſets before us, in a moſt familiar manner, the friends and companions of the day; and it is, moreover, beautifully touched and finiſhed.

Almoſt all the perſons introduced have ſome ſtriking or humourous characteriſtic; we ſeem to ſee them before us. The old beau, "Cromwell with red breeches;" Ned Blount, "*with buſy* pace, in *haſte*, but *ſauntering*;" Evans,* with "laugh jocoſe," and tragic Young; and laſtly, my "Maiſtre Wanley," the honeſt but ſolemn librarian of Lord Oxford. The following characteriſtic letter from Pope to him, is one of thoſe in the Britiſh Muſeum, on the back of which he wrote his tranſlation:

"To

* Evans was the Epigrammatiſt of St. John's College, Oxford.

" To my worthy and ſpecial Friend, Maiſtre Wanley. dwelling
" at my ſingular goode Lord's, my Lord of Oxford, kindly
" preſent.

" Worthy Sir,

" I ſhall take it as a ſingular mark of your friendly diſpoſition " and kindneſſe to me, if you will recommend to my palate, " from the experienced taſte of yours, a douſaine quartes of " goode and wholeſome wine, ſuch as yee drink at the Genoa " Arms, for the which I will in honorable ſort be indebted, " and well and truly pay the owner thereof, your ſaid merchant " of wines at the ſaid Genoa Arms. As witneſs this myne hand, " which alſo witneſſeth its maſter to be, in ſooth and ſincerity of " heart,

" Goode Sir,

" Your's ever bounden,

" A. POPE.

" From Twickenham, this fyrſte
" of Julie, 1725."

VERSES TO DR. BOLTON*,

In the Name of Mrs. BUTLER'S *Spirit, lately deceaſed.*

STRIPT to the naked ſoul, eſcap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and diſſolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by ſtrife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charm'd by friendſhip's fond eſſays,
And though unbody'd, conſcious of thy praiſe?
Has pride a portion in the parted ſoul?
Does paſſion ſtill the firmleſs mind controul!
Can gratitude out-pant the ſilent breath!
Or a friend's ſorrow pierce the gloom of death!
No—'tis a ſpirit's nobler taſk of bliſs;
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applauſe, but thine approves,
Whoſe practice praiſes, and whoſe virtue loves;
Who liv'ſt to crown departed friends with fame;
Then dying, late, ſhalt all thou gav'ſt reclaim.

NOTES.

* Addreſſed to Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carliſle, who lived ſome time at Twickenham with old Lady Blount. On the death of her mother, Mrs Butler of Suſſex, Dr. Bolton drew up the mother's character; and from thence Mr. Pope took occaſion to write this Epiſtle to Dr. Bolton, in the name of Mrs Butler's Spirit, now in the regions of bliſs. RUFFHEAD.

VER. 8. *firmleſs*] A new-coined, and not a very happy epithet. WARTON.

EPITAPHS.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

WARBURTON points out ſome lines in the Epiſtle to Jervas, which he thinks would have made the fineſt Epitaph ever written. They are certainly uncommonly beautiful:

" Call round her tomb each object of deſire,
" Each purer frame inform'd by purer fire;
" Bid her be all that cheers or ſoftens life,
" The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend, and wife;
" Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
" Then view this marble, and be vain no more."

It is aſtoniſhing to think, conſidering the great number of funeral inſcriptions which are extant, how few we have that unite all that ſhould be required in ſuch compoſitions. An Epitaph ſhould be ſimple, characteriſtic, and, as Johnſon juſtly remarks, not longer than common beholders may have time and leiſure to peruſe. We rarely ever meet the genuine Αφελια, which diſtinguiſhed moſt of the Grecian inſcriptions. Contemptible jeſt, or affected quaintneſſes, indiſcriminate and cumberſome panegyrics, often ſet off with puns, deſcribe the majority of the records of the dead in England from the 14th to the 17th century.

One of the beſt in Weever is " On Maude, daughter of Malcolm " Camoir, King of Scots, and wife to King Henry the Firſt." " She had an excellent Epigram," ſays Weever, " made to her " commendation, whereof theſe four verſes only remain:

" Proſpera non lætam fecere, nec aſpera triſtem,
Aſpera riſus erant, proſpera terror erant.
Nec decor effecit fragilem, nec ſceptra ſuperbam,
Sola potens, humilis, ſola pudica decens."

" Thus," he adds, " paraphraſtically tranſlated:

" No proſperous ſtate did make her glad,
" Nor adverſe chances make her ſad;
" If fortune frown'd —ſhe then did ſmile;
" If fortune ſmil'd—ſhe fear'd the while:

" If beauty tempted—ſhe ſaid Nay;
" No *Pride* ſhe took in Sceptre's ſway.
" She only high, herſelf debas'd,
" A Lady only fair and chaſte."

Funeral Monuments, p. 234.

This is poor enough; but the Epitaph " which was," Weever ſays. " *no doubt penned with applauſe in thoſe days*," may be quoted as truly ridiculous:

" Rex Ethelbertus hic clauditur in Poliandro,
" Fana fidus certus Chriſto meat abſque Meandro."

" King Ethelbert lies buried here,
" Cloſed in this *Poliander*;
" For building churches ſure he goes
" To Chriſt, without *Meander!*"

The former Epitaph may put the reader, perhaps, in mind of a beautiful line of Spenſer's:

" Gently he took all that ungently came."

Among the more modern Epitaphs a laboured elegance ſeems too much to prevail, at the expence of ſimplicity, and thoſe appropriate touches of character, which conſtitute the chief beauty, as well as difficulty, of this ſpecies of writing. There are few more elegant, and at the ſame time more affecting and characteriſtic, than the lines often aſcribed to Dr. Hawkeſworth, but certainly written by the late Lord Palmerſton:

" Whoe'er, like me, his heart's whole treaſure brings," &c.

T. Warton's Latin Epitaph on Mrs. Serle, in Teſtwood church, near Southampton, is claſſical, appropriate, and beautiful,

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The ſcourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satiriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the line.

NOTES.

Epitaphs.] Theſe Epitaphs are in general over-run with point and antitheſis, and are a kind of panegyrical epigrams; they are conſequently very different from the ſimple ſepulchral inſcriptions of the ancients; of which that of Meleager on his Wife, in the Greek anthology, is a model and maſter piece. WARTON.

Dr. Johnſon has been particularly ſevere on theſe Epitaphs. Some of his obſervations are very juſt, and his definition of the ſpecies of writing is accurate. There are very few things, however, that would ſtand the teſt of ſuch ſeverity of inveſtigation.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. *who having reſigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Eaſthamſted, in Berkſhire,* 1716.

A PLEASING Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth:
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

NOTES.

VER. 5. *a Patriot too*;] It was unſuitable to the nicety required in ſhort compoſitions, to cloſe his verſe with the word *too*; every rhyme ſhould be a word of emphaſis, nor can this rule be ſafely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes ſlight inaccuracies excuſable, or allows room for beauties ſufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults,

At the beginning of the ſeventh line the word *filled* is weak and proſaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it. JOHNSON.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT;

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordſhire,
1720.

To this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's ſorrows, mix his own!

NOTES.

VER. 4. *but when he dy'd.*] Theſe were the very words uſed by Louis XIV. when his Queen died, 1683; though it is not to be imagined they were copied by Pope. Such coincidences in writers are not uncommon. WARTON.

VER. 6 *If* Pope *muſt tell*] Whoever uſed the words, they were contemptible, and almoſt burleſque.

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS*, ESQ.

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGNI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

NOTES.

* He was the only ſon of James Craggs, who has been before mentioned. He had his education at a French ſeminary in Chelſea; from thence he went to Hanover, thence to the Court of Turin. He removed to Barcelona, and, in the abſence of Lord Stanhope, he afterwards ſerved as Under-Miniſter to the Emperor. Upon the death of Queen Ann, he was ſent

ſent to Hanover, for which he was made, by the aſſiſtance of the Duke of Marlborough, Cofferer to the Prince, and afterwards Principal Secretary of State. Conſidering the violent ſtate of parties, no one had fewer enemies. His generoſity, good-nature, pleaſing manners, and liberal heart, were acknowledged by all. Though the friend of Addiſon, and raiſed by the Whigs, yet his manly generoſity to Pope is well-known. The only thing that has appeared to caſt a momentary ſhade, if I may ſay ſo, on his character, was his connection with the unfortunate South-Sea buſineſs. According to the Committee of Secrecy, no leſs a ſum than 36,000l. fictitious ſtock was held for him and his father. Upon the great alarm and ſubſequent diſtreſs of the public, the elder Craggs died ſuddenly, not without ſuſpicion that he had haſtened his own diſſolution. Poſſibly the violent agitation of his ſpirits produced a fever, which terminated fatally. The late Lord Orford informed Mr. Coxe, that he had an interview with Sir Robert Walpole, juſt at the time of the rupture of the ſcheme, and he appeared in ſuch a ſtate of violent agitation and diſtreſs, that Sir Robert expreſſed little ſurpriſe when he heard afterwards of his death. He left three daughters, all married, and connected with families whoſe deſcendants are at this day as high in ſtation, as moſt amiable in life.

Craggs, notwithſtanding he was a pleaſant companion, and a particular favourite, it is ſaid, with the Ladies, was very attentive to buſineſs. I have a letter now before me, from Methuen to Doddington, in which he ſays, "Mr. Walpole minds his hunting "in Norfolk, but Mr. Secretary Craggs, and your humble ſer- "vant, with ſome few of his brethren of the Privy Council, ſtick "cloſe to buſineſs."

"October 27."

Johnſon with juſtice objects to an Epitaph, partly in Latin, and partly in Engliſh.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

THY Reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we truſt,
And ſacred, place by DRYDEN's awful duſt:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.

Peace

VARIATIONS.

He altered it much for the better, as it now ſtands on the Monument in the Abbey, erected to ROWE and his Daughter

Thy Reliques, ROWE! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd buſt.
Oh, next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more diſdain'd a ſlave.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt;
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To theſe, ſo mourn'd in death, ſo lov'd in life!
The childleſs parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inſcribes this monumental ſtone,
That holds their aſhes and expects her own.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph:

"This

Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful Woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

NOTES.

" This Sheffield rais'd. The ſacred duſt helow
Was Dryden once: The reſt who does not know?"

which the Author ſince changed into the plain inſcription now upon it, being only the name of that great Poet:

J. DRYDEN.
Natus Aug 9 1631. Mortuus Maij 1. 1700.
JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

POPE.

IT was always underſtood that Pope had a ſincere regard for Rowe; but the following extraordinary anecdote is related from Mr. Spence's Collections:

" Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addiſon was juſtly offended with ſome behaviour which aroſe from that want, and eſtranged himſelf from him, which Rowe felt very ſeverely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at ſome juncture of Mr. Addiſon's advancement, to tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his diſpleaſure, and what ſatisfaction he expreſſed at Mr. Addiſon's good fortune; which he expreſſed ſo naturally, that he (Mr. Pope) could not but think him ſincere. Mr. Addiſon replied, 'I do not ſuſpect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is ſuch, that he is ſtruck with any new adventure; and it would affect him juſt in the ſame manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged.' Mr. Pope ſaid, he could not deny but Mr. Addiſon underſtood Rowe well." WARTON.

I cannot paſs by the note from Spence's Anecdotes, reſpecting Rowe, without animadverſion. I tremble for every character,

when I hear any thing of "SPENCE'S ANECDOTES!" Neither friend nor foe are ſpared. He ſeems to have opened his mouth and his ears to every thing Pope told him; and it makes the heart almoſt ſick to think how often Pope has altered his tone, and that the BEST MAN in the world with him one moment, has afterwards "NO HEART!" Poor Rowe is the man, whoſe amiable diſpoſition and warm feelings, Pope ſo eloquently deſcribed in his Letters. But I am weary, in contemplating this part of Pope's character.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET*,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe;
No Conqueſt ſhe, but o'er herſelf, deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt gold, by Tortures try'd!
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

NOTES.

* I have always conſidered this as the moſt valuable of Pope's Epitaphs; the ſubject of it is a character not diſcriminated by any ſhining or eminent peculiarities, yet that which really makes, though not the ſplendor, the felicity of life.

Domeſtic virtue, as it is exerted without great occaſions, or conſpicuous conſequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to diſplay it in ſuch a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verſes? JOHNSON.

VER. 10. *the Woman dy'd.*] A very pleaſing picture of ſilent domeſtic virtue! WARTON.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Siſter* MARY, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, *in the Church of Sherborne in Dorſetſhire*, 1727.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great,
Juſt of thy word, in ev'ry thought ſincere,
Who knew no Wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou, bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd

NOTES.

VER. 11. *And thou, bleſt Maid!*] Mr. Robert Digby, third ſon of Lord Digby, who is yet remembered with reſpect at Sherborne, died of a conſumption, and was ſoon after followed by the amiable and affectionate ſiſter, who hung over his ſick bed. The following letter from her ſiſter to Pope, on the ſubject of their brother's illneſs, is in the Britiſh Muſeum, with part of the tranſlation of the Odyſſey on the back of it:

"Dear Sir, *Sherborne, July* 18, 1724.

"I am ſure this will want no excuſe to you, and it carries good news of a friend. My brother has not had any fit of his ague

Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief:
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

NOTES.

ague ſince Sunday; he has ſlept a little every night, but with ſome interruptions by the cramp. Laſt night he began to drink aſſes' milk, which had its uſual effect, in giving him a good night's reſt, and free from pain. I am, dear Sir, in great haſte, but with great truth, your friend and ſervant, E. DIGBY.

"All here are your ſervants."

MY father, who was an intimate friend and contemporary at Magdalen College, Oxford, with Mr. Robert Digby, was always ſaying that this excellent character was not over-drawn, and had every virtue in it here enumerated; and that Mr. Digby had more of the mitis ſapientia, as Horace finely expreſſes it, than any man he had ever known. The ſame ſaid the amiable Mr Holdſworth, author of Muſcipula. They were all three pupils of Dr. Sacheverell, who at that time was the friend of Addiſon, and was in great vogue as an able tutor, before he entered ſo violently into thoſe abſurd politics that ſo much diſgraced him. WARTON.

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought;
Now for two Ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herſelf may die.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

" Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori." POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 7. *Living, great Nature*] Much better tranſlated by Mr. W. Harriſon, of New College, a favourite of Swift, communicated to me by Dr. Lowth:

" Here Raphael lies, by whoſe untimely end
Nature both loſt a rival and a friend."

Notwithſtanding the partiality of Pope, this artiſt little deſerved to be conſulted by our Poet, as he was, concerning the arrangements of the ſubjects repreſented on the ſhield of Achilles. Theſe required a genius of a higher order. Mr. Flaxman, lately arrived from Italy, by a diligent ſtudy of the antique, and the force of his genius

genius, has given deſigns from Homer far beyond any that have yet appeared. WARTON.

There are ſome very good pictures by Kneller, at Donhead Hall, near Shafteſbury, Wilts, the ſeat of his deſcendant John Kneller, Eſq. particularly a St. Cecilia, and the Converſion of St. Paul; his natural daughter is painted in the character of Cecilia, which, in action and attitude, is very like that of the late Mrs. Sheridan, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds. I ſhould have imagined Sir Joſhua muſt have ſeen it, or perhaps a copy of it. There is a painting by Sir Godfrey, at Donhead Hall, of Pope.

I take this opportunity of explaining a ridiculous anecdote, which Warton has admitted of Kneller's vanity. Walpole has related it in this manner: "Sir Godfrey," ſays Pope, "*if God had conſulted* you, the world would have been made more perfect." "'Fore God," replies Kneller, "*I think ſo.*" Now the real ſtory is this: When Pope, with an affected and pert ſuperiority, ſaid, "If Sir *Godfrey had been conſulted*, the world would have *been made more perfect*;" Kneller immediately turned the laugh upon Pope, by looking at his diminutive perſon, and ſaying, with a good-humoured ſmile, "'*Fore God*, there are *ſome little things* in it, I think I COULD *have mended.*" This is humourous and pleaſant; whereas, as the *wits* have told *the ſtory themſelves*, Sir Godfrey's *ſtupidity* appears equal to his *vanity*.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy ſocial love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKS, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

NOTES.

VER. 9 *From Nature's temp'rate feaſt, &c.*] Wakefield quotes Horace:

Inde fit, ut raro qui ſe vixiſſe beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ,
Cedat, uti conviva ſatur, reperire queamus.

HIS integrity, his learning, and his genius, deſerved this character; it is not in any reſpect over-wrought. His poems are not ſufficiently read and admired. The Epiſtle to Southerne, the Ode to the Sun, the Fair Nun, and, above all, the Ode to Lord Gower, are excellent. Akenſide frequently ſaid to me, that he thought this Ode the beſt in our language, next to Alexander's Feaſt. "I envy Fenton," ſaid Pope to Mr Walter Harte, "his Horatian Epiſtle to Lambard." Parts of Mariamne are beautiful, and it ought to take its turn on the ſtage. Juſt before he died, Fenton was introduced into Mr. Cragge' family by Pope's recommendation. WARTON.

XI.

ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd through Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy duſt;
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—*Here* lies GAY.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Of Manners gentle,*] "The eight firſt lines," ſays Johnſon, "have no grammar; the adjectives are without any ſubſtantives, and the epithets without a ſubject."

It is ſomewhat ſingular that there ſhould be an improper expreſſion in Biſhop Warburton's own epitaph. His genius and learning are called two talents, but learning is an acquirement. WARTON.

VER. 2. *In Wit, &c.*] This ſeems derived from Dryden's Elegy on Mrs. Anne Killegrew:

"Her wit was more than *man*; her innocence a *child*."

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 3. *virtuous Rage,*] Silius Italicus, v. 652, has the ſame expreſſion:

Virtutis ſacram rabiem.

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 12. Here *lies* GAY.] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally underſtood. For, by peculiar ill-luck, the *formu'ary* expreſſion which makes the beauty, miſleads the reader into a ſenſe which takes it quite away. WARBURTON.

The conceit in the laſt line is certainly very puerile, and a falſe thought borrowed from Craſhaw:

"Entomb'd, not in this ſtone but in my heart."

CRASHAW, Poems, p. 94.
WARTON.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Nature*] The antitheſis betwixt Mortalem and Immortalem is much unſuited to the ſubject; and the ſecond Engliſh line, "God ſaid, &c." borders a little on the profane. The magnificent Fiat of Moſes will be always ſtriking and admired, notwithſtanding the cold objections of Le Clerc and Huet.

WARTON.

VER. 2. *Let Newton be!*] He was born on the very day on which Galileo died. When Ramſay was one day complimenting him on his diſcoveries in philoſophy, he anſwered, as I read it in Spence's Anecdotes, "Alas! I am only like a child picking up pebbles on the ſhore of the great ocean of truth." WARTON.

And all was Light.] It had been better—*and* there *was Light* — as more conformable to the reality of the fact, and to the alluſion whereby it is celebrated. WARBURTON.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732, (*his only Daughter having expired in his Arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in France to ſee him.*)

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are duſt like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Yes, we have liv'd*—] I know not why this Dialogue ſhould be called an Epitaph. Dr. Johnſon ſays, "it is contemptible, and ſhould have been ſuppreſſed for the Author's ſake." I ſee no reaſon for this harſh ſentence paſſed upon it. WARTON.

Dr. Johnſon ſays, "the contemptible Dialogue between 'He and She,' ſhould have been ſuppreſſed."

Many of our old Epitaphs are written *in dialogue*. In this inſtance, nothing could ſo well expreſs the ſtory of the Daughter and Father meeting in a foreign country, he exiled, and ſhe dying in his arms!

O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
Is there on Earth one care, one wiſh beſide?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He ſaid, and dy'd.

NOTES.

VER. 9. SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N.] Alluding to the Biſhop's frequent uſe and application of the expiring words of the famous Father Paul, in his prayer for the ſtate "Eſto perpetua." With what propriety the Biſhop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his laſt moments, they will underſtand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our countryman is well known; and that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly ſkilled in all divine and human learning. He employed his whole life in the ſervice of the State, againſt the unjuſt encroachments of the Church. He was modeſt, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and juſt; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happieſt compound of ſcience, wiſdom, and virtue. WARBURTON.

This ſevere ſarcaſm would certainly, if he had ſeen it, been highly diſpleaſing to Pope, who retained for Atterbury the warmeſt affection and reſpect. But from the Letters of Atterbury, printed, in three volumes, by Mr. Nicholls, and particularly from thoſe in p. 148. to p. 168. it almoſt indiſputably appears that the Biſhop was engaged in a treaſonable correſpondence, and in the intrigues of the Pretender. WARTON.

THE beſt illuſtration of Pope's Epitaph will be found in the following intereſting account:

"The exile of the Biſhop of Rocheſter gave occaſion to a very intereſting exerciſe of parental tenderneſs on the one part, and of filial duty and affection on the other. What moſtly embittered the baniſhment of the Biſhop, was regret at leaving behind him his daughter, Mrs. Morice, in an infirm ſtate of health. A mutual longing to ſee one another, took faſt hold of the father and daughter; and the lady, though very ill, performed, with great difficulty

difficulty and pain, a journey and voyage from Weſtminſter to Bourdeaux and Toulouſe, where Dr. Atterbury reſided. Mr. J. Evans accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Morice on their voyage from Dover to Bourdeaux, and from thence to Toulouſe; and being preſent at Mrs. Morice's death, in a letter to his brother, dated Montpelier, November 30, 1729, gives the following very pathetic narrative of that event:

"On Sunday the 6th inſtant, N. S. in the evening, we reached Blagnac, a village not above half a league by land from Toulouſe; but by water (by reaſon of a very ſtrong current, and the windings of the river) it takes three hours to get up to the town. So it was reſolved, rather than expoſe Mrs. Morice too much to the fatigue (of which ſhe had undergone an infinite deal, and bore it with incredible patience), or keep her late on the water, to reſt at Blagnac that night, where ſhe was put to bed in the ſame weak condition ſhe uſually had been, but not ſeemingly worſe. About midnight the women came to Mr. Morice and me, and told us they thought they ſaw her changed. We roſe and came to her chamber, where we found her ſo very ill, that we thought fit to call up the boatmen, and order them to prepare the boat to depart immediately, fearing much, from the change we ſaw, that near as ſhe was to it, ſhe would ſcarce live to reach Toulouſe, which we all earneſtly deſired to do, ſince no phyſician, or other help, could be had in the poor place where we then were. She herſelf preſſed this matter; and we well knew that all her deſires and wiſhes were conſtantly bent upon ſeeing her father, whom ſhe hoped to find at Toulouſe. She was taken out of bed at her own deſire, and carried to the boat with great difficulty, not being able to ſit in the chair which Mr. Morice had brought from Bourdeaux, with two chairmen, purely for the carrying her in and out of the boat more at her eaſe; and ſo we parted thence about two o'clock in the morning, ſending two ſervants by land to procure a litter to meet her at the landing-place. About five we arrived there; and ſoon after ſix the litter came, which carried Mrs. Morice to the houſe in Toulouſe, where her father was expecting her arrival, and not knowing, till then, how near or how far off ſhe was, though he had diſpatched a man and horſe to get intelligence of us, who happened to miſs us. When the ſervants who had been ſent for the litter returned, ſhe was informed of the Biſhop's being at Toulouſe, and ſeemed to take new ſpirits upon it, which no doubt were of great uſe to enable her to bear going

in the litter, which otherwiſe ſhe could ſcarce have done, even for ſo ſhort a way. After ſhe had been put into her bed (where, as I told you, ſhe never ſlept till ſhe ſlept her laſt) and had a little recovered the fatigue ſhe underwent in the conveyance from the boat, which was about a mile, her father, whom ſhe immediately inquired after, came into her room, and was ſtartled to find her in ſo very low a condition. After mutual expreſſions of concern and tenderneſs, ſhe particularly acknowledged the great bleſſing that was granted her, of meeting her dear Papa; and exerted all the little life that was in her, in graſping his hands with her utmoſt force, as ſhe often did; and told him, "that meeting was the chief thing that ſhe had ardently deſired."

"The Biſhop ſome time after left her chamber, that ſhe might compoſe herſelf, and that he might himſelf give vent to the juſt grief he was filled with, to ſee his beloved child in a manner expiring. But we found ſhe took no reſt; ſo he ſoon returned, and then ſaid prayers by her, and propoſed to her, receiving the holy Sacrament the next morning, when he hoped ſhe might have been a little refreſhed in order to it: ſhe embraced the offer with much ſatisfaction. He then aſked her, for fear of any accident, if ſhe was not deſirous to have the abſolution of the church? She declared ſhe was, and begged to have it. After ſome little private diſcourſe with her, he gave it her, in the form preſcribed in "the Viſitation of the Sick," and ſhe expreſſed great comfort upon receiving it. A phyſician had been ſent for immediately upon her arrival When he came, he gave little hopes, but ſaid all depended upon the manner of her paſſing that night.

"She once mentioned Dr. Wyntle, who you know had been her phyſician; and who had ſo neglected her before ſhe left England, as never to come near her, according to his appointment, nor give the leaſt direction for her management in the long voyage ſhe was about to make. She ſaid to the Biſhop, "Dear Papa, has Mr. Morice told you how Dr. Wyntle has ſerved us?" Who anſwered, "Yes, my dear, I know it all; but do not let that trouble you now." She replied, "O no, Papa, I do not trouble myſelf about that: I have other things to think of at this time; but I did not know whether Mr. Morice had told you."

Hoping by this time ſhe might incline to take a little reſt, her father and huſband retired, it being between eleven and twelve at night; but about two in the morning ſhe ſent one of her women

to

to me, (who lay on the ſame floor, in the next room to her,) to deſire to ſpeak to me; and when I came, ſhe ſaid, not ſeemingly with much pain, but with ſuch a ſhortneſs of breath that ſhe was forced to breathe after every two or three words, "Mr. Evans, I have been waking—theſe three hours—and would fain—have the ſacrament." I wondered at her ſending for me on that account, her huſband and father being both near at hand; but I found afterwards it was her unwillingneſs, by a direct meſſage from herſelf, too much to alarm either of them. However, being then not appriſed of her reaſon for it, I doubted a little of her being in her right ſenſes, and ſaid, "Madam, would you *now* receive the ſacrament?" She ſaid, "Yes, I would—if poſſible—preſently." Of which the Biſhop being immediately adviſed, as was Mr. Morice, and every thing prepared, he came, and adminiſtered to her, and to all preſent, the ſacrament; and afterwards, at her deſire, continued repeating the prayers of the church, till ſhe began to draw very near her end, and then he uſed and continued the recommendatory prayer only; ſhe all the while holding her hands in a poſture of prayer, and ſometimes joining in a low voice with him.

"After this, her father being gone from the bed-ſide, ſhe called for him (as ſhe had frequently done) and again ſaid to him, "Dear Papa—what a bleſſing is it—that after—ſuch a long—troubleſome—journey—we have—the comfort—of this meeting!"

"And indeed, when I reflect on it, and conſider the weak condition ſhe was in upon the road, the many accidents that happened to retard the voyage, and the laſt effort ſhe made, when ſhe was at the worſt, towards finiſhing it, I cannot but think that that meeting ſeemed granted by Heaven to her continual fervent prayers for it.

"About this time ſhe called for her huſband (who was always in near attendance upon her), and ſaid, "Dear Mr. Morice—take care of the children—I know you will.—Remember me—to the Dutcheſs of Buckingham."

"She alſo in a proper place recommended her ſervants to Mr. Morice.

"She now found her feet cold, and ordered them to be rubbed, at the ſame time calling for her broth; but when it came, not being able to ſwallow it, ſhe turned herſelf on her left ſide, and reſted her head on her left hand, which ſhe doubled, extending

her right hand and arm over the bed-clothes; and in this poſture continued drawing her breath ſhorter and ſhorter, but with the leaſt emotion that poſſibly could be, till ſhe at laſt expired, a quarter before four o'clock on Tueſday morning, November 8, N. S."

Bp. Atterbury's Miſcellaneous Works by Nichols, vol. iii. p. 79—84.

XIV.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

IF modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking ſtate;
This weeping marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the ſhade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

VER. 1. *With cool Reflection crown'd,*] To *crown* with reflection, is ſurely a mode of ſpeech approaching to nonſenſe. *Opening virtues, blooming round,* is ſomething like tautology; the ſix following lines are poor and proſaic. JOHNSON.

The Ducheſs of Buckingham was in league with the Pretender and Atterbury's party. This will explain Pope's uſe of the word Patriot.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY*.

HEROES and KINGS! your diſtance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace bluſh, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME†.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his ſtead,
Or any good creature ſhall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a pin
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the mortal within:
But, who living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in GOD, that as well as he was, he ſhall be.

NOTES.

* Nothing ever illuſtrated more the "importance of a man to himſelf," which Pope ridiculed ſo much in his Memoirs of P. P. than this Epitaph.

† Pope (as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, with truth) "here attempts "to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wiſe men "ſerious; he confounds the living with the dead."

Poor as the thing itſelf is, he quotes the following lines, from which it appears to be borrowed:

Ludovici Areoſti humantur oſſa
Sub hoc marmore, vel ſub hoc humo, ſeu

Sub

Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres
Sive hærede benignior comes, ſeu
Opportunius incidens Viator:
Nam ſcire haud potuit futura, ſed nec
Tanti erat vacuum ſibi cadaver
Ut utnam cuperet parare vivens,
Vivens iſta tamen ſibi paravit.
Quæ inſcribi voluit ſuo ſepulchro
Olim ſiquod haberetis ſepulchrum.

I WILL add ſome Mortuary Verſes from old Ben Jonſon, becauſe, from their dignified ſimplicity, they form a contraſt to the laboured elegance of Pope's, and are in themſelves as manly, as they are pathetic.

On Sir THOMAS ROE.

" I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more!
Glad-mention'd Roe, thou art but gone before,
Whither the world muſt follow: and I, now,
Breathe to expect my when, and make my how;
Which, if moſt gracious Heav'n grant like thine,
WHO WETS MY GRAVE CAN BE NO FRIEND OF MINE."

APPENDIX;

CONSISTING OF

NOTES, BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B.A.

CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ELOISA TO ABELARD. P. 31.

Ver. 129. AH! think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care;
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.

" If thou can'ſt forget me, think at leaſt upon thy flock." To her for five long years he had not written a ſingle line. *Berington*'s Hiſtory, p. 213. The ſimile itſelf is found in her firſt letter: " Tua itaque, verè tua, hæc eſt propriè novella *plantatio*; " cujus adhùc teneris maximè plantis frequens, ut proficiant, ne- " ceſſaria eſt irrigatio."

Ver. 132. By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls.

" It was a ſmall ſequeſtered vale, ſays Mr. *Berington*, ſur- " rounded by a wood, not far diſtant from Nogent ſur Seine; " and a rivulet ran near its ſide. It did not appear, that the foot " of any mortal had hitherto diſturbed its ſolitude."

As the word *wild* recurs in ver. 134, and for variety, our poet ſhould have written:

By thee to mountains, *woods*, and deſerts led.

Again Mr. *Berington*. " Without loſs of time, *Abeillard* then " and his companion planned the new building, and with the " ſame hands began to erect it. Having completed what they " called their oratory, they conſtructed a ſecond building, which " was to be their own dwelling." She ſays in her firſt letter: In ipſis cubilibus ferarum, in ipſis latibulis latronum, divinum erexiſti tabernaculum: " You erected the divine tabernacle in the very dens of wild beaſts, and the lurking-places of robbers."

Ver. 136. Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors.

Milton's Comus, ver. 732.

——— th' unſought diamonds
Would ſo *imblaze* the forehead of the deep.

Rowe's Lucan, ix. 884.

Yet

Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are ſeen
To *blaze* upon his *ſhrines* with coſtly *ſheen*;
But plain and poor -

" Nihil ad hoc ædificandum ex regum vel principum opibus intu-
" liſti, cùm plurima poſſes et maxima; ut quicquid fieret, tibi
" ſoli poſſet aſcribi." *Heloiſa*'s firſt letter.

Ver. 143. Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light.

A fine paſſage, worthy of compariſon with this, occurs in an anonymous copy of verſes, vol. ii. p. 256. of *Dryden*'s Miſcellanies:

He came, and ſaw; but 'twas by ſuch a light
As ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd day from night;
Such as in thick-grown ſhades is found,
When here and there a piercing beam
Scatters ſaint-ſpangled ſunſhine on the ground,
And caſts about a melancholy gleam.

Ver. 212. The reader will be pleaſed with *Craſhaw*'s entire couplet in his "Deſcription of a religious houſe and condition of life:"

A haſty portion of preſcribed ſleep;
Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep.

Ver. 222. And melts in viſions of eternal day.

The *beatific viſion* of *theologians*. And our author profited here alſo, I think from a paſſage of equal rapture in the Penſeroſo:

There let *the* pealing *organ* blow
To the *full-voic'd quire* below,
In ſervice high and *anthems clear*;
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

Ver. 270. With every bead I drop too ſoft a tear.

Both the image and the expreſſion are alike incapable of improvement. In the ſame ſpirit Mrs. *Rowe*'s Elegy:

And love ſtill mingled with my piety.

But the peculiar ornament of our poet's verſe ſeems borrowed from *Sedley*'s verſes on *Don Alonzo*:

The gentle nymph, long ſince deſign'd
For the proud Monſieur's bed,
Now to a holy jayle confin'd
Drops tears with every bead.

Ver. 271. —— clouds of fragrance:

Sabæis nubibus: *Statius*, Silv. iv. 8. 2.

And the whole paſſage, both in phraſe and imagery, is indebted to one in *Craſhaw*, ſuggeſted by Mr. *Steevens*:

Does thy *ſong* lull the air?
Thy tears' juſt cadence ſtill keeps time;
Does thy ſweet breath'd pray'r
Up in *clouds of incenſe* climb?
Still at each *ſigh*, that is each ſtop,
A bead, that is a tear, doth drop. p. 4.

Ver. 289. No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole:
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!

A couplet exalted to ſublimity from the materials of *Hopkins* in *Dryden*'s Miſcellanies, v. p. 31.

Forbid me, baniſh me your charming ſight;
Shut from my view thoſe eyes that ſhine ſo bright;
Shut your dear image from my dreams by night.
Drive 'em ſomewhere, as *far as pole from pole;*
Let winds *between us* rage, *and waters roll.*

Ver. 343. May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name.

He had made this requeſt in a letter to her: "Cadaver, obſecro, "noſtrum ad cœmeterium veſtrum deferri faciatis."—"When ſhe "ſaw her end approaching, ſhe turned to her ſiſters, who ſtood "weeping round her, exhorted them to ſubmiſſion, and to the "practice of every Chriſtian virtue; and then ordered that her "body ſhould be laid in the tomb by the ſide of *Abeillard*. Soon "after ſhe expired. It was on a Sunday, and on the ſeventeenth "of May. *Berington*, p. 395.

Ver. 348. To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings.

"Now, in ſolemn ceremony, *Abeillard* and his diſciples aſſembled. "As he had entered (he ſaid) this deſart, ſunk down with "care, where the goodneſs of heaven had watched over him, "and he had found *comfort*, could he more emphatically expreſs

"his

" his gratitude, than by conſecrating this more auguſt temple to " that perſon of the Holy Triad, which more peculiarly is ſtiled " the *Comforter?* We will dedicate it, ſaid he, to the *Paraclete.*" *Berington.*

TEMPLE OF FAME. P. 63.

Ver. 5. As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings),
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this *intellectual ſcene* compoſe.

Cowley, in his Complaint:

In a deep viſion's *intellectual ſcene:*

and Mrs. *Singer*'s Viſion; which is cloſely imitated through the whole quotation:

But, as I unreſolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in eaſie ſlumbers glide away;
Nor with *ſuch grateful ſleep, ſuch ſoothing reſt,*
And dreams like theſe, I e'er before was bleſs'd:
No wild uncouth chimeras intervene,
To break the perfect *intellectual ſcene.*

Ver. 23. Like broken thunders, that at diſtance roar.

This ſimile is very happily employed by *Milton*, Par. Loſt, ii. 476.

Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote.

Ver. 27. High on a rock of ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way.

The temple of Fame is repreſented on a foundation of *ice*, to ſignify the brittle nature and precarious tenure, as well as the difficult attainment of that poſſeſſion, according to the poet himſelf below, ver. 504.

So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt!

And there is a general reſemblance to the celebrated verſes of *Heſiod:*

Την μεν τοι Κακοτητα και ιλαδον εστιν ἑλεσθαι
Ῥηϊδιως· ολιγη μεν ὁδῳ, μαλα δ' ἐγγυθι ναιει.
Τους δ' Αρετης ἱδρωτα θεοι προπαροιθεν εθηκαν
Αθανατοι· μακρὸς δε και ορθιος οιμος ἐπ' αυτην,
Και τρηχυς.

Crowds, unmoleſted, Vice may make their prize;
Short is the road, and cloſe at hand it lies.
But Powers immortal Virtue have decreed
Of Pain, and perſevering Toil, the meed.
Long rounds, ſharp rocks, and rugged ſteeps delay
The lab'ring, panting pilgrim on his way.

Ver. 143. As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows;
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

This fine couplet alſo was not wrought without conſultation with our hallowed bard at the ſame paſſage of that ſublime effuſion of human genius, ver. 726.

——— from *the* arched *roof*,
Pendent by ſubtle magic many a row
Of *ſtarry lamps* and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky.

Ver. 273. Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew;
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.

This deſcription is varied, with improvements, from *Dryden*, Æneid vi. 954.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming *bees*, that hunt *the* golden *dew*;
In ſummer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to ſuck the balmy ſeed:
The winged army roams *the field* around;
The rivers and the rocks *remurmur to the ſound:*

who has profited, as uſual, by *Lauderdale*. But neither tranſlator has a line at all comparable to that delightful concluſion of our author:

And a low murmur runs along the field.

THE

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE. P. 253.

Ver. 92. Farewell! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades.

This reſembles *Stanley*'s verſion of Bion on the Death of Adonis, as I find it quoted in Ogilby's annotations on the fourth Georgic. Stanley's book itſelf I never could procure; otherwiſe, I cannot doubt but more imitations of our poet would be detected.

——— Adonis, ſtay;
Hapleſs Adonis, ſtay but till I twine
Thee in theſe arms, and mix my lips with thine.
Adonis, wake ſo ſhort a time, to give
A dying kiſs, but whilſt a kiſs may live.

The laſt couplet of *Pope* is indebted to a verſe in *Dryden*'s verſion of Ovid, Met. viii.

At once *th' incroaching rinds their cloſing lips invade.*

EPITAPHS.

ON ROWE. P. 416.

Ver. 9. And bleſt, that timely from our ſcene remov'd,
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

This couplet ſeems to have profited from a very beautiful and pathetic paſſage in J. *Talbot*'s Dream, occaſioned by the death of Lady Seymour. Dryden's Miſc. iii. 52.

No longer then theſe pious ſorrows ſhed,
Nor vainly think thy happy parent dead,
Whoſe deathleſs *mind, from its weak priſon free,*
Enjoys in heav'n its native liberty.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON. P. 425.

Ver. 1. This modeſt ſtone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt man.

Theſe

Theſe thoughts are borrowed from *Craſhaw*'s Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton:

The *modeſt* front of this ſmall floor,
Beleeve me, reader, can ſay more,
Than many a braver *marble can*,
Here lies a truly *honeſt man*.

Ver. 7. Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.

The ſame ſentiment is found in *Martial*'s Epigrams, x. 23.

Præteritoſque dies, et totos reſpicit annos;
Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas:
Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata, graviſque;
Nulla fuit, cujus non meminiſſe velit.

Calm he recalls the paſt; and, free from fear,
Views Lethe's flood, deep murm'ring on his ear:
Each day, each hour, in viſion leaves impreſs'd
A ſweet memorial on his conſcious breaſt.

And it may not be unſeaſonable to obſerve, that Dr. *Johnſon* in his Life of Fenton wrongly aſſerts him to have left the univerſity without a degree; as appears both from the liſt of Cambridge graduates, and the matriculation book of *Jeſus-College*, to which he belonged.

ON MR. GAY. P. 426.

Ver. 11. But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms, *Here* lies Gay.

This thought is originally in *Craſhaw*'s Epitaph on Mr. Herrys; as Mr. *Steevens* and Mr. *White* alſo obſerved:

Enough: now, if thou canſt, paſs on:
For now alaſs! *not in this ſtone*,
Paſſenger! whoe'er thou art,
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

Mr. *White* adds farther: Hackett in his Epitaphs, vol. i. p. 193. remarks, however, that he found, in an old collection of Latin and Greek verſes on the death of Henry Prince of Wales, two lines which it is not impoſſible *Pope* had ſeen:

Angle! tuum tumulus ſit cor, titulus ſiet iſte:
Henricus princeps mortuus—Hic ſitus eſt.

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